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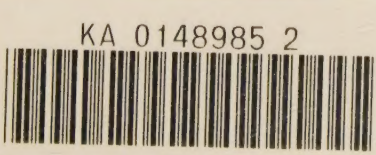

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THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS

Designed by George Cruikshank, to represent
his highly esteemed and worthy friend, the late
Thomas Ingoldsby
Surrounded by some of the Characters, Good, Bad & Indifferent,
which he has so graphically portrayed in his celebrated
Legends.
Published by his School Fellow, Richard Bentley
1870.

THE

INGOLDSBY LEGENDS

OR

MIRTH AND MARVELS

BY

THOMAS INGOLDSBY, Esq.

EDITED BY HIS DAUGHTER

Mrs. EDWARD A. BOND

IN THREE VOLUMES

VOL. I.

LONDON

RICHARD BENTLEY AND SON

Publishers in Ordinary to Her Majesty the Queen

1894

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THE present Edition of the *Ingoldsby Legends* contains all the pieces comprised in the 'Annotated' Edition of the year 1870, with its notes and illustrations. Such addition has been made to the notes in explanation of allusions in the poems as the progress of time seemed to make requisite; and the number of illustrations has been considerably increased by including the woodcuts by Tenniel and Du Maurier contained in the later Quarto editions.

The sequence of pieces is in the main that of the original editions in three series, but a slight alteration in the division into volumes has been rendered necessary by the substitution in Vol. I. of a sketch of the life of Mr. Barham for the much longer 'Memoir' by his son prefixed to the Third Series, as first published, and subsequently reproduced in an extended form as the 'Life and Letters,' in two volumes, in the year 1870.

CONTENTS OF VOL. I.

	PAGE
MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR	xi
AUTHOR'S PREFACE TO THE FIRST SERIES, IN LETTER TO RICHARD BENTLEY, ESQ., 20TH JANUARY 1840	xxxix
AUTHOR'S PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION OF THE FIRST SERIES, IN LETTER TO THE SAME, 2ND FEBRUARY 1843	xli
THE SPECTRE OF TAPPINGTON	1
THE NURSE'S STORY—THE HAND OF GLORY	36
PATTY MORGAN THE MILKMAID'S STORY—'LOOK AT THE CLOCK!'	52
GREY DOLPHIN	66
THE GHOST	93
THE CYNOTAPH	108
MRS. BOTHERBY'S STORY—THE LEECH OF FOLKESTONE	122
LEGEND OF HAMILTON TIGHE	160
THE WITCHES' FROLIC	166
SINGULAR PASSAGE IN THE LIFE OF THE LATE HENRY HARRIS, D.D.	189
THE JACKDAW OF RHEIMS	219
A LAY OF ST. DUNSTAN	227

PAGE

A Lay of St. Gengulphus 247

Mr. Barney Maguire's Account of the Coronation 263

The 'Monstre' Balloon 269

Hon. Mr. Sucklethumbkin's Story—The Execution 276

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

		PAGE
FRONTISPIECE	*Cruikshank*	
TITLE	,,	
TAPPINGTON HALL	*Gilks*	xliii
SPECTRE OF TAPPINGTON (Plate)	*Buss*	17
(*From design by R. H. D. Barham*)		
TAPPINGTON EVERARD MANOR HOUSE		34
THE HAND OF GLORY	*Tenniel*	39
,, ,,	,,	43
,, ,,	,,	47
LOOK AT THE CLOCK!	*Cruikshank*	60
GREY DOLPHIN	*Du Maurier*	70
,, ,,	,,	86
,, ,,	,,	92
THE GHOST (Plate)	*Leech*	103
THE CYNOTAPH	*Tenniel*	110
,,	,,	112
,,	,,	116
THE LEECH OF FOLKESTONE	*Du Maurier*	131
,, ,,	,,	146
HAMILTON TIGHE (Plate)	*Leech*	164

		PAGE
The Witches' Frolic (Plate) . .	*Cruikshank*	181
,, ,, (Plate) . .	*Thackeray*	185
,, ,, ...	*Cruikshank*	185
The Jackdaw of Rheims (Plate) . .	*Leech*	224
The Lay of St. Dunstan . . .	*Cruikshank*	237
A Lay of St. Gengulphus . . .	*Leech*	253
The Monstre Balloon . . .	*Cruikshank*	274
The Execution	,,	281

RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM.

FROM A CRAYON SKETCH BY R. J. LANE, A.R.A.

LONDON: RICHARD BENTLEY & SON, 1894.

MEMOIR

THE Life of Mr. Barham, author of the *Legends* published under his assumed name of 'Thomas Ingoldsby,' has been written in two forms by his son—first, at some length, as a Memoir prefixed to the third series of the *Legends* published, after his father's death, in the year 1847, and afterwards, in fuller detail and with notices and anecdotes of men of distinction with whom he associated, as a separate publication, under the title of *Life and Letters*, in the year 1870. One or other of these biographies will probably be known to the majority of those into whose hands the present volumes may come, but even to them it will be convenient to have at hand such an abstract of the work as may serve to refresh their memories of its leading contents. Readers who have not met with the biography in either form will be glad to learn something of a writer whose humour, it may be presumed, has given them a more or less degree of pleasure.

We have it on the authority of Hasted, the topographer of Kent, that a family of Barham was from a very early time connected with estates in the neighbourhood of Canterbury. Barham Court, he tells us, was in the tenure of Ralph Fitz-urse, one of the murderers of Archbishop Becket, who on fleeing the country made

over his property to his brother Robert—thenceforward designated 'De Berham'—the founder of the family of Barham. Hasted goes on to say that 'from him it descended in an uninterrupted line to Bartholomew Barham, who did homage for it to Archbishop Wareham, *anno* ix. Hen. VIII.,' but that it was alienated by his successor, Thomas Barham. Many members of the family come under notice in histories of the counties of Kent and Sussex. About the end of the seventeenth century a portion of the alienated lands came to another Thomas Barham—in what degree connected with the original family appears uncertain—by his marriage with the heiress of Thomas Harris of Canterbury, who brought to her husband the manors of Parmstead, formerly Barhamstead, and Tappington Everard. Fourth in descent from this Thomas was born, 6th December 1788, our author, Richard Harris Barham, only son of Richard Harris Barham, an alderman of Canterbury. The father, who was a man of education and of cultivated literary tastes, but of notable corpulency, died at the early age of forty-seven, his son being only six years old. The mother being a confirmed invalid, he had entrusted the child and his estates to the care of three guardians. One of these was an attorney, on whom, unhappily, devolved the management of the property, and to his manipulation of affairs is attributed a deterioration of the patrimony to the extent of full eight thousand pounds.

We have glimpses of the future Ingoldsby's personal appearance as a child, at ages under eight years, in a miniature and two larger portraits in oils—one of life size—all showing delicate and animated features. In the two larger paintings, a favourite dog is introduced, indicating a characteristic love of animals. His home was in Canterbury.

At the age of nine he was sent to London, and

entered in St. Paul's School as a boarder in the house of the head master, Dr. Roberts, being thus early introduced to a locality to which he was destined to become intimately attached in after years. The teaching at that time was mainly confined to the classical languages, his aptitude for which was proved by his early rising to the captaincy, and retaining it for two years. Science was ignored at school, was little cultivated at Oxford, and had hardly the opportunity of attracting his attention in later life.

His school life was a period of happiness, so far as school life then, with its severities and perverse system of tuition, was capable of being, but was saddened by an accident which went near to cost him his life. In his fourteenth year he was returning from Canterbury after vacation, when, on approaching the Bricklayers Arms, the coach was upset. Perceiving the imminence of the danger, he had thrust his arm from the window in order to open the door. The vehicle crushed it in its fall, pinning it to the ground and dragging it for some distance along a recently repaired road. When released from his painful position the lacerated arm was hastily bound up, and he was sent on alone in a hackney coach to the school, arriving there in a deplorable condition and quite insensible. So severe was the injury to the arm that amputation was proposed, and was averted only by the remonstrance of the younger of three surgeons who attended the case. The shock to the system brought on a dangerous illness, and, whenever he reverted to the accident in after years, he always gratefully attributed the saving of his life to the tender nursing of Mrs. Roberts. He recovered the use of his arm, but it remained in some degree a maimed limb. Mrs. Roberts continued her kindness to him after his convalescence, admitting him to the frequent literary reunions held at her house;

and he appears to have been petted by the ladies who attended them. His talent for versification, already fully recognised in the school, attracted very flattering notice; and from one of the company, Miss Smith, afterwards celebrated as a tragic actress under the name of Mrs. Bartley, he received valuable suggestions for giving effect to the reading of his compositions. The short pieces written in his schooldays which have been preserved are on subjects not admitting of humorous treatment, but they are by no means wanting in fancy and pointed expression. Some of these early productions were published in the year 1807, and obtained favourable notice in the *Gentleman's Magazine* of November 1808.

On leaving St. Paul's School young Barham entered Brasenose College, Oxford, as a Gentleman Commoner; and never youth was committed to the many risks and temptations of University life—such as it was in those days—with fewer safeguards against them. Overflowing with gaiety and humour, liberal means at his command, and altogether unchecked by parental counsel or authority—for his mother, though still living, was from her condition of health quite incapacitated from exercising any controlling influence over him—it is not to be wondered at that he was led into extravagances. Happily, his higher principles were called into play by an act of generous kindness of one of his guardians, Lord Rokeby, who, rather than give way to his pressing applications for an advance from the trust property to meet his difficulties, supplied his wants from his own funds. Good came out of evil, and in one respect at least he gained solid advantage from his experience. What he witnessed of gambling excesses gave him a rooted aversion from the vice under every form or disguise, so that to the end of his days he was unassailable by the allurements of money speculations of any kind and however promising. He left the

University with a B.A. degree, conferred in November of the year 1811; and the next two years were passed mainly in Canterbury. How he was occupied is not recorded,—probably to a great extent in the study of early English literature and history, in which he subsequently showed he was well read. But the livelier side of his character was evidently not under too strict repression. As an instance of the species of amusements with which he diverted himself, he is reported to have started a burlesque debating society under the title of the Wig Club, whose members appeared in masquerade dresses having the wig as a conspicuous feature, and to which during the Assize week barristers were not too proud to accept invitations. Some of the meetings seem to have met with stormy interruptions which proved almost too strong for his authority as President. We are helped to a realization of his outward appearance in these young days, at least on special occasions, through an anecdote showing also his interest in theatrical concerns. Mr. Harley, the late popular comedian, had, when quite a young man, joined a travelling company of actors who were playing at Canterbury, and, being cast for the part of *Goldfinch* in 'The Road to Ruin,' found himself at a loss for a suitable dress. Mr. Barham heard of his difficulty, and generously presented him with a fit equipment from his own wardrobe. It consisted of a green single-breasted coat with gilt buttons, a crimson waistcoat having edges and pockets trimmed with fur, buckskin breeches, topboots and spurs. The incident of the donation, with description of the dress, was related by Mr. Harley himself to Mr. Barham's son.

But a fresh act in the drama of his own life was about to open to Mr. Barham: in what character would he go through it? He had to choose a profession, and at first his inclination turned to that of the law. He so far

yielded to it that for a short time he was a pupil of Chitty, the eminent conveyancer; but he was interrupted in his studies by a severe illness; and this appears to have brought him under other influences so potently — or his slight experience of these studies had proved them so ungenial — that he resolved to devote himself to other pursuits, and made no difficulty in sacrificing his premium. In the Church was to be his future career; and in pursuing it he was helped by qualities which fully developed themselves as he advanced in years — unaffected piety, simplicity of faith, kindliness of heart, and pure Christian charity: to these may be added a cultivated intellect and an unusual provision of good sense. Shortly then, on taking orders, in the year 1813, he was admitted to the curacy of Ashford, Kent, which in the following year he exchanged for that of Westwell in the same county. Here he remained till the year 1817, when he was collated by the Archbishop of Canterbury to the rectory of Snargate; together with which he held the curacy of the neighbouring parish of Warehorn, — the one within, the other on the verge of, Romney Marsh. In the latter parish he selected to make his residence; and here he was planted for the next four years, settling down in a cheerful spirit to the duties of his calling, and forming domestic habits which never relaxed their hold on him when the scene changed and he had the attractions of London life around him. For he was already a married man. While serving the cure of Ashford he had become intimate with the family of one of the residents, Captain Smart of the Royal Engineers, and was fortunate in winning the affections of the third daughter, Caroline, the marriage coming off on the 30th of September of the year 1814. Still quite a young man, and looking around on the unpromising locality in which he might be doomed to pass the best part of his life, his heart

may well have sunk within him. Romney Marsh was in a manner remote from civilization,—an extensive grazing district without gentlemen's seats. Educated society had to be sought for at a distance. What saved him from being oppressed by so apparently an uncongenial position was, not only the natural buoyancy of his spirits, but his equally natural disposition to accommodate himself to circumstances and to throw his whole energy into whatever work he undertook. His home, his garden, his animals—dogs, horses, and cattle,—the pursuits of his parishioners, their losses and their successes, would, each and all, take a hold on his sympathy and become a real source of interest to him. And he would be not long in discovering that, dull and dreary as Romney Marsh may have been in times when railways were not and Folkestone was an insignificant fishing village, it was not without matter of interest and amusement. The old-world habits and intellectual obliquities of the inhabitants, as attributed to them, supplied subjects for many a lively skit from his satirical pen; and we may well believe he gave ready ear to the tales of smuggling adventures of which the district had been the scene during the late war, when custom rates were excessive, and which still occasionally occurred; though, no doubt, he would use his utmost influence to discourage proceedings so demoralizing to the people of the district who extensively connived at them, so provocative of crime, and so much a cause of danger to those who might venture to interfere with them. We have it from himself that he was sometimes awkwardly placed in encountering smugglers in the very act of carrying on their lawless practices, though his cloth and probably his popularity protected him from rough treatment. More than once it happened that, on returning homewards from an engagement at night, he was challenged by a party of these worthies, apprehensive of detection in the act of conveying

a cargo of contraband goods from the coast, but allowed to proceed with a 'Good-night! It's only parson!' while a long file of mounted men, each with a led horse laden with tubs, filed silently by. Reminiscences of these experiences found expression at a later time in his legend of *The Smuggler's Leap*. His isolation in the Marsh was not so absolute but that he was within reach of a few country gentlemen and professional men, with whom he was on the best of terms. His humour and his rhyming propensity were irrepressible when local incidents excited them and gave him the opportunity of amusing his friends. As an example of his facility in this lighter kind of versification may be cited a metrical invitation to dinner sent to Dr. Wilmot of Ashford, in the form of a parody on Bishop Percy's song, 'O Nancy! wilt thou go with me?' beginning—

> O Doctor! wilt thou dine with me,
> And drive on Tuesday morning down?
> Can ribs of beef have charms for thee—
> The fat, the lean, the luscious brown?[1]

As regards more distinct literary work he appears to have been unoccupied, till, in the month of May 1819, an accident cutting him off from his ordinary active pursuits, served to awaken his dormant instincts. His diary records that, in driving into Ashford with his young son Richard, he overturned his gig and broke his right leg, and was kept to the house for several weeks. Here again an illness influenced his future pursuits. To relieve the ennui of confinement he took to the composition of a novel, which he finished off with great rapidity, and which was published under the title of *Baldwin* soon after its completion. This work disposed of and his inability to move about continuing, he proceeded to sketch the plan and write the opening chapters of *My Cousin Nicholas*, but was obliged

[1] Printed in the *Ingoldsby Lyrics*, p. 273.

by circumstances to lay the work aside for a time, and was prevented from resuming it by an entire diversion of his course of life. Having to go to London in order to consult Sir Astley Cooper on a throat affection of one of his children, he fell in with a college friend, who, with a view to drawing him out of the seclusion and obscurity of his country preferment, induced him to apply for a minor canonry in St. Paul's Cathedral, then vacant. His friend in fact had been commissioned to find an eligible candidate, and could offer material help in securing the appointment for him. He returned to Warehorn by that night's mail to talk the business over with his wife, and came to the resolution of accepting so tempting an opportunity of entering on a new sphere of life in the capital. The rebound of his mind from the restraint in which it had been held in Romney Marsh is well shown in the composition of a set of verses to which characteristically he resorted for relief of his feelings. They are headed 'The Resolution ; or An Adieu to the Country,' beginning—

> O, I'll be off! I will, by Jove!
> No more by purling streams I'll ramble,
> Through dirty lanes no longer rove,
> Bemired, and scratched by briar and bramble.[1]

There was a hot contest for the Cathedral appointment, but it terminated in Mr. Barham's favour in April 1821. His decision to throw up his Kentish preferment was a bold one, for the minor canonry carried small emoluments, and he had no definite prospect of advancement in the Church ; but he had means of his own, and he had confidence in his ability to make his way where opportunities offered. In the month of August of the year 1821 he quitted his country quarters and took up his abode in London, bringing with him a family of three children—two boys and a girl, and, after temporary arrangements, settling in a house

[1] Printed in the *Life and Letters*, vol. i. p. 37.

in Great Queen Street. The elder son, who lived to be the biographer of his father, well remembered him as he was when he came up from the country and during his earlier years in London. He describes him as in person short, broad-built and deep-chested, of great strength of constitution and power of endurance, and above all happy in the enjoyment of never-failing good humour:—nothing depressed and nothing daunted him. He had not long to wait for preferment. In the year 1824 he was appointed a priest in ordinary of His Majesty's Chapels Royal, and soon afterwards was presented by the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's to the living of the united parishes of St. Mary Magdalen and St. Gregory by St. Paul. This necessitated residence in the city; and, soon after his induction, he removed to a house in the south-west corner of St. Paul's Churchyard. Here he passed fifteen years of a very active life, enjoying much social and domestic happiness—sadly chequered at intervals by the loss of children at an early age, in all instances felt with peculiar acuteness, and most touchingly referred to in his correspondence. Among friends immediately surrounding him were members of the Cathedral staff, including the Dean, Bishop Copleston,—some of the Doctors and Proctors of Doctors' Commons,—and officers of the College of Arms. Mr. Barham had a strong leaning to genealogical research, and his frequent visits to the College led to a close friendship with the accomplished York Herald, subsequently King of Arms, Sir Charles Young. With the family of Dr. Hughes, one of the canons of the Cathedral, his connection grew into lasting intimacy. Mrs. Hughes, the Canon's wife, interested herself greatly in legendary lore. She had at command a number of remarkable stories, picked up from various sources, some derived direct from Sir Walter Scott, and she supplied him with more than one good subject for his rhyme. His obligation to her in

this respect, as also for stimulating him to write, is pithily expressed in a distich inscribed in the copy of the first collected series of the *Legends* presented to her—

> To Mrs. Hughes, who made me do 'em;
> Quod placeo est—si placeo—tuum.

After settling in London he was not long in finding channels for the production of his literary efforts, and these principally in the public press. His contributions were generally in verse, and were sent chiefly to *The London Chronicle*, of which at one time he undertook the editorship, *The Globe and Traveller*, *John Bull*, *Blackwood's Magazine*, and the *Literary Gazette*. Theodore Hook edited *John Bull*: he and Mr. Barham had been college friends, and their intimacy was now renewed—much, probably, to Hook's advantage, who obtained help in the revision of his writings and in business dealings with publishers. A more laborious work than penning light articles for newspapers, but not at all contrary to his tastes, he also undertook in joining Mr. Gorton in the compilation of the *Biographical Dictionary*, published under Mr. Gorton's name in the year 1828. He contributed matter to the extent of about one-third of this work.

The public journals served conveniently enough for the exercise of his humour in a political direction, but they were not well suited for efforts of a more purely literary character, and he wrote anonymously. His hearty friend and admirer, Mrs. Hughes, saw that he was somewhat wasting his talent and not doing himself justice. With a view to attracting him to more solid work she urged him to take up and complete the neglected manuscript of *My Cousin Nicholas*, and, getting the MS. of the opening chapters into her hands, proceeded forthwith to submit it to Mr. Blackwood for his *Magazine*. It was accepted with warm expressions of approval; was at once set up in type, and proofs sent to Mr.

Barham, who found himself compelled to go on with the story. The first portion appeared in the number for April 1834. Mr. Barham had for some years been an occasional contributor to *Blackwood*, but not under his own name; and in the April number of 1831 had commenced a series of metrical pieces under the general title of *Family Poetry*. The subjects he originally had in view were, it would seem, of a domestic character, but, however limited may have been the design in its first conception, he certainly had thoughts of enlarging it on a different basis as he went on. The 'Tale of the Rhine' formed the fifth number of the series, in April 1834, and, in writing to Mr. Barham on the 25th of October 1836, Mr. Robert Blackwood asks—'Are we never to get the new series you once talked of for *Mag.*? I do hope you have made some progress during the vacation.' The scheme here probably referred to was destined to be worked out through another medium. Mr. Richard Bentley had been Mr. Barham's schoolfellow at St. Paul's, and had kept up a friendly connection with him. The project was started, partly at Mr. Barham's instigation, of a journal for the publication of works of lighter literature, to be supported by writers of rising reputation, who might be relied upon for attracting readers, Charles Dickens and Harrison Ainsworth joining in the scheme, and Mr. Bentley undertaking the venture. *Bentley's Miscellany* made its first appearance in the year 1837. 'The "Monstre" Balloon' was printed anonymously in the first number, and in the second, under the name of 'Thomas Ingoldsby,' Mr. Barham commenced the series of tales now known as *The Ingoldsby Legends*. In a letter to Mr. Bentley, written on the eve of issue of this second number of the *Miscellany*, referring to his own contribution of 'The Spectre of Tappington' under a general title of *Fireside Stories*, changed in his

next contribution to *Family Stories*, he says, 'If it tells, I have a plan for the rest; by means of making "Tom Ingoldsby" your correspondent, and some of the other characters, actors in the bye-play, serve as pegs on which to hang the stories. If it is a miss I shall drop the whole party. I am the more doubtful as it is my *coup d'essai* in this style, but they tell me it will pass muster.'[1] Afterwards the idea of drawing upon the supposed family archives and traditions for the tales was greatly extended by grafting upon it the addition of monkish legends from other sources; and to this series he affixed the general title of *The Golden Legend*, as being mainly taken from the *Legenda Aurea* of Jacobus de Voragine. To still another series he gave the title of *County Legends*. The assumed name of 'Ingoldsby' is stated by his son to be found in a branch of the family genealogy. The seat connected with it—Tappington Everard, or Tapton Wood, as commonly called—is situated in the parish of Denton, lying between Canterbury and Folkestone, and, as already mentioned, had long been in the Barham family. The 'Legends' were sent to *Bentley's Miscellany* as they were written, following each other in quick succession from the foundation of that periodical to the spring of 1843, when, in consequence of a change in business relations, the connection ceased, and the stream—soon to be abruptly stopped—was diverted to the *New Monthly Magazine*.[2] It would be out of place to discuss their merits in this Memoir. On one point only something may be said. They were written at a time of great agitation in the Church, consequent on ritualistic innovations and the alleged tendency to Roman Catholicism of the new school

[1] *Life and Letters*, vol. ii. p. 11.

[2] The pieces contributed to the *New Monthly Magazine* are—'The Lord of Thoulouse,' 'The Wedding Day,' or 'The Buccaneer's Curse,' 'The House-Warming,' 'A Lay of St. Romwold,' and 'A Lay of St. Thomas à Becket.'

of theology at Oxford. Whatever in the *Legends* in any degree bears upon matters of religion was designed to combat error, and, as the author believed, the reactionary unbelief which must be expected to follow from it. With regard to the original sources of the individual stories sufficient explanation will be found in the notes attached to them. They were so much in favour with the public as they appeared in the *Miscellany* that, while they were running their course and in the third year of the journal, Mr. Bentley obtained Mr. Barham's consent to their being published, as far as they had proceeded, in one volume; the preface to which is dated on the 20th of January 1840.[1] A second collected series was published in the year 1842; and a third after the author's death, accompanied by a biographical Memoir by his son, in 1847.

It would be wrong to suppose that Mr. Barham's time and thoughts were at all exclusively, or even mainly, occupied on these compositions. His clerical work was by no means inconsiderable. The minor canonry of St. Paul's not only bound him to regular attendance at the services of the Cathedral, but often involved him in the troublesome settlement of questions raised by his fellow canons—generally much against his wishes—in vindication of their rights and privileges. He interested himself in the care of the Cathedral library, and for some years acted as librarian, successfully appealing for funds for recovering it from a somewhat neglected condition, and reaping a full reward in the pleasure of exploring its contents. It was probably from what was brought under his notice in this occupation that arose his interest in the early editions of the Bible, to the study of which, by the help of his friend George Offor, he devoted much time. Indeed he risked injury to his eyesight in making, generally under lamplight, careful pen and ink facsimiles of the special

[1] Only twelve copies were printed in the first issue of the collection.

passages and the often elaborate woodcuts by which the various versions and editions are distinguished. As priest of the Chapels Royal his duties though light were constant, and never neglected. In the year 1834 he had accepted the office of chaplain to the Vintners' Company, and, not to dwell on its festive and social obligations, this imposed on him a weekly service at the Company's alms-houses at Mile-end—the peaceful retreat of twelve aged females, of whom he says, in a letter to Mrs. Hughes, 'My seraglio certainly does now and then furnish me with a job in the way of composing differences which will occasionally arise in their well-regulated minds.' And in such charitable ministrations we may be sure he was eminently successful.

His more constant and responsible duties as rector of the united parishes of St. Mary Magdalen and St. Gregory, and subsequently of the neighbouring parish of St. Faith,—to which he was nominated, in exchange, by the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's in the year 1842,—were scrupulously attended to, and necessarily engaged much of his time and attention. At the outset he had to cope with opposition from the dissenting section of his parishioners of St. Gregory. This he thoroughly overcame, allaying what had been a chronic state of discord between rival parties in the vestry, and bringing about a general harmony, not by truckling to prejudices or to rude assumption, but by reasonableness and never-failing good temper. He had his reward in the hearty support and affection of the whole body of his parishioners, who, on his leaving them to take charge of St. Faith's, presented him with a handsome Address, backed up by a valuable offering of plate.

In addition to strictly clerical and parish work, he took upon himself voluntary labours of very considerable extent in pure benevolence. His services in the

advocacy of charitable claims, as an adviser in difficulties, as a peacemaker and arbitrator in literary quarrels and disputes, were in frequent demand. 'Piles of letters'—his son records—'consisting of alternations of request and acknowledgment, bear ample testimony to the wide circle through which his influence extended.' Yet, despite these various engagements, Mr. Barham managed to find time for a great deal of literary work, for he never discontinued his connection with the press, and the *Legends*, as we have them collected, were mainly written in the years from 1837 to 1844—the date of the commencement of the illness terminating in his death. The explanation is that, while the day was given up to clerical duties and various business distractions, he had his nights to himself, for he rarely went to rest till one or two in the morning. In his son's words—'At these times his powers of composition reached their culminating point, and he wrote with a facility which not only surprised himself but which he actually viewed with distrust, and he would not unfrequently lay down his pen, from an apprehension that what was so fluent must of necessity be feeble also. If any difficulty checked him in what he was writing he would lay the work aside, perhaps for months, perhaps never again resuming it, as appears from the many manuscripts he left behind him in an unfinished state.' He probably spent more time in looking up material for his metrical tales than in composing them. His mind was always at work, and when once he had taken up a subject the giving it form and putting it into verse were his diversion when otherwise unoccupied. After walking or riding home from his afternoon's engagements he would commonly sit down and write off pages of rhyme which he had thought out during that interval of leisure, and had partially noted down in one of the little memorandum books he habitually carried in his pocket. This facility of versification was born with him, and was

increased by constant exercise from his boyhood. One of his strongest tastes was for the drama—the 'legitimate drama,' as it was wont to be styled, and as cultivated in the 'theatres royal' of Drury Lane and Covent Garden. He rarely failed to witness the first performance of a new piece, or the coming out of an actor in a principal part, at either of these houses, and would write a critique of the performance—sometimes a full description of the play in verse—before he retired to rest.

His clerical duties, charitable labours in behalf of others and literary work constituted his ordinary daily life, and if he was drawn from his home in the evening, it would be to the theatre, or to dinners at the houses of intimate friends, where he was sure to meet company to his liking. His diary records several entertainments of this nature, from which he brought away lively anecdotes of Theodore Hook, Edward Cannon, Sydney Smith, and other wits and humorists of the day.

On afternoons he would generally look in at the Garrick Club, of which he was one of the original members, or in fact founders, and where he was always well received. Believing that the stage might and ought to be made a means of education, moral and intellectual, and that actors ought to take a higher social position than was then accorded to them, as conducive to this he looked to the formation of a club to which those of the higher class should be invited to become members and be brought to association with literary men, artists, and others of theatrical tastes. He believed that this might very much help to such improvement of their status, and by its influence also upon authors and managers as well as actors, tend, as was expressed in his song commemorating the founding of the club, 'to bring back the drama to glory again.'

The flow of humour with which he diverted himself and

entertained the always growing number of readers of the *Legends* was only stopped by his untimely death. On occasion of the Queen's visit to the city, on the 28th of October 1844, to open the new Royal Exchange building, Mr. Barham unhappily occupied a seat at the open window of a parishioner in Cheapside. The weather was cold, and he was seized the next day with an inflammation of the throat which he never completely subdued. As winter advanced it affected him very seriously, and, under persuasion of his friend and medical adviser Dr. Roberts, he left London for Bath on the 24th of February 1845. He allowed himself to be tempted back on the 5th of March in order to attend a meeting of the newly founded Archæological Association, taking an active part in its discussions. A relapse ensued, from which he again partially recovered, and with improved strength and spirits strove to resume his accustomed occupations; but, taking cold at a vestry meeting at St. Paul's on the 19th of April, he was prostrated by an attack of greater severity than any he had yet suffered. Though reduced to a state of extreme weakness, he was able on the 5th of May to make the journey to Clifton for the benefit of its air; but whatever advantage he may have derived from its influence was counteracted unhappily by the medical treatment he underwent there, as is implied in the humorous but deeply pathetic stanzas written from his sick-bed describing an interview with his doctors.[1]

The end was evidently at hand, and he was brought back to London early in June, but succumbed to his malady on the 17th of the month, 1845. His death took place in one of the cathedral houses in Amen Corner, which he had occupied since the year 1839 by an arrangement with the Rev. Sydney Smith, to whom it was appropriated on his becoming one of the residentiary canons of St. Paul's. At the time of his death his wife,

[1] Printed under the title of 'The Bulletin' in *Ingoldsby Lyrics*, p. 301.

who had nursed him throughout the main period of his illness, was herself on a sick-bed. She died in the year 1851. Of nine children who were born to them only three survived their parents, *viz.* a son—the Reverend Richard Harris Dalton Barham, rector of Lolworth, in Cambridgeshire, who died at Dawlish in the year 1886—and two daughters, still living. Mr. Barham was buried in a vault of the church of St. Mary Magdalen. The building unhappily was burnt to the ground in the year 1886. It was not to be restored; and his remains have been recently removed to Kensal Green Cemetery, the tablet to his memory originally placed in St. Mary Magdalen church being transferred to the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral.

I am indebted to my husband for the above sketch of my father's life. It is intentionally a mere outline of his career; and I have been asked to add a few reminiscences to indicate in some degree his ordinary habits, and especially what he was to me and his other children.

My recollections of him go back to a very early period of my life. The loss of my elder sister Charlotte when I was three years old, followed by that of my brother George a few years after, may have been the cause of my being less in the nursery and more 'down stairs' than was usual at that time for young children, so that I learned to understand him thoroughly; and many a word he spoke lightly then remains with me now—a help and guidance, sound in judgment, and safe to act upon. In reviewing my remembrance of him in these early days I recall the general tenor of his daily life—his hurried breakfast, cathedral service, parochial duties, and various occupations. He rarely came down to breakfast until, at half-past nine, the

bell of St. Paul's began to toll for service; so, although we were close to the cathedral, he had but a few minutes for his morning meal. His habit of late-rising being generally known, people would often come early, to catch him before he went out—so many wanted his help in various ways. My mother's sweet temper was never ruffled by the interruption of her household duties, but was kind to comers of every class. One old friend would come in and help himself to the breakfast—a simple rasher of bacon—waiting for my father, and quietly say to my mother, 'Shall I ring for another?' This breakfast my father generally took standing; sometimes it was only a muffin, a bit of which he would carry into the library, where a stray cat watched at the window expecting something nice.

Though a genuine lover of animals of all kinds, cats were his special favourites; and this creature, lean, half-starved, ugly, eventually made good its footing in the household under the name of 'Chance,' and became a great pet with my father. He included him amongst his last remembrances, saying, 'Take care of Chance for my sake; Jerry (my sister's cat)[1] will be taken care of for his own.'

Sometimes earlier rising became necessary, for we were close to Doctors' Commons, and many a young couple elected to be married at eight o'clock at St. Mary Magdalen's,—suggestive now and then of elopement; but the license being presented, the ceremony had to be performed. Such incidents are not so common in these days. Now a

[1] A laughable incident once occurred in connection with this cat. My sister was in the habit of dressing it in a baby's long robe and putting it to sleep in a cradle by the fire. On such an occasion Mr. Bentley happened to call to see my father, and while waiting and seated near this interesting object, was seen to put on a look of puzzled curiosity. Being rather short-sighted, he took out his glasses and bent forward to examine the black-faced baby more closely, when the creature suddenly sprang up and flew across the room, tearing the robe into tatters with its claws. I shall never forget Mr. Bentley's look of horror and amazement at the apparition.

young lady wisely prefers her afternoon reception and some hundreds of presents : or perhaps they are more dutiful to parents? The business of the day always included attention to parochial affairs—a first consideration. The parishes of St. Gregory and St. Mary Magdalen at that time were crowded with small houses, but many doing large business, the families and employés living on the premises ; and there were some streets in which working people lived rather closely packed ; so there was more work for the clergyman then than now, when dwellings have been merged in huge warehouses, and owners have suburban villas.

My happiness would come when he made me the companion of his subsequent rambles. Sometimes he would take me with him to the Vintners' Almshouses in Mile-End, where he went as chaplain for a weekly service in the chapel and to visit the old ladies—the pensioners—in their cottages. Very patiently and good-humouredly would he listen to the story of their troubles, and do all he could to help them. It seemed to me the great difficulty was the pump. It was common to all, but they could not all use it at once ; and, though brotherly love in the sermon might be all very well, this community of old ladies did not seem to think it could apply to them on washing-days or at tea-time, and sometimes his tact was sorely tried in smoothing their differences. As he returned home he would stop at the various jewellers' shops in the city and inspect the ornaments in the windows. A bright, particular ring would perhaps take his fancy. This would be looked at many succeeding Wednesdays, but at last it would be brought home to my mother. Now and then he would 'look in' upon some lawyer friend for a gossip, and I recall the hard chairs, dingy carpets, dirty windows, pewter inkstands, and high stools, which I have ever since associated with the legal

profession. As to the gossip, I am sorry to say some of it was in after years highly charged for to my father's executors.

Occasionally we took a peep at Gog and Magog in the Guildhall; and on our way, in Cheapside, my father would seem to be the special mark of attention to some Jew with a great black bag of oranges, who would follow in our wake, sample in hand, and take no rebuff; the result being that my father's coat pockets would be heavily laden, and his children and the Jew equally well pleased. I need hardly say that certain sad errors of the Jew in counting the oranges were not taken notice of.[1] At other times he would call at the Heralds' College, where something had to be 'looked up,'—a grave, quiet, solemn place, at that time shut away from all the noise and bustle of the city, but now opened to Queen Victoria Street and the C.S.S. Association, which stands close at hand without paying it any reverence. Long would be his discussions with Sir Ralph Bigland, Garter King of Arms, and Sir Charles Young, his successor, then York Herald, and various their subjects. But heraldry was my father's delight. He had pedigrees at his fingers' ends, and would not be afraid to work them out even for fairy stories. I have examples in which the relationship of Jack the Giant-Killer to Tom Thumb, and of Beauty, in *Beauty and the Beast*, to Fair Rosamund are clearly set forth.

Then a very tempting place of resort was Sion College, my recollections of which are rather oppressive;

[1] There are Jews and Jews. At a later time, during the illness of my little brother Edward, whose death suggested the lines 'As I laye a-thynkynge,' my father went to Covent Garden Market to get him some grapes. They were scarce, and Mr. Garcia asked a high price; but on my father exclaiming, 'I must have them if they cost me a guinea,' and stating the purpose for which they were wanted, Mr. Garcia handed him a bunch, saying, 'If they are for a sick child you shall have them for nothing,' with a kindness that made a lasting impression on my father.

for there he would sit, mounted upon the top of the library steps, absorbed in a book, by the hour, forgetful of our proposed walk, while I spelt out the titles of sombre, antiquated literature. For me it was 'volumes! volumes! everywhere, but never a book to read.' Another library that had a powerful attraction for him was that of St. Paul's Cathedral, where the 'black-letter' books held him in their spell. For myself, I never mastered more than two or three of the printers' marks; but I still reverence the books and preserve an affection for old woodcuts.

The walk was not always in and about the city, but if we went westward it was not far in that direction; and, wherever we went, my father never failed to delight me with historical anecdotes connected with the streets we passed through and their buildings, or to point out indications of old customs and superstitions — such as a horse-shoe let into the door-step of a house in Creed Lane, which he told me was a device to keep out witches: and this almost within sight of the Cathedral. Business would often take him to the Literary Fund Chambers in Lincoln's Inn Fields, where he would be kept in long talks with Mr. Blewitt on cases of literary distress. As we passed the office of the *John Bull* in Fleet Street he sometimes deposited a paper packet in the mouth of a huge bull's head painted on the door; and perhaps, a few doors off, we made another halt at the office of the *Globe and Traveller*, a first-class paper, in size and price at that time vying with the *Times*, and still maintaining itself under its first title. I well remember the editor's room, its litter of slips and cuttings, its atmosphere of paste, and the lively little Irish editor himself, who seemed quite happy in the general disorder; and who, I may add, later on retired, furnished a handsome new house, and died shortly after taking possession of it.

On rare occasions my father would treat me to oysters

at Linn's, in Fleet Street—in the height of its reputation for these delicacies at that time. A more frequent termination to our rambles was the Garrick Club, where I was consigned to the care of the secretary, whom I did not find a cheerful companion, as he was generally keeping accounts.

On Sundays he would sometimes take me with him to the Chapel Royal at St. James's Palace, when it was his turn of duty. I remember seeing the Queen there with Prince Albert, very shortly after their marriage. Her simple white bonnet with long strings, her handsome young husband, and my father's sweet, clear, earnest voice are still distinct to me, and though I have since heard Her Majesty prayed for many times I have never been more touched by it. The Queen helped Prince Albert to find the places in his prayer-book, but my father thought the Prince was familiar with our services. Sometimes my father preached at the evening service, and it was then, and had been from old times, the custom for the verger, when shutting up, to hand the two wax tapers from the pulpit to the preacher as a perquisite. They were long, thin, and yellow, and of feeble power—suggestive of aristocratic rushlights. It was usual for the priests of Her Majesty's Chapels Royal, as being of her household, to wear on their dress-coats buttons with V.R. and a crown. My father, in his indifference to dress, neglected to adopt this decoration until advised by his colleagues that he ought to conform to the custom. In later times, when we joked him about the attentions he received in society, as he became known as a writer, he used to laugh and say 'it was all the button.'

Mentioning Prince Albert reminds me that I was present at, I believe, the first public dinner at which he presided. It was in support of the Literary Fund; and my mother and I were in the gallery—ladies were not seen at the table itself in those days. The Prince made an excellent address, and Dickens, I remember, who was

called upon, spoke extremely well and with wonderful humour. In the course of the evening he and others, with my father, came to us in the gallery, and we were a merry party. Lady Talfourd was there, and was herself greatly amused by suddenly discovering she had come with one satin shoe white and the other black. My father was asked what he thought of the Prince, and his reply was highly laudatory in every respect, concluding with the words, 'He is a perfect gentleman.'

It was surprising how many people wanted my father's advice, and perhaps more wonderful how many took it. To be sure, it was generally coupled with active help, and he would take any trouble to assist those who came to him in their difficulties, rarely failing in his efforts. If he had to overcome some stiff objector to proposed remedies, he would come home in great good humour, and, rejoicing in having carried his point, would say, 'He gave me his reasons, and I beat him.'

We had many *habitués* of the house, who would look in at any hour. One of them—Mr. C——, an old bachelor barrister—once said to me, 'I never go out of my own door without coming in to yours'; and, as he resided in the Doctors' Commons, distance was no discouragement. One day he came in, saying, 'Barham, I have brought you Colburn,' handing him that publisher's *Magazine*. 'Allow me,' said my father, 'to introduce you to his intimate friend, Mr. Bentley,' who was seated by the fire. 'Well,' said Mr. C——, 'if I have Colburn I have Bentley too,' and the rival *Magazine* came out of his pocket, relieving us from an awkward situation.

At home it was not often I had my father all to myself; but now and then my mother would go to a concert with some near neighbour, and I was allowed to sit up to keep my father company. Then we would play games of cards or draughts, or I would watch him pasting

scraps into a huge book. An old History of England was sacrificed for the engravings, many of which he painted, so that the kings and queens came out in gorgeous array. He thought historical events were best remembered by means of pictures, but I am afraid the characters were now and then stuck in with slight regard to chronology if they fitted a vacant space. Sometimes he inserted little whimsicalities of his own invention. The book, however, has been a source of amusement to many, and I still have its dilapidated remains.

I may mention that, in general, my father loved to have wife, children, cats, and all about him when at work in the evening, and I often noticed, from a half-suppressed smile and the expression of his face, that, however deeply engaged, he was taking in much of the fun of the young ones about him. Sometimes, when the merriment took the form of joking, perhaps, at the eccentricity of a neighbour, he would lift his eyes for a moment and tell us not to be satirical, but the words were so much at variance from the look that they did little to check our spirits. He was always alive to what was going on; and it was quite in his nature to enjoy his own humour and to show it in his countenance—very much in contrast with the witty Thomas Hood, whose face, while he was keeping us in laughter with his fun, was so solemn and so immovable that I used to think it looked like a death's-head making jokes.

I need hardly say my father liberally indulged us with stories, of more or less thrilling interest; and they were not always confined to the legitimate after-dinner gatherings. He went to bed late, and I was sometimes awake when he came upstairs. A call would bring him to my room—the excuse being that I was thirsty—and he would bring me a little cold tea, and then tell me a story to send me to sleep. A doctor might not have

prescribed this treatment, but I have survived it, and I like to think of it.

One of my recollections is of a meeting in our drawing-room on affairs of the recently launched publication entitled *Bentley's Miscellany*, of which I was an unregarded but interested observer. There was Charles Dickens, editor, who had started the first number with *Oliver Twist*, illustrated by Cruikshank: and I see him now with his blue satin cravat, called a stock then, and buckled behind, a massive gold chain and ring, and his long hair, which he shook about in the excitement of speaking. By his side was Cruikshank himself, all earnestness and animation. Opposite sat Bentley, with a business expression on his countenance, shaded with a *soupçon* of anxiety; my father presiding and guiding the discussion.

My father took but short holidays—rarely more than three weeks at Herne Bay, Margate, or Brighton. At the sea-side he was quite happy with a telescope and a pair of Margate shoes; but it seemed our fate to fall into lodgings flanked by a ladies' school on one side or other, if not on both, and the girls rivalled the fish in the sea with their perpetual scales, and were rather distracting to him in his writing; for wherever he went he was pursued by proofs for revision—of his friends' productions as well as his own. Occasionally he would take the duty and be quartered in the rectory of some parish within a moderate distance from London; and, once in the country, he would throw himself into its pursuits, and we had all to gather mushrooms and interview the pigs. The parish registers were searched, epitaphs on old tombstones were copied, and much heel-ball and tracing paper was consumed in taking rubbings of monumental brasses. In September and October he would treat himself to a few days' shooting, in company with my brother, at Tappington and Parmstead; but he did not care to be away from

home for long, and I have known him take a post-chaise and return at night rather than wait for the next day's coach.

But I am almost ashamed to record these trivial reminiscences. They are impressions taken in my earlier days, and more easily recalled than those of a later time, when I shared in the society of the many clever people who sought my father's company—half a century ago. Thinking of his active and studious life, it seems strange to me that he should be remembered only by the *Legends* —those light efforts so little thought of in our home. The 'Bibliography' now appended to the third volume shows a surprising number and variety of editions published by Mr. Bentley, and may well excuse a remark by my brother—that he did not see in what new form Bentley could produce them unless he printed them upside down! The author did not live to realise their full success, and I heartily thank all, both here and abroad, who have so kindly taken 'Thomas Ingoldsby' to their affections.

As stated in the Memoir, the church of St. Mary Magdalen has been burnt down, and my father's remains, with those of his wife and four children, have been moved from their original resting-place to Kensal Green Cemetery, but his youngest daughter, Mary Anne, still watches over his old parishes, and to the poor who remain there, as well as to others whose fortune has taken them elsewhere, gives her tender sympathy and help in time of trouble.

C. F. B.

To RICHARD BENTLEY, Esq.

My dear Sir,

You wish me to collect into a single volume certain rambling extracts from our family memoranda, many of which have already appeared in the pages of your Miscellany. At the same time you tell me that doubts are entertained in certain quarters as to the authenticity of their details.

Now with respect to their genuineness, the old oak chest, in which the originals are deposited, is not more familiar to my eyes than it is to your own ; and if its contents have any value at all, it consists in the strict veracity of the facts they record.

To convince the most incredulous, I can only add, that should business—pleasure is out of the question—ever call them into the neighbourhood of Folkestone, let them take the highroad from Canterbury to Dover till they reach the eastern extremity of Barham Downs. Here a beautiful green lane diverging abruptly to the right will carry them, through the Oxenden plantations and the unpretending village of Denton, to the foot of a very respectable hill,—as hills go in this part of Europe. On reaching its summit let them look straight before them,—and if, among the hanging woods which crown the opposite side of the valley, they cannot distinguish an antiquated Manor-house of

Elizabethan architecture, with its gable ends, stone stanchions, and tortuous chimneys rising above the surrounding trees, why—the sooner they procure a pair of Dollond's patent spectacles the better.

If, on the contrary, they can manage to descry it, and, proceeding some five or six furlongs through the avenue, will ring at the Lodge-gate,—they cannot mistake the stone lion with the Ingoldsby escutcheon (Ermine, a saltire engrailed Gules) in his paws,—they will be received with a hearty old English welcome.

The papers in question having been written by different persons and at various periods, I have thought it advisable to reduce the more ancient of them into a comparatively modern phraseology, and to make my collateral ancestor, Father John, especially, 'deliver himself like a man of this world.' Mr. Maguire, indeed, is the only Gentleman who, in his account of the late Coronation, retains his own rich vernacular.

As to arrangement, I shall adopt the sentiment expressed by the Constable of Bourbon four centuries ago, *teste* Shakespeare, one which seems to become more fashionable every day.

The Devil take all order!!—I'll to the throng!

Believe me to be,

My dear Sir,

Yours, most indubitably and immeasurably,

THOMAS INGOLDSBY.

TAPPINGTON EVERARD,
Jan. 20th, 1840.

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION

To RICHARD BENTLEY, Esq.

My dear Sir,

I should have replied sooner to your letter, but that the last three days in January are, as you are aware, always dedicated, at the Hall, to an especial *battue*, and the old house is full of shooting-jackets, shot-belts, and 'double Joes.' Even the women wear percussion-caps, and your favourite (?) Rover, who, you may remember, examined the calves of your legs with such suspicious curiosity at Christmas, is as pheasant-mad as if he were a biped, instead of being a genuine four-legged scion of the Blenheim breed. I have managed, however, to avail myself of a lucid interval in the general hallucination; (how the rain *did* come down on Monday!) and as you tell me the excellent friend whom you are in the habit of styling 'a Generous and Enlightened Public' has emptied your shelves of the first edition, and 'asks for more,' why, I agree with you, it *would* be a want of *respect* to that very *respectable* personification, when furnishing him with a further supply, not to endeavour, at least, to amend my faults, which are few, and your own, which are more numerous. I have, therefore, gone to work *con amore*, supplying occasionally on my own part a deficient note, or elucidatory stanza, and

on yours knocking out, without remorse, your superfluous *i*'s and now and then eviscerating your *colon.*

My duty to our illustrious friend thus performed, I have a crow to pluck with him. Why will he persist—as you tell me he does persist—in calling me by all sorts of names but those to which I am entitled by birth and baptism—my 'Sponsorial and Patronymic appellations,' as Dr. Pangloss has it?—Mrs. Malaprop complains, and with justice, of an 'assault upon her parts of speech,' but to attack one's very existence—to deny that one *is* a person *in esse,* and scarcely to admit that one *may be* a person *in posse,* is tenfold cruelty;—'it is pressing to death, whipping, and hanging!' Let me entreat all such likewise to remember, that as Shakespeare beautifully expresses himself elsewhere—I give his words as quoted by a very worthy Baronet in a neighbouring county, when protesting against a defamatory placard at a general election—

> Who steals my purse steals stuff!
> 'Twas mine—'tisn't his—nor nobody else's!
> But he who runs away with my GOOD NAME
> Robs me of what does not do him any good,
> And makes me deuced poor!![1]

In order utterly to squabash and demolish every gainsayer, I had thought, at one time, of asking my old and esteemed friend, Richard Lane, to crush them at once with his magic pencil, and to transmit my features to posterity, where all his works are sure to be 'delivered according to

[1] A reading which seems most unaccountably to have escaped the researches of all modern Shakespearians, including the rival editors of the new and illustrated versions.—T. I. [The reading in question is said to have been due to the critical acumen of Sir Godfrey Webster of Battle Abbey (the first husband of the celebrated Lady Holland), to whom has also been attributed another remarkable emendation:—

> Pray, who can hold a fire in his hand
> By thinking on the frosty cock-horses?]

the direction'; but somehow the noble-looking profiles which he has recently executed of the Kemble family put me a little out of conceit with my own, while the undisguised amusement which my 'Mephistopheles Eyebrow,' as he termed it, afforded him, in the 'full face,' induced me to lay aside the design. Besides, my dear Sir, since, as has well been observed, 'there never was a married man yet who had not somebody remarkably like him walking

about town,' it is a thousand to one but my lineaments might, after all, out of sheer perverseness be ascribed to anybody rather than to the real owner. I have therefore sent you, instead thereof, a very fair sketch of Tappington, taken from the Folkestone road (I tore it last night out of Julia Simpkinson's *album*); get Gilks to make a woodcut of it. And now, if any miscreant (I use the word only in its primary and 'Pickwickian' sense of 'Unbeliever') ventures to throw any further doubt upon the matter, why, as Jack Cade's friend says in the play, 'There are the

chimneys in my father's house, and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it!'[1]

'Why, very well, then—we hope here be truths!'

Heaven be with you, my dear Sir!—I was getting a little excited; but you, who are mild as the milk that dews the soft whisker of the new-weaned kitten, will forgive me when, wiping away the nascent moisture from my brow, I 'pull in,' and subscribe myself,

Yours quite as much as his own,

THOMAS INGOLDSBY.

TAPPINGTON EVERARD,
Feb. 2nd, 1843.

[1] Long before a second edition of the first series of the *Ingoldsby Legends* was published, Mr. Barham was pretty generally known as the author. Indeed, he made little or no attempt to preserve his incognito, although here, and elsewhere, in terms transparently ambiguous, he playfully adheres to the pseudonym. An indication of the truth is given in the title-page, where the device on the shield, three bears *sable*, originally hidden by the helmet, is in later editions partially disclosed. The 'Sketch of Tappington' is purely the artist's invention, and in no respect represents the remains of the old manor-house as they appeared in Mr. Barham's time, a description of which is given in the *Note* to 'The Spectre of Tappington,' *infra*, p. 34, and may be realised by the engraving from a photograph taken many years ago, there inserted.

Thos. Ingoldsby.

London: Richard Bentley, 1870.

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS

THE SPECTRE OF TAPPINGTON[1]

'IT is very odd, though; what can have become of them?' said Charles Seaforth, as he peeped under the valance of an old-fashioned bedstead, in an old-fashioned apartment of a still more old-fashioned manor-house; ''tis confoundedly odd, and I can't make it out at all. Why, Barney, where are they?—and where the d—l are you?'

No answer was returned to this appeal; and the lieutenant, who was, in the main, a reasonable person,—at least as reasonable a person as any young gentleman of twenty-two in 'the service' can fairly be expected to be,—cooled, when he reflected that his servant could scarcely reply extempore to a summons which it was impossible he should hear.

An application to the bell was the considerate result; and the footsteps of as tight a lad as ever put pipe-clay to belt sounded along the gallery.

'Come in!' said his master.—An ineffectual attempt upon the door reminded Mr. Seaforth that he had locked himself in.—'By Heaven! this is the oddest thing of all,' said he, as he turned the key and admitted Mr. Maguire into his dormitory.

[1] See *Note* at the end of the story.

'Barney, where are my pantaloons?'

'Is it the breeches?' asked the valet, casting an inquiring eye round the apartment;—'is it the breeches, sir?'

'Yes; what have you done with them?'

'Sure then your honour had them on when you went to bed, and it's hereabout they'll be, I'll be bail'; and Barney lifted a fashionable tunic from a cane-backed arm-chair, proceeding in his examination. But the search was vain: there was the tunic aforesaid,—there was a smart-looking kerseymere waistcoat; but the most important article of all in a gentleman's wardrobe was still wanting.

'Where *can* they be?' asked the master, with a strong accent on the auxiliary verb.

'Sorra a know I knows,' said the man.

'It *must* have been the devil, then, after all, who has been here and carried them off!' cried Seaforth, staring full into Barney's face.

Mr. Maguire was not devoid of the superstition of his countrymen, still he looked as if he did not quite subscribe to the *sequitur*.

His master read incredulity in his countenance. 'Why, I tell you, Barney, I put them there, on that arm-chair, when I got into bed; and, by Heaven! I distinctly saw the ghost of the old fellow they told me of come in at midnight, put on my pantaloons, and walk away with them.'

'May be so,' was the cautious reply.

'I thought, of course, it was a dream; but then—where are the breeches?'

The question was more easily asked than answered. Barney renewed his search, while the lieutenant folded his arms, and, leaning against the toilet, sank into a reverie.

'After all, it must be some trick of my laughter-loving cousins,' said Seaforth.

'Ah! then, the ladies!' chimed in Mr. Maguire, though the observation was not addressed to him; 'and will it be Miss Caroline, or Miss Fanny, that's stole your honour's things?'

'I hardly know what to think of it,' pursued the bereaved lieutenant, still speaking in soliloquy, with his eye resting dubiously on the chamber-door. 'I locked myself in, that's certain; and—but there must be some other entrance to the room—pooh! I remember—the private staircase; how could I be such a fool?' and he crossed the chamber to where a low oaken door was dimly visible in a distant corner. He paused before it. Nothing now interfered to screen it from observation; but it bore tokens of having been at some earlier period concealed by tapestry, remains of which yet clothed the walls on either side the portal.

'This way they must have come,' said Seaforth; 'I wish with all my heart I had caught them!'

'Och! the kittens!' sighed Mr. Barney Maguire.

But the mystery was yet as far from being solved as before. True, there *was* the 'other door'; but then that, too, on examination, was even more firmly secured than the one which opened on the gallery,—two heavy bolts on the inside effectually prevented any *coup de main* on the lieutenant's *bivouac* from that quarter. He was more puzzled than ever; nor did the minutest inspection of the walls and floor throw any light upon the subject: one thing only was clear,—the breeches were gone! 'It is *very* singular,' said the lieutenant.

. . . . . .

Tappington (generally called Tapton) Everard is an antiquated but commodious manor-house in the eastern division of the county of Kent. A former proprietor had

been High-sheriff in the days of Elizabeth, and many a dark and dismal tradition was yet extant of the licentiousness of his life, and the enormity of his offences. The Glen, which the keeper's daughter was seen to enter, but never known to quit, still frowns darkly as of yore; while an ineradicable blood-stain on the oaken stair yet bids defiance to the united energies of soap and sand. But it is with one particular apartment that a deed of more especial atrocity is said to be connected. A stranger guest—so runs the legend—arrived unexpectedly at the mansion of the 'Bad Sir Giles.' They met in apparent friendship; but the ill-concealed scowl on their master's brow told the domestics that the visit was not a welcome one: the banquet, however, was not spared; the wine-cup circulated freely,—too freely, perhaps,—for sounds of discord at length reached the ears of even the excluded serving-men, as they were imitating their betters in the lower hall. Alarmed, some of them ventured to approach the parlour; one, an old and favoured retainer of the house, went so far as to break in upon his master's privacy. Sir Giles, already high in oath, fiercely enjoined his absence, and he retired; not, however, before he had distinctly heard from the stranger's lips a menace that 'There was that within his pocket which could disprove the knight's right to issue that or any other command within the walls of Tapton.'

The intrusion, though momentary, seemed to have produced a beneficial effect; the voices of the disputants fell, and the conversation was carried on thenceforth in a more subdued tone, till, as evening closed in, the domestics, when summoned to attend with lights, found not only cordiality restored, but that a still deeper carouse was meditated. Fresh stoups, and from the choicest bins, were produced; nor was it till at a late, or rather early hour, that the revellers sought their chambers.

The one allotted to the stranger occupied the first floor of the eastern angle of the building, and had once been the favourite apartment of Sir Giles himself. Scandal ascribed this preference to the facility which a private staircase, communicating with the grounds, had afforded him, in the old knight's time, of following his wicked courses unchecked by parental observation; a consideration which ceased to be of weight when the death of his father left him uncontrolled master of his estate and actions. From that period Sir Giles had established himself in what were called the 'state apartments'; and the 'oaken chamber' was rarely tenanted, save on occasions of extraordinary festivity, or when the yule log drew an unusually large accession of guests around the Christmas hearth.

On this eventful night it was prepared for the unknown visitor, who sought his couch heated and inflamed from his midnight orgies, and in the morning was found in his bed a swollen and blackened corpse. No marks of violence appeared upon the body; but the livid hue of the lips, and certain dark-coloured spots visible on the skin, aroused suspicions which those who entertained them were too timid to express. Apoplexy, induced by the excesses of the preceding night, Sir Giles's confidential leech pronounced to be the cause of his sudden dissolution; the body was buried in peace; and though some shook their heads as they witnessed the haste with which the funeral rites were hurried on, none ventured to murmur. Other events arose to distract the attention of the retainers; men's minds became occupied by the stirring politics of the day, while the near approach of that formidable Armada, so vainly arrogating to itself a title which the very elements joined with human valour to disprove, soon interfered to weaken, if not obliterate, all remembrance of the nameless stranger who had died within the walls of Tapton Everard.

Years rolled on: the 'Bad Sir Giles' had himself long since gone to his account, the last, as it was believed, of his immediate line; though a few of the older tenants were sometimes heard to speak of an elder brother, who had disappeared in early life and never inherited the estate. Rumours, too, of his having left a son in foreign lands were at one time rife; but they died away, nothing occurring to support them: the property passed unchallenged to a collateral branch of the family, and the secret, if secret there were, was buried in Denton churchyard, in the lonely grave of the mysterious stranger. One circumstance alone occurred, after a long-intervening period, to revive the memory of these transactions. Some workmen employed in grubbing an old plantation, for the purpose of raising on its site a modern shrubbery, dug up, in the execution of their task, the mildewed remnants of what seemed to have been once a garment. On more minute inspection enough remained of silken slashes and a coarse embroidery to identify the relics as having once formed part of a pair of trunk hose; while a few papers which fell from them, apparently illegible from damp and age, were by the unlearned rustics conveyed to the then owner of the estate.

Whether the squire was more successful in deciphering them was never known; he certainly never alluded to their contents; and little would have been thought of the matter but for the inconvenient memory of one old woman, who declared she heard her grandfather say that, when the 'stranger guest' was poisoned, though all the rest of his clothes were there, his breeches, the supposed repository of the supposed documents, could never be found. The master of Tapton Everard smiled when he heard Dame Jones's hint of deeds which might impeach the validity of his own title in favour of some unknown descendant of some unknown heir; and the story was rarely alluded to,

save by one or two miracle-mongers, who had heard that others had seen the ghost of old Sir Giles, in his night-cap, issue from the postern, enter the adjoining copse, and wring his shadowy hands in agony, as he seemed to search vainly for something hidden among the evergreens. The stranger's death-room had, of course, been occasionally haunted from the time of his decease; but the periods of visitation had latterly become very rare, —even Mrs. Botherby, the housekeeper, being forced to admit that, during her long sojourn at the manor, she had never 'met with anything worse than herself'; though, as the old lady afterwards added upon more mature reflection, 'I must say I think I saw the devil *once*.'

Such was the legend attached to Tapton Everard, and such the story which the lively Caroline Ingoldsby detailed to her equally mercurial cousin Charles Seaforth, lieutenant in the Hon. East India Company's second regiment of Bombay Fencibles, as arm-in-arm they promenaded a gallery decked with some dozen grim-looking ancestral portraits, and, among others, with that of the redoubted Sir Giles himself. The gallant officer had that very morning paid his first visit to the house of his maternal uncle, after an absence of several years, passed with his regiment on the arid plains of Hindustan, whence he was now returned on a three years' furlough. He had gone out a boy,—he returned a man; but the impression made upon his youthful fancy by his favourite cousin remained unimpaired, and to Tapton he directed his steps, even before he sought the home of his widowed mother,—comforting himself in this breach of filial decorum by the reflection that, as the manor was so little out of his way, it would be unkind to pass, as it were, the door of his relatives without just looking in for a few hours.

But he found his uncle as hospitable as, and his cousin more charming than, ever; and the looks of one, and the requests of the other, soon precluded the possibility of refusing to lengthen the 'few hours' into a few days, though the house was at the moment full of visitors.

The Peterses were there from Ramsgate; and Mr., Mrs., and the two Miss Simpkinsons, from Bath, had come to pass a month with the family; and Tom Ingoldsby had brought down his college friend the Honourable Augustus Sucklethumbkin, with his groom and pointers, to take a fortnight's shooting. And then there was Mrs. Ogleton, the rich young widow, with her large black eyes, who, people did say, was setting her cap at the young squire, though Mrs. Botherby did not believe it; and, above all, there was Mademoiselle Pauline, her *femme de chambre*, who '*mon-Dieu*'d' everything and everybody, and cried '*Quel horreur!*' at Mrs. Botherby's cap. In short, to use the last-named and much respected lady's own expression, the house was 'choke-full' to the very attics,—all, save the 'oaken chamber,' which, as the lieutenant expressed a most magnanimous disregard of ghosts, was forthwith appropriated to his particular accommodation. Mr. Maguire meanwhile was fain to share the apartment of Oliver Dobbs, the squire's own man: a jocular proposal of joint occupancy having been first indignantly rejected by 'Mademoiselle,' though preferred with the 'laste taste in life' of Mr. Barney's most insinuating brogue.

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'Come, Charles, the urn is absolutely getting cold; your breakfast will be quite spoiled: what can have made you so idle?' Such was the morning salutation of Miss Ingoldsby to the *militaire* as he entered

the breakfast-room half an hour after the latest of the party.

'A pretty gentleman, truly, to make an appointment with,' chimed in Miss Frances. 'What is become of our ramble to the rocks before breakfast?'

'Oh! the young men never think of keeping a promise now,' said Mrs. Peters, a little ferret-faced woman with underdone eyes.

'When I was a young man,' said Mr. Peters, 'I remember I always made a point of——'

'Pray how long ago was that?' asked Mr. Simpkinson from Bath.

'Why, sir, when I married Mrs. Peters, I was—let me see—I was——'

'Do pray hold your tongue, P., and eat your breakfast!' interrupted his better half, who had a mortal horror of chronological references; 'it's very rude to tease people with your family affairs.'

The lieutenant had by this time taken his seat in silence —a good-humoured nod, and a glance, half-smiling, half-inquisitive, being the extent of his salutation. Smitten as he was, and in the immediate presence of her who had made so large a hole in his heart, his manner was evidently *distrait*, which the fair Caroline in her secret soul attributed to his being solely occupied by her *agrémens*:—how would she have bridled had she known that they only shared his meditations with a pair of breeches!

Charles drank his coffee and spiked some half-dozen eggs, darting occasionally a penetrating glance at the ladies, in hope of detecting the supposed waggery by the evidence of some furtive smile or conscious look. But in vain; not a dimple moved indicative of roguery, nor did the slightest elevation of eyebrow rise confirmative of his suspicions. Hints and insinuations passed unheeded,

—more particular inquiries were out of the question:—the subject was unapproachable.

In the meantime, 'patent cords' were just the thing for a morning's ride; and, breakfast ended, away cantered the party over the downs, till, every faculty absorbed by the beauties, animate and inanimate, which surrounded him, Lieutenant Seaforth of the Bombay Fencibles bestowed no more thought upon his breeches than if he had been born on the top of Ben Lomond.

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Another night had passed away; the sun rose brilliantly, forming with his level beams a splendid rainbow in the far-off west, whither the heavy cloud, which for the last two hours had been pouring its waters on the earth, was now flying before him.

'Ah! then, and it's little good it'll be the claning of ye,' apostrophized Mr. Barney Maguire, as he deposited, in front of his master's toilet, a pair of 'brand-new' jockey boots, one of Hoby's primest fits, which the lieutenant had purchased in his way through town. On that very morning had they come for the first time under the valet's depurating hand, so little soiled, indeed, from the turfy ride of the preceding day that a less scrupulous domestic might, perhaps, have considered the application of 'Warren's Matchless,' or oxalic acid, altogether superfluous. Not so Barney: with the nicest care had he removed the slightest impurity from each polished surface, and there they stood, rejoicing in their sable radiance. No wonder a pang shot across Mr. Maguire's breast, as he thought on the work now cut out for them, so different from the light labours of the day before; no wonder he murmured with a sigh, as the scarce-dried window-panes disclosed a road now inch-deep in mud, 'Ah! then, it's little good the claning of ye!'—for well had he learned in the hall below that eight miles of a stiff clay soil lay

between the manor and Bolsover Abbey, whose picturesque ruins,

'Like ancient Rome, majestic in decay,'

the party had determined to explore. The master had already commenced dressing, and the man was fitting straps upon a light pair of crane-necked spurs, when his hand was arrested by the old question,—'Barney, where are the breeches?'

They were nowhere to be found!

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Mr. Seaforth descended that morning, whip in hand, and equipped in a handsome green riding-frock, but no 'breeches and boots to match' were there: loose jean trousers, surmounting a pair of diminutive Wellingtons, embraced, somewhat incongruously, his nether man, *vice* the 'patent cords,' returned, like yesterday's pantaloons, absent without leave. The 'top-boots' had a holiday.

'A fine morning after the rain,' said Mr. Simpkinson from Bath.

'Just the thing for the 'ops,' said Mr. Peters. 'I remember when I was a boy——'

'Do hold your tongue, P.,' said Mrs. Peters,—advice which that exemplary matron was in the constant habit of administering to 'her P.,' as she called him, whenever he prepared to vent his reminiscences. Her precise reason for this it would be difficult to determine, unless, indeed, the story be true which a little bird had whispered into Mrs. Botherby's ear,—that Mr. Peters, though now a wealthy man, had received a liberal education at a charity-school, and was apt to recur to the days of his muffin-cap and leathers. As usual, he took his wife's hint in good part, and 'paused in his reply.'

'A glorious day for the ruins!' said young Ingoldsby. 'But, Charles, what the deuce are you about?—you

don't mean to ride through our lanes in such toggery as that?'

'Lassy me!' said Miss Julia Simpkinson, 'won't you be very wet?'

'You had better take Tom's cab,' quoth the squire.

But this proposition was at once overruled; Mrs. Ogleton had already nailed the cab, a vehicle of all others the best adapted for a snug flirtation.

'Or drive Miss Julia in the phaeton?' No; that was the post of Mr. Peters, who, indifferent as an equestrian, had acquired some fame as a whip while travelling through the midland counties for the firm of Bagshaw, Snivelby, and Ghrimes.

'Thank you, I shall ride with my cousins,' said Charles, with as much *nonchalance* as he could assume,—and he did so; Mr. Ingoldsby, Mrs. Peters, Mr. Simpkinson from Bath, and his eldest daughter with her album, following in the family coach. The gentleman-commoner 'voted the affair d—d slow,' and declined the party altogether in favour of the gamekeeper and a cigar. 'There was "no fun" in looking at old houses!' Mrs. Simpkinson preferred a short *séjour* in the still-room with Mrs. Botherby, who had promised to initiate her in that grand *arcanum*, the transmutation of gooseberry jam into guava jelly.

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'Did you ever see an old abbey before, Mr. Peters?'

'Yes, miss, a French one; we have got one at Ramsgate; he teaches the Miss Joneses to parleyvoo, and is turned of sixty.'

Miss Simpkinson closed her album with an air of ineffable disdain.

Mr. Simpkinson from Bath was a professed antiquary,[1]

[1] The character of Mr. Simpkinson of Bath is intended as a skit on the late John Britton, an archæologist celebrated, among other things, for his happy anachronisms. An instance is given in a note on 'The Sheriff's Ball,' vol. iii.

and one of the first water; he was master of Gwillim's Heraldry and Milles's History of the Crusades; knew every plate in the Monasticon; had written an essay on the origin and dignity of the office of overseer, and settled the date of a Queen Anne's farthing. An influential member of the Antiquarian Society, to whose 'Beauties of Bagnigge Wells' he had been a liberal subscriber, procured him a seat at the board of that learned body, since which happy epoch Sylvanus Urban had not a more indefatigable correspondent. His inaugural essay on the President's cocked hat was considered a miracle of erudition, and his account of the earliest application of gilding to gingerbread a masterpiece of antiquarian research. His eldest daughter was of a kindred spirit: if her father's mantle had not fallen upon her, it was only because he had not thrown it off himself; she had caught hold of its tail, however, while it yet hung upon his honoured shoulders. To souls so congenial what a sight was the magnificent ruin of Bolsover! its broken arches, its mouldering pinnacles, and the airy tracery of its half-demolished windows. The party were in raptures; Mr. Simpkinson began to meditate an essay and his daughter an ode: even Seaforth, as he gazed on these lonely relics of the olden time, was betrayed into a momentary forgetfulness of his love and losses: the widow's eye-glass turned from her *cicisbeo's* whiskers to the mantling ivy: Mrs. Peters wiped her spectacles; and 'her P.' supposed the central tower 'had once been the county jail.' The squire was a philosopher, and had been there often before, so he ordered out the cold tongue and chickens.

'Bolsover Priory,'[1] said Mr. Simpkinson, with the air of a connoisseur,—'Bolsover Priory was founded in the reign of Henry the Sixth, about the beginning of the

[1] A purely fictitious foundation. There is a Bolsover Castle in Derbyshire.

eleventh century. Hugh de Bolsover had accompanied that monarch to the Holy Land, in the expedition undertaken by way of penance for the murder of his young nephews in the Tower. Upon the dissolution of the monasteries, the veteran was enfeoffed in the lands and manor, to which he gave his own name of Bowlsover, or Bee-owls-over, (by corruption Bolsover,)—a Bee in chief, over three Owls, all proper, being the armorial ensigns borne by this distinguished crusader at the siege of Acre.'

'Ah! that was Sir Sidney Smith,' said Mr. Peters; 'I've heard tell of him, and all about Mrs. Partington, and——'

'P., be quiet, and don't expose yourself!' sharply interrupted his lady. P. was silenced, and betook himself to the bottled stout.

'These lands,' continued the antiquary, 'were held in grand serjeantry by the presentation of three white owls and a pot of honey——'

'Lassy me! how nice!' said Miss Julia. Mr. Peters licked his lips.

'Pray give me leave, my dear—owls and honey, whenever the king should come a rat-catching into this part of the country.'

'Rat-catching!' ejaculated the squire, pausing abruptly in the mastication of a drumstick.

'To be sure, my dear sir: don't you remember that rats once came under the forest laws—a minor species of venison? "Rats and mice, and such small deer," eh?—Shakspear, you know. Our ancestors ate rats; ('The nasty fellows!' shuddered Miss Julia in a parenthesis;) and owls, you know, are capital mousers——'

'I've seen a howl,' said Mr. Peters; 'there's one in the Sohological Gardens,—a little hook-nosed chap in a wig, —only its feathers and——'

Poor P. was destined never to finish a speech.

'*Do* be quiet!' cried the authoritative voice, and the would-be naturalist shrank into his shell, like a snail in the 'Sohological Gardens.'

'You should read Blount's "Jocular Tenures," Mr. Ingoldsby,' pursued Simpkinson. 'A learned man was Blount! Why, sir, his Royal Highness the Duke of York once paid a silver horse-shoe to Lord Ferrers——'

'I've heard of him,' broke in the incorrigible Peters; 'he was hanged at the Old Bailey in a silk rope for shooting Dr. Johnson.'

The antiquary vouchsafed no notice of the interruption; but, taking a pinch of snuff, continued his harangue.

'A silver horse-shoe, sir, which is due from every scion of royalty who rides across one of his manors; and if you look into the penny county histories, now publishing by an eminent friend of mine, you will find that Langhale in co. Norf. was held by one Baldwin *per saltum, sufflatum, et pettum;* that is, he was to come every Christmas into Westminster Hall, there to take a leap, cry hem! and——'

'Mr. Simpkinson, a glass of sherry?' cried Tom Ingoldsby, hastily.

'Not any, thank you, sir. This Baldwin, surnamed *Le*——'

'Mrs. Ogleton challenges you, sir; she insists upon it,' said Tom still more rapidly; at the same time filling a glass and forcing it on the *savant*, who, thus arrested in the very crisis of his narrative, received and swallowed the potation as if it had been physic.

'What on earth has Miss Simpkinson discovered there?' continued Tom; 'something of interest. See how fast she is writing.'

The diversion was effectual: every one looked towards Miss Simpkinson, who, far too ethereal for 'creature com-

forts,' was seated apart on the dilapidated remains of an altar-tomb, committing eagerly to paper something that had strongly impressed her: the air,—the eye 'in a fine frenzy rolling,'—all betokened that the divine *afflatus* was come. Her father rose and stole silently towards her.

'What an old boar!' muttered young Ingoldsby; alluding, perhaps, to a slice of brawn which he had just begun to operate upon, but which, from the celerity with which it disappeared, did not seem so very difficult of mastication.

But what had become of Seaforth and his fair Caroline all this while? Why, it so happened that they had been simultaneously stricken with the picturesque appearance of one of those high and pointed arches, which that eminent antiquary, Mr. Horseley Curties, has described in his 'Ancient Records' as 'a *Gothic* window of the *Saxon* order';—and then the ivy clustered so thickly and so beautifully on the other side that they went round to look at that; and then their proximity deprived it of half its effect, and so they walked across to a little knoll, a hundred yards off, and in crossing a small ravine they came to what in Ireland they call 'a bad step' and Charles had to carry his cousin over it;—and then, when they had to come back, she would not give him the trouble again for the world, so they followed a better but more circuitous route, and there were hedges and ditches in the way, and stiles to get over, and gates to get through; so that an hour or more had elapsed before they were able to rejoin the party.

'Lassy me!' said Miss Julia Simpkinson, 'how long you have been gone!'

And so they had. The remark was a very just as well as a very natural one. They were gone a long while, and a nice cosy chat they had; and what do you think it was all about, my dear miss?

'O, lassy me! love, no doubt, and the moon, and eyes, and nightingales, and——'

Stay, stay, my sweet young lady; do not let the fervour of your feelings run away with you! I do not pretend to say, indeed, that one or more of these pretty subjects might not have been introduced; but the most important and leading topic of the conference was—Lieutenant Seaforth's breeches!

'Caroline,' said Charles, 'I have had some very odd dreams since I have been at Tappington.'

'Dreams, have you?' smiled the young lady, arching her taper neck like a swan in pluming. 'Dreams, have you?'

'Ay, dreams,—or dream, perhaps, I should say; for though repeated it was still the same. And what do you imagine was its subject?'

'It is impossible for me to divine,' said the tongue;—'I have not the least difficulty in guessing,' said the eye, as plainly as ever eye spoke.

'I dreamt—of your great grandfather!'

There was a change in the glance—'My great grandfather?'

'Yes, the old Sir Giles, or Sir John, you told me about the other day: he walked into my bedroom in his short cloak of murrey-coloured velvet, his long rapier, and his Raleigh-looking hat and feather, just as the picture represents him; but with one exception.'

'And what was that?'

'Why, his lower extremities, which were visible, were —those of a skeleton.'

'Well?'

'Well, after taking a turn or two about the room and looking round him with a wistful air, he came to the bed's foot, stared at me in a manner impossible to describe,—and then he—he laid hold of my pantaloons; whipped his long bony legs into them in a twinkling, and, strutting

up to the glass, seemed to view himself in it with great complacency. I tried to speak, but in vain. The effort, however, seemed to excite his attention; for, wheeling about, he showed me the grimmest-looking death's head you can well imagine, and with an indescribable grin strutted out of the room.'

'Absurd! Charles. How can you talk such nonsense?'

'But, Caroline,—the breeches are really gone!'

. . . . . .

On the following morning, contrary to his usual custom, Seaforth was the first person in the breakfast parlour. As no one else was present, he did precisely what nine young men out of ten so situated would have done; he walked up to the mantel-piece, established himself upon the rug, and, subducting his coat-tails one under each arm, turned towards the fire that portion of the human frame which it is considered equally indecorous to present to a friend or an enemy. A serious, not to say anxious, expression was visible upon his good-humoured countenance, and his mouth was fast buttoning itself up for an incipient whistle, when little Flo, a tiny spaniel of the Blenheim breed,—the pet object of Miss Julia Simpkinson's affections,—bounced out from beneath a sofa, and began to bark at —his pantaloons.

They were cleverly 'built,' of a light grey mixture, a broad stripe of the most vivid scarlet traversing each seam in a perpendicular direction from hip to ankle,—in short, the regimental costume of the Royal Bombay Fencibles. The animal, educated in the country, had never seen such a pair of breeches in her life—*Omne ignotum pro magnifico!* The scarlet streak, inflamed as it was by the reflection of the fire, seemed to act on Flora's nerves as the same colour does on those of bulls and turkeys; she advanced at the *pas de charge*, and her vociferation, like her amazement, was unbounded. A sound kick from the disgusted

officer changed its character, and induced a retreat at the very moment when the mistress of the pugnacious quadruped entered to the rescue.

'Lassy me! Flo! what *is* the matter?' cried the sympathizing lady, with a scrutinizing glance levelled at the gentleman.

It might as well have lighted on a feather bed. His air of imperturbable unconsciousness defied examination; and, as he would not, and Flora could not, expound, that injured individual was compelled to pocket up her wrongs. Others of the household soon dropped in and clustered round the board dedicated to the most sociable of meals; the urn was paraded 'hissing hot,' and the cups which 'cheer but not inebriate' steamed redolent of Hyson and Pekoe; muffins and marmalade, newspapers and Finnon haddies, left little room for observation on the character of Charles's warlike 'turn-out.' At length a look from Caroline, followed by a smile that nearly ripened to a titter, caused him to turn abruptly and address his neighbour. It was Miss Simpkinson, who, deeply engaged in sipping her tea and turning over her album, seemed, like a female Chrononotonthologos, 'immersed in cogibundity of cogitation.' An interrogatory on the subject of her studies drew from her the confession that she was at that moment employed in putting the finishing touches to a poem inspired by the romantic shades of Bolsover. The entreaties of the company were of course urgent. Mr. Peters, 'who liked verses,' was especially persevering and Sappho at length compliant. After a preparatory hem! and a glance at the mirror to ascertain that her look was sufficiently sentimental, the poetess began:—

'There is a calm, a holy feeling,
Vulgar minds can never know,
O'er the bosom softly stealing,—
Chastened grief, delicious woe!

'Oh! how sweet, at eve regaining
Yon lone tower's sequestered shade—
Sadly mute and uncomplaining——'

'Yow!—yeough!—yeough!—yow!—yow!' yelled a hapless sufferer from beneath the table.—It was an unlucky hour for quadrupeds; and, if 'every dog will have his day,' he could not have selected a more unpropitious one than this. Mrs. Ogleton, too, had a pet,—a favourite pug,—whose squab figure, black muzzle and tortuosity of tail, that curled like a head of celery in a salad-bowl, bespoke his Dutch extraction. 'Yow! yow! yow!' continued the brute,—a chorus in which Flo instantly joined. Sooth to say, pug had more reason to express his dissatisfaction than was given him by the muse of Simpkinson; the other only barked for company. Scarcely had the poetess got through her first stanza, when Tom Ingoldsby, in the enthusiasm of the moment, became so lost in the material world, that, in his abstraction, he unwarily laid his hand on the cock of the urn. Quivering with emotion, he gave it such an unlucky twist that the full stream of its scalding contents descended on the gingerbread hide of the unlucky Cupid. The confusion was complete;—the whole economy of the table disarranged, the company broke up in most admired disorder;—and 'Vulgar minds will never know' anything more of Miss Simpkinson's ode till they peruse it in some forthcoming Annual.

Seaforth profited by the confusion to take the delinquent who had caused this 'stramash' by the arm and to lead him to the lawn, where he had a word or two for his private ear. The conference between the young gentlemen was neither brief in its duration nor unimportant in its result. The subject was what the lawyers call tripartite, embracing the information that Charles Seaforth was over head and ears in love with Tom Ingoldsby's sister; secondly, that the lady had referred him to 'papa' for his sanction; thirdly

and lastly, his nightly visitations and consequent bereavement. At the two first items Tom smiled auspiciously ;—at the last he burst out into an absolute 'guffaw.'

'Steal your breeches!—Miss Bailey[1] over again, by Jove,' shouted Ingoldsby. 'But a gentleman, you say,—and Sir Giles too?—I am not sure, Charles, whether I ought not to call you out for aspersing the honour of the family.'

'Laugh as you will, Tom,—be as incredulous as you please. One fact is incontestable,—the breeches are gone! Look here—I am reduced to my regimentals ; and if these go, to-morrow I must borrow of you !'

Rochefoucault says, there is something in the misfortunes of our very best friends that does not displease us ;—assuredly we can, most of us, laugh at their petty inconveniences, till called upon to supply them. Tom composed his features on the instant, and replied with more gravity, as well as with an expletive which, if my Lord Mayor had been within hearing, might have cost him five shillings.

'There is something very queer in this, after all. The clothes, you say, have positively disappeared. Somebody is playing you a trick ; and, ten to one, your servant has a hand in it. By the way, I heard something yesterday of his kicking up a bobbery in the kitchen and seeing a ghost, or something of that kind, himself. Depend upon it, Barney is in the plot.'

It now struck the lieutenant at once that the usually buoyant spirits of his attendant had of late been materially sobered down, his loquacity obviously circumscribed, and that he, the said lieutenant, had actually rung his bell three several times that very morning before he could pro-

[1] 'But with your one-pound note, by Jove,
She's stolen your leather breeches !'
—See the pathetic ballad of *The unfortunate Miss Bailey.*

cure his attendance. Mr. Maguire was forthwith summoned and underwent a close examination. The 'bobbery' was easily explained. Mr. Oliver Dobbs had hinted his disapprobation of a flirtation carrying on between the gentleman from Munster and the lady from the Rue St. Honoré. Mademoiselle had boxed Mr. Maguire's ears, and Mr. Maguire had pulled Mademoiselle upon his knee, and the lady had *not* cried *Mon Dieu!* And Mr. Oliver Dobbs said it was very wrong; and Mrs. Botherby said it was 'scandalous,' and what ought not to be done in any moral kitchen; and Mr. Maguire had got hold of the Honourable Augustus Sucklethumbkin's powder-flask, and had put large pinches of the best double Dartford into Mr. Dobbs's tobacco-box;—and Mr. Dobbs's pipe had exploded, and set fire to Mrs. Botherby's sunday cap;—and Mr. Maguire had put it out with the slop-basin, 'barring the wig';—and then they were all so 'cantankerous,' that Barney had gone to take a walk in the garden; and then —then Mr. Barney had seen a ghost!!

'A what? you blockhead!' asked Tom Ingoldsby.

'Sure then, and it's meself will tell your honour the rights of it,' said the ghost-seer. 'Meself and Miss Pauline, sir,—or Miss Pauline and meself, for the ladies comes first anyhow,—we got tired of the hobstroppylous skrimmaging among the ould servants, that didn't know a joke when they seen one; and we went out to look at the comet,—that's the rory-bory-alehouse, they calls him in this country,—and we walked upon the lawn,—and divil of any alehouse there was there at all; and Miss Pauline said it was because of the shrubbery, maybe, and why wouldn't we see it better beyonst the trees?—and so we went to the trees, but sorrow a comet did meself see there, barring a big ghost instead of it.'

'A ghost? And what sort of a ghost, Barney?'

'Och, then, divil a lie I'll tell your honour. A tall ould

gentleman he was, all in white, with a shovel on the shoulder of him and a big torch in his fist,—though what he wanted with that it's meself can't tell, for his eyes were like gig-lamps, let alone the moon and the comet, which wasn't there at all;—and "Barney," says he to me,—'cause why he knew me,—"Barney," says he, "what is it you're doing with the *colleen* there, Barney?"—Divil a word did I say. Miss Pauline screeched, and cried murther in French, and ran off with herself; and of course meself was in a mighty hurry after the lady and had no time to stop palavering with him any way; so I dispersed at once and the ghost vanished in a flame of fire!'

Mr. Maguire's account was received with avowed incredulity by both gentlemen; but Barney stuck to his text with unflinching pertinacity. A reference to Mademoiselle was suggested, but abandoned, as neither party had a taste for delicate investigations.

'I'll tell you what, Seaforth,' said Ingoldsby, after Barney had received his dismissal: 'that there is a trick here is evident; and Barney's vision may possibly be a part of it. Whether he is most knave or fool you best know. At all events, I will sit up with you to-night and see if I can convert my ancestor into a visiting acquaintance. Meanwhile your finger on your lip!'

. . . . . .

'"Twas now the very witching time of night,
When churchyards yawn, and graves give up their dead.'

Gladly would I grace my tale with decent horror, and therefore I do beseech the 'gentle reader' to believe, that, if all the *succedanea* to this mysterious narrative are not in strict keeping, he will ascribe it only to the disgraceful innovations of modern degeneracy upon the sober and dignified habits of our ancestors. I can introduce him, it is true,

into an old and high-roofed chamber, its walls covered on three sides with black oak wainscotting, adorned with carvings of fruit and flowers long anterior to those of Grinling Gibbons ; the fourth side is clothed with a curious remnant of dingy tapestry, once elucidatory of some Scriptural history, but of *which* not even Mrs. Botherby could determine. Mr. Simpkinson, who had examined it carefully, inclined to believe the principal figure to be either Bathsheba, or Daniel in the lions' den ; while Tom Ingoldsby decided in favour of the King of Bashan. All, however, was conjecture, tradition being silent on the subject. A lofty arched portal led into, and a little arched portal led out of, this apartment ; they were opposite each other, and each possessed the security of massy bolts on its interior. The bedstead, too, was not one of yesterday, but manifestly coeval with days ere Seddons was, and when a good four-post 'article' was deemed worthy of being a royal bequest. The bed itself, with all the appurtenances of palliasse, mattresses, *etc.*, was of far later date, and looked most incongruously comfortable ; the casements, too, with their little diamond-shaped panes and iron binding, had given way to the modern heterodoxy of the sash-window. Nor was this all that conspired to ruin the costume and render the room a meet haunt for such 'mixed spirits' only as could condescend to don, at the same time, an Elizabethan doublet and Bond-street inexpressibles.

With their green morocco slippers on a modern fender, in front of a disgracefully modern grate, sat two young gentlemen, clad in 'shawl-pattern' dressing-gowns and black silk stocks, much at variance with the high cane-backed chairs which supported them. A bunch of abomination, called a cigar, reeked in the left-hand corner of the mouth of one and in the right-hand corner of the mouth of the other ;—an arrangement happily adapted for the

escape of the noxious fumes up the chimney, without that unmerciful 'funking' each other which a less scientific disposition of the weed would have induced. A small pembroke table filled up the intervening space between them, sustaining, at each extremity, an elbow and a glass of toddy;—thus in 'lonely, pensive contemplation' were the two worthies occupied when the 'iron tongue of midnight had tolled twelve.'

'Ghost-time's come!' said Ingoldsby, taking from his waistcoat pocket a watch like a gold half-crown, and consulting it as though he suspected the turret-clock over the stables of mendacity.

'Hush!' said Charles; 'did I not hear a footstep?'

There was a pause:—there *was* a footstep—it sounded distinctly—it reached the door—it hesitated, stopped, and —passed on.

Tom darted across the room, threw open the door, and became aware of Mrs. Botherby toddling to her chamber, at the other end of the gallery, after dosing one of the housemaids with an approved julep from the Countess of Kent's 'Choice Manual.'

'Good-night, sir!' said Mrs. Botherby.

'Go to the d—l!' said the disappointed ghost-hunter.

An hour—two—rolled on, and still no spectral visitation; nor did aught intervene to 'make night hideous'; and, when the turret-clock sounded at length the hour of three, Ingoldsby, whose patience and grog were alike exhausted, sprang from his chair, saying—

'This is all infernal nonsense, my good fellow. Deuce of any ghost shall we see to-night; it's long past the canonical hour. I'm off to bed; and, as to your breeches, I'll insure them for the next twenty-four hours at least at the price of the buckram.'

'Certainly.—Oh! thank'ee;—to be sure!' stammered

Charles, rousing himself from a reverie which had degenerated into an absolute snooze.

'Good-night, my boy! Bolt the door behind me; and defy the Pope, the Devil and the Pretender!'

Seaforth followed his friend's advice, and the next morning came down to breakfast dressed in the habiliments of the preceding day. The charm was broken, the demon defeated; the light greys with the red stripe down the seams were yet *in rerum naturâ* and adorned the person of their lawful proprietor.

Tom felicitated himself and his partner of the watch on the result of their vigilance; but there is a rustic adage which warns us against self-gratulation before we are quite 'out of the wood.'—Seaforth was yet within its verge.

. . . . . .

A rap at Tom Ingoldsby's door the following morning startled him as he was shaving;—he cut his chin.

'Come in and be d—d to you!' said the martyr, pressing his thumb on the scarified epidermis.—The door opened and exhibited Mr. Barney Maguire.

'Well, Barney, what is it?' quoth the sufferer, adopting the vernacular of his visitant.

'The master, sir——'

'Well, what does he want?'

'The loanst of a breeches, plase your honour.'

'Why, you don't mean to tell me—— By Heaven, this is too good!' shouted Tom, bursting into a fit of uncontrollable laughter. 'Why, Barney, you don't mean to say the ghost has got them again?'

Mr. Maguire did not respond to the young squire's risibility; the cast of his countenance was decidedly serious.

'Faith, then, it's gone they are, sure enough! Hasn't meself been looking over the bed, and under the bed, and *in* the bed, for the matter of that, and divil a ha'p'orth

of breeches is there to the fore at all:—I'm bothered entirely!'

'Hark'ee! Mr. Barney,' said Tom, incautiously removing his thumb and letting a crimson stream 'incarnadine the multitudinous' lather that plastered his throat,—'this may be all very well with your master, but you don't humbug *me*, sir:—tell me instantly, what have you done with the clothes?'

This abrupt transition from 'lively to severe' certainly took Maguire by surprise, and he seemed for an instant as much disconcerted as it is possible to disconcert an Irish gentleman's gentleman.

'Me? is it meself, then, that's the ghost to your honour's thinking?' said he, after a moment's pause and with a slight shade of indignation in his tones: 'is it I would stale the master's things?—and what would I do with them?'

'That you best know:—what your purpose is I can't guess, for I don't think you mean to "stale" them, as you call it; but that you are concerned in their disappearance I am satisfied. Confound this blood!—give me a towel, Barney.'

Maguire acquitted himself of the commission. 'As I've a sowl, your honour,' said he solemnly, 'little it is meself knows of the matter: and, after what I've seen———'

'What you've seen! Why, what *have* you seen?—Barney, I don't want to inquire into your flirtations; but don't suppose you can palm off your saucer eyes and gig-lamps upon me!'

'Then, as sure as your honour's standing there I saw him: and why wouldn't I, when Miss Pauline was to the fore as well as meself, and———'

'Get along with your nonsense,—leave the room, sir!'

'But the master?' said Barney, imploringly; 'and without a breeches?—sure he'll be catching cowld!——'

'Take that, rascal!' replied Ingoldsby, throwing a pair of pantaloons at, rather than to, him: 'but don't suppose, sir, you shall carry on your tricks here with impunity; recollect there is such a thing as a treadmill and that my father is a county magistrate.'

Barney's eye flashed fire:—he stood erect and was about to speak; but, mastering himself not without an effort, he took up the garment and left the room as perpendicular as a Quaker.

. . . . . .

'Ingoldsby,' said Charles Seaforth, after breakfast, 'this is now past a joke; to-day is the last of my stay; for, notwithstanding the ties which detain me, common decency obliges me to visit home after so long an absence. I shall come to an immediate explanation with your father on the subject nearest my heart and depart while I have a change of dress left. On his answer will my return depend! In the meantime tell me candidly,—I ask it in all seriousness, and as a friend,—am I not a dupe to your well-known propensity to hoaxing? have you not a hand in——'

'No, by Heaven! Seaforth; I see what you mean: on my honour, I am as much mystified as yourself; and if your servant——'

'Not he:—if there be a trick, he at least is not privy to it.'

'If there *be* a trick? why, Charles, do you think——'

'I know not *what* to think, Tom. As surely as you are a living man so surely did that spectral anatomy visit my room again last night, grin in my face, and walk away with my trousers; nor was I able to spring from my bed, or break the chain which seemed to bind me to my pillow.'

'Seaforth!' said Ingoldsby, after a short pause, 'I will—— But hush! here are the girls and my father.—I will carry off the females and leave you a clear field with the governor: carry your point with him and we will talk about your breeches afterwards.'

Tom's diversion was successful; he carried off the ladies *en masse* to look at a remarkable specimen of the class *Dodecandria Monogynia*,—which they could not find;—while Seaforth marched boldly up to the encounter and carried 'the governor's' outworks by a *coup de main*. I shall not stop to describe the progress of the attack; suffice it that it was as successful as could have been wished and that Seaforth was referred back again to the lady. The happy lover was off at a tangent; the botanical party was soon overtaken; and the arm of Caroline, whom a vain endeavour to spell out the Linnæan name of a daffydown-dilly had detained a little in the rear of the others, was soon firmly locked in his own.

'What was the world to them,
Its noise, its nonsense, and its "breeches" all?'

Seaforth was in the seventh heaven; he retired to his room that night as happy as if no such thing as a goblin had ever been heard of and personal chattels were as well fenced in by law as real property. Not so Tom Ingoldsby: the mystery—for mystery there evidently was—had not only piqued his curiosity but ruffled his temper. The watch of the previous night had been unsuccessful, probably because it was undisguised. To-night he would 'ensconce himself,'—not indeed 'behind the arras,'—for the little that remained was, as we have seen, nailed to the wall,—but in a small closet which opened from one corner of the room, and, by leaving the door ajar, would give to its occupant a view of all that might pass in the apartment. Here did the young ghost-

hunter take up a position, with a good stout sapling under his arm, a full half-hour before Seaforth retired for the night. Not even his friend did he let into his confidence, fully determined that, if his plan did not succeed, the failure should be attributed to himself alone.

At the usual hour of separation for the night, Tom saw, from his concealment, the lieutenant enter his room and, after taking a few turns in it, with an expression so joyous as to betoken that his thoughts were mainly occupied by his approaching happiness, proceed slowly to disrobe himself. The coat, the waistcoat, the black silk stock, were gradually discarded; the green morocco slippers were kicked off, and then—ay, and then—his countenance grew grave; it seemed to occur to him all at once that this was his last stake,—nay, that the very breeches he had on were not his own,—that to-morrow morning was his last, and that, if he lost *them*—— A glance showed that his mind was made up; he replaced the single button he had just subducted and threw himself upon the bed in a state of transition,—half chrysalis, half grub.

Wearily did Tom Ingoldsby watch the sleeper by the flickering light of the night-lamp, till the clock, striking one, induced him to increase the narrow opening which he had left for the purpose of observation. The motion, slight as it was, seemed to attract Charles's attention; for he raised himself suddenly to a sitting posture, listened for a moment, and then stood upright upon the floor. Ingoldsby was on the point of discovering himself, when, the light flashing full upon his friend's countenance, he perceived that, though his eyes were open, 'their sense was shut,'—that he was yet under the influence of sleep. Seaforth advanced slowly to the toilet, lit his candle at the lamp that stood on it, then, going back to the bed's foot, appeared to search eagerly for something which he could

not find. For a few moments he seemed restless and uneasy, walking round the apartment and examining the chairs, till, coming fully in front of a large swing-glass that flanked the dressing-table, he paused, as if contemplating his figure in it. He now returned towards the bed, put on his slippers, and, with cautious and stealthy steps, proceeded towards the little arched doorway that opened on the private staircase.

As he drew the bolt, Tom Ingoldsby emerged from his hiding-place. The sleep-walker heard him not, but proceeded softly down stairs, followed at a due distance by his friend, opened the door which led out upon the gardens, and stood at once among the thickest of the shrubs, which there clustered round the base of a corner turret and screened the postern from common observation. At this moment Ingoldsby had nearly spoiled all by making a false step: the sound attracted Seaforth's attention,—he paused and turned; and, as the full moon shed her light directly upon his pale and troubled features, Tom marked, almost with dismay, the fixed and rayless appearance of his eyes:—

> 'There was no speculation in those orbs
> That he did glare withal.'

The perfect stillness preserved by his follower seemed to reassure him; he turned aside, and from the midst of a thickset laurustinus drew forth a gardener's spade, shouldering which he proceeded with greater rapidity into the midst of the shrubbery. Arrived at a certain point where the earth seemed to have been recently disturbed, he set himself heartily to the task of digging, till, having thrown up several shovelfuls of mould, he stooped, flung down his tool and very composedly began to disencumber himself of his pantaloons.

Up to this moment Tom had watched him with a wary

eye: he now advanced cautiously and, as his friend was busily engaged in disentangling himself from his garment, made himself master of the spade. Seaforth, meanwhile, had accomplished his purpose: he stood for a moment with

'His streamers waving in the wind,'

occupied in carefully rolling up the small-clothes into as compact a form as possible, and all heedless of 'the breath of heaven,' which might certainly be supposed, at such a moment and in such a plight, to 'visit his frame too roughly.' He was in the act of stooping low to deposit the pantaloons in the grave which he had been digging for them, when Tom Ingoldsby came close behind him and, with the flat side of the spade——

. . . . . .

The shock was effectual:—never again was Lieutenant Seaforth known to act the part of a somnambulist. One by one, his breeches,—his trousers,—his pantaloons,—his silk-net tights,—his patent cords,—his showy greys with the broad red stripe of the Bombay Fencibles, were brought to light,—rescued from the grave in which they had been buried, like the strata of a Christmas pie; and, after having been well aired by Mrs. Botherby, became once again effective.

The family, the ladies especially, laughed!—the Peterses laughed;—the Simpkinsons laughed;—Barney Maguire cried 'Botheration!' and Ma'mselle Pauline, '*Mon Dieu!*'

Charles Seaforth, unable to face the quizzing which awaited him on all sides, started off two hours earlier than he had proposed:—he soon returned, however; and having, at his father-in-law's request, given up the occupation of Rajah-hunting and shooting Nabobs, led his blushing bride to the altar.

Mr. Simpkinson from Bath did not attend the ceremony,

being engaged at the Grand Junction Meeting of *Savans*, then congregating from all parts of the known world in the city of Dublin. His essay, demonstrating that the globe is a great custard, whipped into coagulation by whirlwinds and cooked by electricity,—a little too much baked in the Isle of Portland, and a thought underdone about the Bog of Allen,—was highly spoken of and narrowly escaped obtaining a Bridgewater prize.

Miss Simpkinson and her sister acted as bridesmaids on the occasion: the former wrote an *epithalamium*, and the latter cried 'Lassy me!' at the clergyman's wig.—Some years have since rolled on; the union has been crowned with two or three tidy little offshoots from the family tree, of whom Master Neddy is 'grandpapa's darling,' and Mary-Anne mamma's particular 'Sock.' I shall only add, that Mr. and Mrs. Seaforth are living together quite as happily as two good-hearted, good-tempered bodies, very fond of each other, can possibly do; and that, since the day of his marriage, Charles has shown no disposition to jump out of bed or ramble out of doors o' nights,—though, from his entire devotion to every wish and whim of his young wife, Tom insinuates, the fair Caroline[1] does occasionally take advantage so far as to 'slip on the breeches.'

[1] These names of wife and children are taken from the author's own family.

NOTE

'*Tappington* (*generally called Tapton*) *Everard is an antiquated but commodious manor-house in the eastern division of the county of Kent.*'—P. 3.

THE manor-house of Tappington Everard, or, as it is called in the present day, Tapton Wood, which is the scene of several of the Ingoldsby Legends, and from the archives of which they are supposed to be taken, is situated near the little village of Denton, about half a mile to the west of the Canterbury and Folkestone road. It is a building of considerable antiquity, and even now, although the roof has been lowered and it has been otherwise greatly reduced in size, it forms a picturesque and sufficiently capacious farmhouse. Of the date of its erection I am unable to speak, but towards the close of the sixteenth century it was in the possession of a family named Marsh, and about a century later was purchased by Thomas Harris, Esq., of Canterbury, whose daughter and heir brought it by marriage into the family of Barham.

It seems a little remarkable, that, notwithstanding the frequent mention made of 'the Hall' in these Legends, the genuine tradition attaching to it is nowhere alluded to. And yet the story is certainly one by no means devoid of interest. It appears that in the latter part of the reign of Charles the First the house, then the property of the Marshes, was occupied by two brothers, each, with his wife, living in a separate wing. A central staircase, large and handsomely carved, divided the two families. This arrangement was the more important, as the brothers, taking opposite sides in the troubles which were then coming on apace, became avowed and bitter enemies. One day, unhappily, the two met face to face on the landing-place of this common stair. Whether any special provocation by word or look was then and there given is not known, but no sooner had the Puritan soldier—for such from his portrait he seems to have been—passed his brother, who was ascending, than he turned sharply round, drew his dagger, and stabbed him in the back. The Cavalier fell mortally hurt; and his blood, pouring from the wound, left a stain on the oaken boards which not all the abominations compounded by Mr. Harper Twelvetrees have as yet been able to efface. As might naturally be expected under these circumstances,

TAPPINGTON EVERARD MANOR HOUSE

the spot has been haunted ever since. The ghost of the murdered gentleman is said to be frequently encountered by such of the inmates as dare venture on the stairs about midnight; and it is remarked that he is always seen in the act of *ascending*,—how he gets down again nobody knows; and, further, that on passing any one he throws a quick suspicious glance over his left shoulder:—but this is probably a mere fancy. The wing which, when in the flesh, he inhabited, has been pulled down these many years, and the building now terminates with what, as has been said, was originally the central staircase. On one of the balusters may be seen the curious monogram, an exact drawing of which is given at the close of 'The Leech of Folkestone,' the cross above and the double cross below denoting the owner to have been a merchant of the staple. Round the walls hung in their worm-eaten frames, till within the last twenty years, the portraits of the two brothers and their respective wives. These are now [1870] in the possession of my brother-in-law, E. A. Bond, Esq., of the British Museum.—R. H. D. B.

It was not till some years after the events just recorded, that Miss Mary-Anne, the 'pet Sock' before alluded to, was made acquainted with the following piece of family biography. It was communicated to her in strict confidence by Nurse Botherby, a maiden niece of the old lady's, then recently promoted from the ranks in the still-room to be second in command in the nursery department.

The story is connected with a dingy wizen-faced portrait, in an oval frame, generally known by the name of 'Uncle Stephen,' though, from the style of his cut-velvet, it is evident that some generations must have passed away since any living being could have stood towards him in that degree of consanguinity.

THE NURSE'S STORY

THE HAND OF GLORY

'Malefica quædam auguriatrix in Angliâ fuit quam demones horribiliter extraxerunt, et imponentes super equum terribilem per aera rapuerunt; clamoresque terribiles (ut ferunt) per quatuor fermè miliaria audiebantur.'

Nuremb. Chron.

ON the lone bleak moor,
At the midnight hour,
Beneath the Gallows Tree,
Hand in hand
The Murderers stand,
By one, by two, by three!
And the Moon that night
With a grey, cold light
Each baleful object tips;
One half of her form
Is seen through the storm,
The other half's hid in eclipse!
And the cold Wind howls,
And the Thunder growls,
And the Lightning is broad and bright;
And altogether
It's very bad weather,
And an unpleasant sort of a night!
'Now mount who list,
And close by the wrist

Sever me quickly the Dead Man's fist!
Now climb who dare
Where he swings in air,
And pluck me five locks of the Dead Man's hair!'

. . . . . .

There's an old woman dwells upon Tappington Moor,
She hath years on her back at the least fourscore,
And some people fancy a great many more;
Her nose it is hooked,
Her back it is crooked,
Her eyes blear and red:
On the top of her head
Is a mutch, and on that
A shocking bad hat,[1]
Extinguisher-shaped, the brim narrow and flat!
Then,—My Gracious!—her beard!—It would sadly perplex
A spectator at first to distinguish her sex;
Nor, I'll venture to say, without scrutiny could he
Pronounce her off-handed a Punch or a Judy.
Did you see her, in short, that mud-hovel within,
With her knees to her nose and her nose to her chin,
Leering up with that queer, indescribable grin,
You'd lift up your hands in amazement and cry,
'Well!—I never *did* see such a regular Guy!'[1]

And now, before
That old woman's door,
Where nought that's good may be,
Hand in hand
The Murderers stand,
By one, by two, by three!
Oh! 'tis a horrible sight to view,
In that horrible hovel, that horrible crew,

[1] Slang exclamations of the street, very much in vogue when the Legend was written.

By the pale blue glare of that flickering flame,
Doing the deed that hath never a name!
'Tis awful to hear
Those words of fear!
The prayer muttered backwards, and said with a sneer!

(Matthew Hopkins[1] himself has assured us that, when
A witch says her prayers, she begins with 'Amen.')
'Tis awful to see
On that Old Woman's knee
The dead, shrivelled hand, as she clasps it with glee![1]

[1] See *Note* appended to the Legend.

And now, with care,
The five locks of hair,
From the skull of the Gentleman dangling up there,
With the grease and the fat
Of a black Tom Cat
She hastens to mix,
And to twist into wicks,
And one on the thumb and each finger to fix.—
(For another receipt the same charm to prepare
Consult Mr. Ainsworth and *Petit Albert*.[1])

'Now open lock
To the Dead Man's knock!
Fly bolt, and bar, and band!
Nor move, nor swerve
Joint, muscle or nerve,
At the spell of the Dead Man's hand!
Sleep all who sleep!—Wake all who wake!—
But be as the Dead for the Dead Man's sake!!'

. . . . . .

All is silent, all is still,
Save the ceaseless moan of the bubbling rill
As it wells from the bosom of Tappington Hill;
And in Tappington Hall
Great and Small,
Gentle and Simple, Squire and Groom,
Each one hath sought his separate room;
And Sleep her dark mantle hath o'er them cast,
For the midnight hour hath long been past!

All is darksome in earth and sky,
Save, from yon casement, narrow and high,

[1] See *Note* appended to the Legend.

A quivering beam
On the tiny stream
Plays, like some taper's fitful gleam
By one that is watching wearily.

Within that casement, narrow and high,
In his secret lair, where none may spy,
Sits one whose brow is wrinkled with care,
And the thin grey locks of his failing hair
Have left his little bald pate all bare;
For his full-bottomed wig
Hangs, bushy and big,
On the top of his old-fashioned, high-backed chair.
Unbraced are his clothes,
Ungartered his hose,
His gown is bedizened with tulip and rose,
Flowers of remarkable size and hue,
Flowers such as Eden never knew.
And there, by many a sparkling heap
Of the good red gold
The tale is told
What powerful spell avails to keep
That care-worn man from his needful sleep!
Haply, he deems no eye can see,
As he gloats on his treasure greedily,
The shining store
Of glittering ore,
The fair rose-noble, the bright moidore,
And the broad double-joe from ayont the sea.
But there's one that watches as well as he;
For, wakeful and sly,
In a closet hard by,
On his truckle-bed lieth a little Foot-page,
A boy who's uncommonly sharp of his age,
Like young Master Horner,

Who erst in a corner
Sat eating a Christmas pie:
And, while that Old Gentleman's counting his hoards,
Little Hugh peeps through a crack in the boards!

. . . . . .

There's a voice in the air,
There's a step on the stair,—
The old man starts in his cane-backed chair:
At the first faint sound
He gazes around,
And holds up his dip of sixteen to the pound.
Then half arose
From beside his toes
His little pug-dog with his little pug nose;
But, ere he can vent one inquisitive sniff,
That little pug-dog stands stark and stiff,
For low, yet clear,
Now fall on the ear,
—Where once pronounced for ever they dwell,—
The unholy words of the Dead Man's spell!
'Open lock
To the Dead Man's knock!
Fly bolt, and bar, and band!
Nor move, nor swerve
Joint, muscle or nerve,
At the spell of the Dead Man's hand!
Sleep all who sleep! Wake all who wake!
But be as the Dead for the Dead Man's sake!'

Nor lock, nor bolt, nor bar avails,
Nor stout oak panel thick-studded with nails.
Heavy and harsh the hinges creak,
Though they had been oiled in the course of the week;
The door opens wide as wide may be,

And there they stand,
That murderous band,
Lit by the light of the GLORIOUS HAND,

By one!—by two!—by three!
They have passed through the porch, they have passed through the hall,
Where the Porter sat snoring against the wall;

The very snore froze
In his very snub nose:
You'd have verily deemed he had snored his last
When the GLORIOUS HAND by the side of him past!
E'en the little wee mouse, as it ran o'er the mat
At the top of its speed to escape from the cat,
Though half dead with affright,
Paused in its flight;
And the cat that was chasing that little wee thing
Lay crouched as a statue in act to spring!
And now they are there,
On the head of the stair,
And the long crooked whittle is gleaming and bare!
—I really don't think any money would bribe
Me the horrible scene that ensued to describe,
Or the wild, wild glare
Of that old man's eye,
His dumb despair,
And deep agony.

The kid from the pen and the lamb from the fold
Unmoved may the blade of the butcher behold:
They dream not,—ah, happier they!—that the knife,
Though uplifted, can menace their innocent life;
It falls;—the frail thread of their being is riven,
They dread not, suspect not, the blow till 'tis given:
But, oh! what a thing 'tis to see and to know
That the bare knife is raised in the hand of a foe,
Without hope to repel or to ward off the blow!—
Enough! let's pass over as fast as we can
The fate of that grey, that unhappy old man!

But fancy poor Hugh,
Aghast at the view,
Powerless alike to speak or to do!

In vain doth he try
To open the eye
That is shut, or close that which is clapt to the chink,
Though he'd give all the world to be able to wink!
No!—for all that this world can give or refuse,
I would not be now in that little boy's shoes,
Or indeed any garment at all that is Hugh's!
'Tis lucky for him that the chink in the wall,
He has peeped through so long, is so narrow and small!

Wailing voices, sounds of woe,
Such as follow departing friends,
That fatal night round Tappington go,
Its long-drawn roofs and its gable ends.
Ethereal Spirits, gentle and good,
Aye weep and lament o'er a deed of blood.
. . . . . .
'Tis early dawn:—the morn is grey,
And the clouds and the tempest have passed away,
And all things betoken a very fine day;
But, while the lark her carol is singing,
Shrieks and screams are through Tappington ringing.
Upstarting all,
Great and small,
Each one who's found within Tappington Hall,
Gentle and Simple, Squire or Groom,
All seek at once that old Gentleman's room;
And there on the floor,
Drenched in its gore,
A ghastly corpse lies exposed to the view,
Carotid and jugular both cut through!
And there, by its side,
'Mid the crimson tide,
Kneels a little Foot-page of tenderest years;
Adown his pale cheek the fast-falling tears

Are coursing each other round and big,
And he's staunching the blood with a full-bottomed wig.
Alas! and alack for his staunching!—'tis plain,
As anatomists tell us, that never again
Shall life revisit the foully slain,
When once they've been cut through the jugular vein.

. . . . . .

There's a hue and a cry through the County of Kent,
And in chase of the cut-throats a Constable's sent,
But no one can tell the man which way they went:
There's a little Foot-page with that Constable goes,
And a little pug-dog with a little pug nose.

. . . . . .

In Rochester town,
At the sign of the Crown,
Three shabby-genteel men are just sitting down
To a fat stubble-goose, with potatoes done brown,
When a little Foot-page
Rushes in, in a rage,
Upsetting the apple-sauce, onions and sage.
That little Foot-page takes the first by the throat,
And a little pug-dog takes the next by the coat,
And a Constable seizes the one more remote;
And fair rose-nobles and broad moidores
The Waiter pulls out of their pockets by scores;
And the Boots and the Chambermaids run in and stare,
And the Constable says, with a dignified air,
'You're *wanted*, Gen'lemen, one and all,
For that 'ere precious lark at Tappington Hall!'

There's a black gibbet frowns upon Tappington Moor,
Where a former black gibbet has frowned before:
It's as black as black may be,
And murderers there

Are dangling in air,
By one !—by two !—by three !

There's a horrid old hag in a steeple-crowned hat,
Round her neck they have tied, to a hempen cravat,
A Dead Man's hand and a dead Tom Cat !
They have tied up her thumbs, they have tied up her toes,

They have tied up her eyes, they have tied up her limbs!
Into Tappington mill-dam souse she goes,
With a whoop and a halloo!—'She swims!—She swims!'
They have dragged her to land,
And every one's hand
Is grasping a faggot, a billet or brand,
When a queer-looking horseman, drest all in black,[1]
Snatches up that old harridan just like a sack
To the crupper behind him, puts spurs to his hack,
Makes a dash through the crowd, and is off in a crack!—
No one can tell,
Though they guess pretty well,
Which way that grim rider and old woman go,
For all see he's a sort of infernal Ducrow;[2]
And, she screamed so and cried,
We may fairly decide
That the old woman did not much relish her ride!

MORAL

This truest of stories confirms beyond doubt
That truest of adages—'Murder will out!'
In vain may the blood-spiller 'double' and fly:
Although for a time he may 'scape, by and by
He'll be sure to be caught by a Hugh and a Cry!

[1] The old lady's ride upon the demon horse is narrated both by Matthew of Westminster and Olaus Magnus, and forms the subject of Southey's ballad, *The Old Woman of Berkeley*. In the *Nuremberg Chronicle* there is a curious woodcut of the demon carrying off his victim. Edition, 1494.

[2] Andrew Ducrow, a famous equestrian performer, proprietor of 'Astley's' Theatre. He produced with great effect the spectacles of *St. George and the Dragon* and *King Arthur and Knights of the Round Table* at Drury Lane, under Mr. Bunn's management, in the year 1833.

NOTES

'Matthew Hopkins himself has assured us that, when
A witch says her prayers, she begins with "Amen."'—P. 39.

MATTHEW HOPKINS, Witchfinder-General, as he called himself, travelled through the counties of Essex, Sussex, Norfolk, and Huntingdon, about the middle of the seventeenth century, for the purpose of discovering witches, superintending their examination by the most unheard-of tortures, and compelling miserable wretches to confess matters equally absurd and impossible, the issue of which was the forfeiture of their lives. Hopkins was eventually seized by some gentlemen who applied his own favourite test of swimming; on which, as he happened to float, he stood convicted of witchcraft, and, whether drowned or not, the country was rid of him; but he has the honour to be commemorated by the author of *Hudibras* as one

'Who proved himself at length a witch,
And made a rod for his own breech.'

See Scott's *Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft*, Letter VIII.

''Tis awful to see
On that Old Woman's knee
The dead, shrivelled hand, as she clasps it with glee!'—P. 39.

For a curious account of the Schamir of Solomon, the Luck Flower, the Hand of Glory, *etc.*, to each of which is ascribed the power of breaking through all impediments, the reader may consult the second series of the *Myths of the Middle Ages*, by Mr. Baring-Gould. But there is one property attributed to the Hand of Glory which seems to have escaped him:—it may be used with nearly equal advantage as a defence. There is said to be a vast treasure concealed under Gundulph's tower in Rochester Castle, in some mysterious crypt, the door of which cannot be forced till the Hand of Glory which is attached to it is carefully extinguished, finger by finger. What are the exact conditions to be observed I am unable to

say, but absolute silence during the operation is one of them; and a certain adventurer who had penetrated to the guarded portal, and had actually succeeded in extinguishing the blazing hand all but the thumb, lost the prize in consequence of a heedless exclamation. The fingers instantly burnt into flame again, and the man was dashed senseless to the ground; nor, like *Sir Guy the Seeker*, was he ever able a second time to find even the entrance to the secret vault.

The following invaluable recipe, extracted by Mr. Ainsworth from *Les Secrets du Petit Albert*, appears in *Rookwood*, the most spirited and original romance of its day:—

THE HAND OF GLORY

From the corse that hangs on the roadside tree
(A murderer's corse it needs must be)
Sever the right hand carefully:—
Sever the hand that the deed hath done,
Ere the flesh that clings to the bones be gone;
In its dry veins must blood be none.
Those ghastly fingers, white and cold,
Within a winding-sheet enfold;
Count the mystic count of seven;
Name the Governors of Heaven,[1]
Then in earthly vessel place them,
And with dragon-wort encase them;
Bleach them in the noon-day sun,
Till the marrow melt and run,
Till the flesh is pale and wan,
As a moon-ensilver'd cloud,—
As an unpolluted shroud.
Next within their chill embrace
The dead man's awful candle place;
Of murderer's fat must that candle be,
(You may scoop it beneath the roadside tree),
Of wax and of Lapland sesame.
Its wick must be twisted of hair of the dead,
By the crow and her brood on the wild waste shed.
Wherever that terrible light shall burn,
Vainly the sleeper may toss and turn;

[1] The seven planets, so called by Mercurius Trismegistus.

His leaden lids shall he ne'er unclose
So long as that magical taper glows.
Life and treasure shall he command,
Who knoweth the charm of the Glorious Hand!
But of black cats' gall let him aye have a care,
And of screech-owl's venomous blood beware!

One marvel follows another as naturally as one 'shoulder of mutton' is said 'to drive another down.' A little Welsh girl, who sometimes makes her way from the kitchen into the nursery, after listening with intense interest to the preceding tale, immediately started off at score with the sum and substance of what, in due reverence for such authority, I shall call—

PATTY MORGAN THE MILKMAID'S STORY[1]

'LOOK AT THE CLOCK!'

FYTTE I

'LOOK at the Clock!' quoth Winifred Pryce,
As she opened the door to her husband's knock;
Then paused to give him a piece of advice,—
'You nasty warmint, look at the Clock!
Is this the way, you
Wretch, every day you
Treat her who vowed to love and obey you?—
Out all night,
Me in a fright,
Staggering home as it's just getting light!
You intoxified brute!—you insensible block!—
Look at the Clock!—Do!—Look at the Clock!'

Winifred Pryce was tidy and clean;
Her gown was a flowered one, her petticoat green,
Her buckles were bright as her milking cans,
And her hat was a beaver, and made like a man's;
Her little red eyes were deep set in their socket-holes,
Her gown-tail was turned up and tucked through the pocket-holes;

[1] For the author's account of his authority for this Legend see the appended *Note*.

A face like a ferret
Betokened her spirit:
To conclude, Mrs. Pryce was not over young,
Had very short legs, and a very long tongue.

Now David Pryce
Had one darling vice;
Remarkably partial to anything nice,
Nought that was good to him came amiss,
Whether to eat, or to drink, or to kiss,
Especially ale—
If it was not too stale
I really believe he'd have emptied a pail.
Not that in Wales
They talk of their ales;
To pronounce the word they make use of might trouble you,
Being spelt with a C, two R's, and a W.

That particular day,
As I've heard people say,
Mr. David Pryce had been soaking his clay,
And amusing himself with his pipe and cheroots
The whole afternoon at the Goat-in-Boots,
With a couple more soakers,
Thorough-bred smokers,
Both, like himself, prime singers and jokers;
And, long after day had drawn to a close,
And the rest of the world was wrapt in repose,
They were roaring out 'Shenkin!' and 'Ar hydd y nos';
While David himself, to a Sassenach tune,
Sang, 'We've drunk down the Sun, boys! let's drink down the Moon!
What have we with day to do?
Mrs. Winifred Pryce, 'twas made for you!'—

At length, when they couldn't well drink any more,
Old 'Goat-in-Boots' showed them the door:
And then came that knock,
And the sensible shock
David felt when his wife cried, 'Look at the Clock!'
For the hands stood, as crooked as crooked might be,
The long at the Twelve and the short at the Three!

That self-same clock had long been a bone
Of contention between this Darby and Joan;
And often, among their pother and rout,
When this otherwise amiable couple fell out,
Pryce would drop a cool hint,
With an ominous squint
At its case, of an 'Uncle' of his, who'd a 'Spout.'
That horrid word 'Spout'
No sooner came out
Than Winifred Pryce would turn her about,
And, with scorn on her lip
And a hand on each hip,
'Spout' herself, till her nose grew red at the tip,—
'You thundering Willin,
I know you'd be killing
Your wife,—ay, a dozen of wives,—for a shilling!
You may do what you please,
You may sell my chemise,
(Mrs. P. was too well-bred to mention her smock,)
But I never will part with my Grandmother's Clock!'

Mrs. Pryce's tongue ran long and ran fast;
But patience is apt to wear out at last,
And David Pryce in temper was quick,
So he stretched out his hand and caught hold of a stick.
Perhaps in its use he might mean to be lenient,
But walking just then wasn't very convenient,

So he threw it, instead,
Direct at her head ;
It knocked off her hat ;
Down she fell flat.
Her case, perhaps, was not much mended by that ;
But whatever it was,—whether rage and pain
Produced apoplexy or burst a vein,
Or her tumble induced a concussion of brain,—
I can't say for certain ; but *this* I can,—
When, sobered by fright, to assist her he ran,
Mrs. Winifred Pryce was as dead as Queen Anne.

The fearful catastrophe
Named in my last strophe,
As adding to grim Death's exploits such a vast trophy,
Made a great noise ; and the shocking fatality
Ran over, like wild-fire, the whole Principality.
And then came Mr. Ap Thomas, the Coroner,
With his jury to sit, some dozen or more, on her.
Mr. Pryce, to commence
His 'ingenious defence,'
Made a 'powerful appeal' to the jury's 'good sense.'
'The world he must defy
Ever to justify
Any presumption of "Malice prepense" ;'—
The unlucky lick
From the end of his stick
He 'deplored,'—he was 'apt to be rather too quick' ;—
'But, really, her prating
Was so aggravating' :
Some trifling correction was just what he meant ;—all
The rest, he assured them, was 'quite accidental!'

Then he calls Mr. Jones,
Who depones to her tones,

And her gestures, and hints about 'breaking his bones.'
While Mr. Ap Morgan and Mr. Ap Rhys
Declare the Deceased
Had styled him 'a Beast,'
And swear they had witnessed, with grief and surprise,
The allusion she made to his limbs and his eyes.
The jury, in fine, having sat on the body
The whole day, discussing the case, and gin toddy,
Returned about half-past eleven at night
The following verdict,—'We find, *Serve her right!*'

FYTTE II

Mr. Pryce, Mrs. Winifred Pryce being dead,
Felt lonely, and moped; and one evening he said
He would marry Miss Davis at once in her stead.
Not far from his dwelling,
From the vale proudly swelling,
Rose a mountain: its name you'll excuse me from telling,
For the vowels made use of in Welsh are so few
That the A and the E, the I, O, and the U,
Have really but little or nothing to do;
And the duty, of course, falls the heavier by far,
On the L and the H, and the N and the R.
Its first syllable 'PEN,'
Is pronounceable;—then
Come two L Ls, and two H Hs, two F Fs, and an N;
About half a score Rs and some Ws follow,
Beating all my best efforts at euphony hollow:
But we shan't have to mention it often, so, when
We do, with your leave, we'll curtail it to 'PEN.'

Well!—the moon shone bright
Upon 'PEN' that night,
When Pryce, being quit of his fuss and his fright,

Was scaling its side
With that sort of stride
One puts out when walking in search of a bride.
Mounting higher and higher
He began to perspire,
Till, finding his legs were beginning to tire,
And feeling opprest
By a pain in his chest,
He paused, and turned round to take breath, and to rest:—
A walk all up hill is apt, we know,
To make one however robust puff and blow,—
So he stopped and looked down on the valley below.

O'er fell and o'er fen,
Over mountain and glen,
All bright in the moonshine, his eye roved, and then
All the Patriot rose in his soul, and he thought
Upon Wales and her glories, and all he'd been taught
Of her Heroes of old,
So brave and so bold;
Of her Bards with long beards and harps mounted in gold;
Of King Edward the First,
Of memory accurst,
And the scandalous manner in which he behaved,
Killing Poets by dozens,
With their uncles and cousins,
Of whom not one in fifty had ever been shaved;
Of the Court Ball, at which, by a lucky mishap,
Owen Tudor fell into Queen Katharine's lap;[1]
And how Mr. Tudor
Successfully wooed her,

[1] Owen Tudor was Squire of the Body to Henry V., and subsequently to Henry VI. Stow relates that while on guard at Windsor, after the death of Henry V., he was required to dance before the Queen-Dowager Katharine, and that losing his balance in making a pirouette he fell into her lap, as she sat on a low seat attended by her ladies. The Queen's manner of accepting Tudor's apologies made her ladies suspect her Majesty had a fancy for him.

Till the Dowager put on a new wedding ring,
And so made him Father-in-law to the King.

He thought upon Arthur and Merlin of yore,
On Gryffith ap Conan and Owen Glendour,
On Pendragon, and Heaven knows how many more.
He thought of all this, as he gazed, in a trice,
And on all things, in short, but the late Mrs. Pryce;
When a lumbering noise from behind made him start,
And sent the blood back in full tide to his heart,
Which went pit-a-pat
As he cried out 'What's that?'—
That very queer sound?
Does it come from the ground,
Or the air,—from above,—or below,—or around?
It is not like talking,
It is not like walking,
It's not like the clattering of pot or of pan,—
Or the tramp of a horse,—or the tread of a man,—
Or the hum of a crowd,—or the shouting of boys:
It's really a deuced odd sort of a noise!
Not unlike a cart's,—but that can't be; for when
Could 'all the King's horses, and all the King's men,'
With Old Nick for a waggoner, drive one up 'PEN'?

Pryce, usually brimful of valour when drunk,
Now experienced what schoolboys denominate 'funk.'
In vain he looked back
On the whole of the track
He had traversed; a thick cloud, uncommonly black,
At this moment obscured the broad disc of the moon,
And did not seem likely to pass away soon;
While, clearer and clearer,
'Twas plain to the hearer,
Be the noise what it might, it drew nearer and nearer,

And sounded, as Pryce to this moment declares,
Very much 'like a Coffin a-walking up stairs.'

Mr. Pryce had begun
To 'make up' for a run,
As in such a companion he saw no great fun,

When a single bright ray
Shone out on the way
He had passed, and he saw, with no little dismay,
Coming after him, bounding o'er crag and o'er rock,
The deceased Mrs. Winifred's 'Grandmother's Clock!!'
'Twas so!—it had certainly moved from its place,
And come, lumbering on thus, to hold him in chase.
'Twas the very same Head, and the very same Case,
And nothing was altered at all—but the Face!
In that he perceived, with no little surprise,
The two little winder-holes turned into eyes
Blazing with ire,
Like two coals of fire;
And the 'Name of the Maker' was changed to a Lip,
And the Hands to a Nose with a very red tip.
No!—he could not mistake it,—'twas SHE to the life!
The identical face of his poor defunct Wife!

One glance was enough,
Completely '*Quant. suff.*'—
As the doctors write down when they send you their 'stuff.'—
Like a Weather-cock whirled by a vehement puff,
David turned himself round;
Ten feet of ground
He cleared in his start at the very first bound!
I've seen people run at West-End Fair for cheeses—
I've seen Ladies run at Bow Fair for chemises—
At Greenwich Fair twenty men run for a hat,
And one from a Bailiff much faster than that—
At foot-ball I've seen lads run after the bladder—
I've seen Irish Bricklayers run up a ladder—
I've seen little boys run away from a cane—
And I've seen (that is, *read of*) good running in Spain;[1]

[1] I-run is a town said to have been so named from something of this sort.—T. I. On the 15th of March 1837 General De Lacy Evans, Com-

But I never did read
Of or witness such speed
As David exerted that evening.—Indeed
All I ever did hear of boys, women or men,
Falls far short of Pryce, as he ran over 'PEN!'

He reaches its brow—
He has past it,—and now,
Having once gained the summit and managed to cross it, he
Rolls down the side with uncommon velocity.
But, run as he will,
Or roll down the hill,
That bugbear behind him is after him still!
And close at his heels, not at all to his liking,
The terrible clock keeps on ticking and striking,
Till, exhausted and sore,
He can't run any more,
But falls as he reaches Miss Davis's door,
And screams when they rush out, alarmed at his knock,
'Oh! Look at the Clock!—Do!—Look at the Clock!!'

Miss Davis looked up, Miss Davis looked down,
She saw nothing there to alarm her;—a frown
Came o'er her white forehead;
She said 'It was horrid
A man should come knocking at that time of night,
And give her Mamma and herself such a fright;—
To squall and to bawl

mander of the Auxiliary Legion, commenced an attack on the Carlist position in front of Hernani, and gained some advantages. On the following morning the Carlists were largely reinforced, and on the renewal of the engagement routed General Evans's army. The Spaniards in the division set the example of running, and the Legion followed in dire panic. A body of English marines, 400 strong, stood firm, and covered the retreat. Evans and the Legion retired to San Sebastian with a loss of 780 men. Evans again attacked, and took Hernani on the 14th of May following, and he took Irun by assault on the 17th. From the proximity of the two places his defeat was not unnaturally associated with the name of the latter.

About nothing at all!'—
She begged 'he'd not think of repeating his call;
His late wife's disaster
By no means had past her';
She'd 'have him to know she was meat for his Master!'
Then, regardless alike of his love and his woes,
She turned on her heel and she turned up her nose.

Poor David in vain
Implored to remain,
He 'dared not,' he said, 'cross the mountain again.'
Why the fair was obdurate
None knows:—to be sure, it
Was said she was setting her cap at the Curate.
Be that as it may, it is certain the sole hole
Pryce found to creep into that night was the Coal-hole!
In that shady retreat,
With nothing to eat,
And with very bruised limbs and with very sore feet,
All night close he kept;
I can't say he slept;
But he sighed, and he sobbed, and he groaned, and he wept;
Lamenting his sins,
And his two broken shins,
Bewailing his fate with contortions and grins;
And her he once thought a complete *Rara avis*
Consigning to Satan,—*viz.* cruel Miss Davis!

Mr. David has since had a 'serious call':
He never drinks ale, wine, or spirits, at all,
And they say he is going to Exeter Hall,
To make a grand speech,
And to preach, and to teach
That people 'can't brew their malt liquor too small!'

That an ancient Welsh Poet, one PYNDAR AP TUDOR,
Was right in proclaiming 'ARISTON MEN HUDOR!'
Which means 'The pure Element
Is for Man's belly meant!'
And that *Gin's* but a *Snare* of Old Nick the deluder!

And 'still on each evening, when pleasure fills up,'
At the old Goat-in-Boots, with Metheglin each cup,
Mr. Pryce, if he's there,
Will get into 'The Chair,'
And make all his *quondam* associates stare
By calling aloud to the Landlady's daughter,
'Patty, bring a cigar, and a glass of Spring Water!'
The dial he constantly watches; and, when
The long hand's at the 'XII.' and the short at the 'X.,'
He gets on his legs,
Drains his glass to the dregs,
Takes his hat and great-coat off their several pegs,
With his President's hammer bestows his last knock,
And says solemnly—'Gentlemen!

'LOOK AT THE CLOCK!!!'

NOTE

PATTY MORGAN the Milkmaid's Story was one of those communicated to the author by his friend Mrs. Hughes. She had heard it recounted by one of the celebrated 'Ladies of Llangollen.'—As told by Lady Eleanor Butler, it ran, that 'a young carpenter, residing in the valley, had married a girl to whom he was much attached, and they lived together for several years very happily, till the wife's mother dying bequeathed to her daughter some household furniture, and among other articles a clock. They had previously possessed a clock of their own, and the husband now proposed to sell the new

one, which the wife objected to, as it had belonged to her mother, wishing, on the other hand, to dispose of their own. From this the husband was averse, for a similar reason. A dispute, the first they had ever known, followed, and, as he persisted in selling the legacy, was frequently renewed. From this moment they became as remarkable for living unhappily together as they had previously been for the contrary. The husband occasionally even used blows, and either from the ill-treatment which she received, or from natural causes, the wife soon fell into a languishing, low way. At length she died; but whether any very recent injuries had been inflicted to hasten her decay does not appear. The carpenter, however, seems to have anticipated her death, as a fortnight after her funeral he engaged himself to a second wife.

'Her betrothed was on his way along the mountain-path which led to her cottage, the evening before the day fixed for the celebration of his second nuptials, when one of the fogs so common among the hills came suddenly on. Well acquainted with the road he felt no alarm, but some surprise, at a singular sound which he heard behind him, as of some heavy body following. The fog for some time prevented his discovering what it was; but at length, a gust of wind partially removing the mist, he distinctly perceived, at the distance of only a few yards, the clock which had been the cause of all his matrimonial strife. It came on apparently self-moved, and as he looked again he beheld, not the usual face, but that of his deceased wife, which occupied the place generally destined to the hours, minutes, and hands.

'He uttered a loud scream and rushed forward, the clock still following him; and it was, as he fancied, on the point of overtaking him, when he fell exhausted against the cottage door. The sound of his fall attracted the attention of the inmates, who found him lying at the threshold in a swoon. After some time he recovered his senses, when he repeated this story with the strongest assertions of its truth in every particular. A fever was the consequence of the great mental excitement occasioned by the delusion, and he did not survive his adventure many days.'—T. I.

The succeeding Legend has long been an established favourite with all of us, as containing much of the personal history of one of the greatest ornaments of the family tree.

To the wedding between the sole heiress of this redoubted hero and a direct ancestor is it owing that the Lioncels of Shurland hang so lovingly parallel with the Saltire of the Ingoldsbys, and now form as cherished a quartering in their escutcheon as the 'dozen white lowses' in the 'old coat' of Shallow.

GREY DOLPHIN

A LEGEND OF SHEPPEY

'HE won't—won't he? Then bring me my boots!' said the Baron.

Consternation was at its height in the castle of Shurland—a caitiff had dared to disobey the Baron! and—the Baron had called for his boots!

A thunderbolt in the great hall had been a *bagatelle* to it.

A few days before, a notable miracle had been wrought in the neighbourhood; and in those times miracles were not so common as they are now;—no royal balloons, no steam, no railroads,—while the few Saints who took the trouble to walk with their heads under their arms, or to pull the Devil by the nose, scarcely appeared above once in a century;—so the affair made the greater sensation.

The clock had done striking twelve, and the Clerk of Chatham was untrussing his points preparatory to seeking his truckle-bed; a half-emptied tankard of mild ale stood at his elbow, the roasted crab yet floating on its surface. Midnight had surprised the worthy functionary while occupied in discussing it, and with his task yet unaccomplished. He meditated a mighty draught: one hand was fumbling with his tags, while the other was extended in the act of grasping the jorum, when a knock on the portal,

solemn and sonorous, arrested his fingers. It was repeated thrice ere Emmanuel Saddleton had presence of mind sufficient to inquire who sought admittance at that untimeous hour.

'Open! open! good Clerk of St. Bridget's,' said a female voice, small, yet distinct and sweet,—an excellent thing in woman.

The Clerk arose, crossed to the doorway and undid the latchet.

On the threshold stood a lady of surpassing beauty: her robes were rich, and large, and full; and a diadem, sparkling with gems that shed a halo around, crowned her brow: she beckoned the Clerk as he stood in astonishment before her.

'Emmanuel!' said the Lady; and her tones sounded like those of a silver flute. 'Emmanuel Saddleton, truss up your points, and follow me!'

The worthy Clerk stared aghast at the vision; the purple robe, the cymar, the coronet,—above all, the smile; no, there was no mistaking her; it was the blessed St. Bridget herself!

And what could have brought the sainted lady out of her warm shrine at such a time of night? and on such a night? for it was as dark as pitch, and, metaphorically speaking, 'rained cats and dogs.'

Emmanuel could not speak, so he looked the question.

'No matter for that,' said the Saint, answering to his thought. 'No matter for that, Emmanuel Saddleton; only follow me and you'll see!'

The Clerk turned a wistful eye at the corner-cupboard.

'Oh! never mind the lantern, Emmanuel: you'll not want it: but you may bring a mattock and a shovel.' As she spoke, the beautiful apparition held up her delicate hand. From the tip of each of her long taper fingers issued a lambent flame of such surpassing brilliancy as

would have plunged a whole gas company into despair—it was a 'Hand of Glory,'[1] such a one as tradition tells us yet burns in Rochester Castle every St. Mark's Eve. Many are the daring individuals who have watched in Gundulph's Tower, hoping to find it and the treasure it guards;—but none of them ever did.

'This way, Emmanuel!' and a flame of peculiar radiance streamed from her little finger as it pointed to the pathway leading to the churchyard.

Saddleton shouldered his tools, and followed in silence.

The cemetery of St. Bridget's was some half-mile distant from the Clerk's domicile, and adjoined a chapel dedicated to that illustrious lady, who, after leading but a so-so life, had died in the odour of sanctity. Emmanuel Saddleton was fat and scant of breath, the mattock was heavy, and the Saint walked too fast for him: he paused to take second wind at the end of the first furlong.

'Emmanuel,' said the holy lady good-humouredly, for she heard him puffing; 'rest awhile, Emmanuel, and I'll tell you what I want with you.'

Her auditor wiped his brow with the back of his hand, and looked all attention and obedience.

'Emmanuel,' continued she, 'what did you and Father Fothergill, and the rest of you, mean yesterday by burying that drowned man so close to me? He died in mortal sin, Emmanuel; no shrift, no unction, no absolution: why, he might as well have been excommunicated. He plagues me with his grinning, and I can't have any peace in my shrine. You must howk him up again, Emmanuel!'

'To be sure, madam,—my lady,—that is, your holiness,' stammered Saddleton, trembling at the thought of the task assigned him. 'To be sure, your ladyship; only—that is——'

[1] One of the uses to which this mystic chandelier was put was the protection of secreted treasure. Blow out all the fingers at one puff and you had the money.—T. I. See *Note*, p. 49.

'Emmanuel,' said the Saint, 'you'll do my bidding; or it would be better you had!'—— and her eye changed from a dove's eye to that of a hawk, and a flash came from it as bright as the one from her little finger. The

Clerk shook in his shoes; and, again dashing the cold perspiration from his brow, followed the footsteps of his mysterious guide.

. . . . . .

The next morning all Chatham was in an uproar. The Clerk of St. Bridget's had found himself at home

at daybreak, seated in his own arm-chair, the fire out, and—the tankard of ale out too! Who had drunk it?—where had he been?—how had he got home?—all was a mystery!—He remembered 'a mass of things, but nothing distinctly'; all was fog and fantasy. What he could clearly recollect was, that he had dug up the Grinning Sailor, and that the Saint had helped to throw him into the river again. All was thenceforth wonderment and devotion. Masses were sung, tapers were kindled, bells were tolled; the monks of St. Romuald had a solemn procession, the abbot at their head, the sacristan at their tail, and the holy breeches of St. Thomas à Becket in the centre;—Father Fothergill brewed a XXX puncheon of holy water. The Rood of Gillingham was deserted; the chapel of Rainham forsaken; every one who had a soul to be saved flocked with his offering to St. Bridget's shrine, and Emmanuel Saddleton gathered more fees from the promiscuous piety of that one week than he had pocketed during the twelve preceding months.

Meanwhile the corpse of the ejected reprobate oscillated like a pendulum between Sheerness and Gillingham Reach. Now borne by the Medway into the Western Swale,—now carried by the refluent tide back to the vicinity of its old quarters,—it seemed as though the River god and Neptune were amusing themselves with a game of subaqueous battledore, and had chosen this unfortunate carcass as a marine shuttlecock. For some time the alternation was kept up with great spirit, till Boreas, interfering in the shape of a stiffish 'Nor'-wester,' drifted the bone (and flesh) of contention ashore on the Shurland domain, where it lay in all the majesty of mud. It was soon discovered by the retainers, and dragged from its oozy bed, grinning worse than ever. Tidings of the godsend were of course carried instantly to the castle; for

the Baron was a very great man ; and, if a dun-crow[1] had flown across his property unannounced by the warder, the Baron would have kicked him, the said warder, from the topmost battlement into the bottommost ditch,—a descent of peril, and one which 'Ludwig the leaper,'[2] or the illustrious Trenck himself, might well have shrunk from encountering.

'An't please your lordship——' said Peter Periwinkle.

'No, villain! it does not please me!' roared the Baron.

His lordship was deeply engaged with a peck of Feversham oysters:—he doted on shellfish, hated interruption at meals, and had not yet despatched more than twenty dozen of the 'natives.'

'There's a body, my lord, washed ashore in the lower creek,' said the Seneschal.

The Baron was going to throw the shells at his head ; but paused in the act, and said with much dignity—

'Turn out the fellow's pockets!'

But the defunct had before been subjected to the double scrutiny of Father Fothergill and the Clerk of St. Bridget's. It was ill gleaning after such hands ; there was not a single maravedi.

We have already said that Sir Robert de Shurland, Lord of the Isle of Sheppey, and of many a fair manor on the main-land, was a man of worship. He had rights of free-warren, saccage and sockage, cuisage and jambage, fosse and fork, infangtheofe and outfangtheofe ;[3] and all waifs and strays belonged to him in fee simple.

'Turn out his pockets!' said the Knight.

'An't please you, my lord, I must say as how they was turned out afore, and the devil a rap's left.'

[1] Another designation of a hooded-crow.

[2] A count of Thuringia, of the twelfth century. Famous for a daring leap in escaping from a fortress in which he was imprisoned for the murder of the Palsgrave Frederick of Saxony, with whose wife he had intrigued.

[3] Old English and French terms for feudal rights, which were included in many royal charters of grants of land under our early sovereigns.

'Then bury the blackguard!'

'Please your lordship, he has been buried once.'

'Then bury him again, and ——!' The Baron bestowed a benediction.

The Seneschal bowed low as he left the room, and the Baron went on with his oysters.

Scarcely ten dozen more had vanished when Periwinkle reappeared.

'An't please you, my lord, Father Fothergill says as how that it's the Grinning Sailor, and he won't bury him anyhow.'

'Oh! he won't—won't he?' said the Baron. Can it be wondered at that he called for his boots?

Sir Robert de Shurland, Lord of Shurland and Minster, Baron of Sheppey *in comitatu* Kent, was, as has been before hinted, a very great man. He was also a very little man; that is, he was relatively great, and relatively little,—or physically little, and metaphorically great,—like Sir Sidney Smith and the late Mr. Bonaparte. To the frame of a dwarf he united the soul of a giant, and the valour of a gamecock. Then, for so small a man, his strength was prodigious; his fist would fell an ox, and his kick—oh! his kick was tremendous, and, when he had his boots on, would,—to use an expression of his own, which he had picked up in the holy wars,—would 'send a man from Jericho to June.' He was bull-necked and bandy-legged; his chest was broad and deep, his head large, and uncommonly thick, his eyes a little blood-shot, and his nose *retroussé* with a remarkably red tip. Strictly speaking, the Baron could not be called handsome, but his *tout ensemble* was singularly impressive: and, when he called for his boots, everybody trembled and dreaded the worst.

'Periwinkle,' said the Baron, as he encased his better leg, 'let the grave be twenty feet deep.'

'Your lordship's command is law.'

'And, Periwinkle,'—Sir Robert stamped his left heel into its receptacle,—'and, Periwinkle, see that it be wide enough to hold not exceeding two!'

'Ye—ye—yes, my lord.'

'And, Periwinkle,—tell Father Fothergill I would fain speak with his Reverence.'

'Ye—ye—yes, my lord.'

The Baron's beard was peaked; and his moustaches, stiff and stumpy, projected horizontally like those of a Tom Cat; he twirled the one, he stroked the other, he drew the buckle of his surcingle a thought tighter, and strode down the great staircase three steps at a stride.

The vassals were assembled in the great hall of Shurland Castle; every cheek was pale, every tongue was mute: expectation and perplexity were visible on every brow. What would his lordship do?—Were the recusant anybody else, gyves to the heels and hemp to the throat were but too good for him:—but it was Father Fothergill who had said 'I won't'; and, though the Baron was a very great man, the Pope was a greater, and the Pope was Father Fothergill's great friend—some people said he was his uncle.

Father Fothergill was busy in the refectory trying conclusions with a venison pasty, when he received the summons of his patron to attend him in the chapel cemetery. Of course he lost no time in obeying it, for obedience was the general rule in Shurland Castle. If anybody ever said 'I won't,' it was the exception; and, like all other exceptions, only proved the rule the stronger. The Father was a friar of the Augustine persuasion; a brotherhood which, having been planted in Kent some few centuries earlier, had taken very kindly to the soil, and overspread the county—much as hops did some few centuries later. He was plump and portly, a little thick-winded,

especially after dinner,—stood five feet four in his sandals, and weighed hard upon eighteen stone. He was moreover a personage of singular piety; and the iron girdle, which, he said, he wore under his cassock to mortify withal, might have been well mistaken for the tire of a cart-wheel. When he arrived, Sir Robert was pacing up and down by the side of a newly-opened grave.

'*Benedicite!* fair son,'—(the Baron was as brown as a cigar,)—'*Benedicite!*' said the Chaplain.

The Baron was too angry to stand upon compliment.—'Bury me that grinning caitiff there!' quoth he, pointing to the defunct.

'It may not be, fair son,' said the friar; 'he hath perished without absolution.'

'Bury the body!' roared Sir Robert.

'Water and earth alike reject him,' returned the Chaplain; 'holy St. Bridget herself——'

'Bridget me no Bridgets!—do me thine office quickly, Sir Shaveling; or, by the Piper that played before Moses——' The oath was a fearful one; and whenever the Baron swore to do mischief he was never known to perjure himself. He was playing with the hilt of his sword.—'Do me thine office, I say. Give him his passport to Heaven!'

'He is already gone to H—!' stammered the Friar.

'Then do you go after him!' thundered the Lord of Shurland.

His sword half leaped from its scabbard. No!—the trenchant blade, that had cut Suleiman Ben Malek Ben Buckskin from helmet to chine, disdained to daub itself with the cerebellum of a miserable monk;—it leaped back again;—and as the Chaplain, scared at its flash, turned him in terror, the Baron gave him a kick!—one kick!—it was but one!—but such a one! Despite its obesity, up flew his holy body in an angle of forty-five

degrees: then, having reached its highest point of elevation, sank headlong into the open grave that yawned to receive it. If the reverend gentleman had possessed such a thing as a neck, he had infallibly broken it; as he did not, he only dislocated his vertebræ,—but that did quite as well. He was as dead as ditch-water!

'In with the other rascal!' said the Baron,—and he was obeyed; for there he stood in his boots. Mattock and shovel made short work of it; twenty feet of superincumbent mould pressed down alike the saint and the sinner. 'Now sing a requiem who list!' said the Baron: and his lordship went back to his oysters.

The vassals at Castle Shurland were astounded, or, as the Seneschal Hugh better expressed it, 'perfectly conglomerated,' by this event. What! murder a monk in the odour of sanctity,—and on consecrated ground too!—They trembled for the health of the Baron's soul. To the unsophisticated many it seemed that matters could not have been much worse had he shot a bishop's coach-horse;—all looked for some signal judgment. The melancholy catastrophe of their neighbours at Canterbury was yet rife in their memories. Not two centuries had elapsed since those miserable sinners had cut off the tail of the blessed St. Thomas's mulè. The tail of the mule, it was well known, had been forthwith affixed to that of the Mayor; and rumour said it had since been hereditary in the corporation. The least that could be expected was, that Sir Robert should have a friar tacked on to his for the term of his natural life! Some bolder spirits there were, 'tis true, who viewed the matter in various lights, according to their different temperaments and dispositions; for perfect unanimity existed not even in the good old times. The verderer, roistering Hob Roebuck, swore roundly, 'Twere as good a deed as eat, to kick down the chapel as well as the monk.'—Hob had stood

there in a white sheet for kissing Giles Miller's daughter.—On the other hand, Simpkin Agnew, the bell-ringer, doubted if the devil's cellar, which runs under the bottomless abyss, were quite deep enough for the delinquent, and speculated on the probability of a hole being dug in it for his especial accommodation. The philosophers and economists thought, with Saunders M^cBullock, the Baron's bagpiper, that 'a feckless monk more or less was nae great subject for a clamjamphry,' especially as 'the supply considerably exceeded the demand'; while Malthouse, the tapster, was arguing to Dame Martin that a murder now and then was a seasonable check to population, without which the Isle of Sheppey would in time be devoured, like a mouldy cheese, by inhabitants of its own producing.[1]—Meanwhile, the Baron ate his oysters and thought no more of the matter.

But this tranquillity of his lordship was not to last. A couple of Saints had been seriously offended; and we have all of us read at school that celestial minds are by no means insensible to the provocations of anger. There were those who expected that St. Bridget would come in person and have the friar up again, as she did the sailor; but perhaps her ladyship did not care to trust herself within the walls of Shurland Castle. To say the truth, it was scarcely a decent house for a female Saint to be seen in. The Baron's gallantries, since he became a widower, had been but too notorious; and her own reputation was a little blown upon in the earlier days of her earthly pilgrimage :—then things were so apt to be misrepresented :—in short, she would leave the whole affair to St. Austin, who, being a gentleman, could interfere with propriety, avenge her affront as well as his own, and leave no loophole for scandal. St. Austin himself seems to have had

[1] A crude theory more perfectly developed by the worthy tapster's descendant, Mr. Malthus, in his 'Essay on the Principle of Population.'

his scruples, though of their precise nature it would be difficult to determine, for it were idle to suppose him at all afraid of the Baron's boots. Be this as it may, the mode which he adopted was at once prudent and efficacious. As an ecclesiastic, he could not well call the Baron out,—had his boots been out of the question ;—so he resolved to have recourse to the law. Instead of Shurland Castle, therefore, he repaired forthwith to his own magnificent monastery, situate just without the walls of Canterbury, and presented himself in a vision to its abbot. No one who has ever visited that ancient city, can fail to recollect the splendid gateway which terminates the vista of St. Paul's-street, and stands there yet in all its pristine beauty. The tiny train of miniature artillery which now adorns its battlements is, it is true, an ornament of a later date by some centuries ; and is said to have been added by a learned but jealous proprietor, for the purpose of shooting any wiser man than himself who might chance to come that way. Tradition is silent as to any discharge having taken place, nor can the oldest inhabitant of modern days recollect any such occurrence.[1] Here it was, in a handsome chamber immediately over the lofty archway, that the Superior of the monastery lay buried in a brief slumber snatched from his accustomed vigils. His mitre—for he was a Mitred Abbot, and had a seat in parliament —rested on a table beside him. Near it stood a silver flagon of Gascony wine, ready, no doubt, for the pious uses of the morrow. Fasting and watching had made him more than usually somnolent, than which nothing could have been better for the purpose of the Saint, who now appeared to him radiant in all the colours of the rainbow.

'Anselm!'—said the beatific vision,—'Anselm! are

[1] Since the appearance of the first edition of this Legend 'the guns' have been dismounted. Rumour hints at some alarm on the part of the Town Council.—T. I.

you not a pretty fellow to lie snoring there, when your brethren are being knocked at head, and Mother Church herself is menaced?—It is a sin and a shame. Anselm!'

'What's the matter?—Who are you?' cried the Abbot, rubbing his eyes, which the celestial splendour of his visitor had set a-winking. '*Ave Maria!* St. Austin himself!—Speak, *Beatissime!* what would you with the humblest of your votaries?'

'Anselm!' said the Saint, 'a brother of our order, whose soul Heaven assoilzie! hath been foully murdered. He hath been ignominiously kicked to the death, Anselm; and there he lieth cheek-by-jowl with a wretched carcass, which our sister Bridget has turned out of her cemetery for unseemly grinning.—Arouse thee, Anselm!'

'Ay, so please you, *Sanctissime!*' said the Abbot. 'I will order forthwith that thirty masses be said, thirty *Paters*, and thirty *Aves*.'

'Thirty fools' heads!' interrupted his patron, who was a little peppery.

'I will send for bell, book, and candle——'

'Send for an inkhorn, Anselm.—Write me now a letter to his Holiness the Pope in good round terms, and another to the Coroner, and another to the Sheriff, and seize me the never-enough-to-be-anathematized villain who hath done this deed! Hang him as high as Haman, Anselm!—Up with him!—down with his dwelling-place, root and branch, hearthstone and roof-tree,—down with it all, and sow the site with salt and sawdust!'

St. Austin, it will be perceived, was a radical reformer.

'Marry will I,' quoth the Abbot, warming with the Saint's eloquence: 'ay, marry will I, and that *instanter*. But there is one thing you have forgotten, most Beatified —the name of the culprit.'

'Robert de Shurland.'

'The Lord of Sheppey! Bless me!' said the Abbot,

crossing himself, 'won't that be rather inconvenient? Sir Robert is a bold baron, and a powerful;—blows will come and go, and crowns will be cracked and——'

'What is that to you, since yours will not be of the number?'

'Very true, *Beatissime!*—I will don me with speed, and do your bidding.'

'Do so, Anselm!—Fail not to hang the baron, burn his castle, confiscate his estate, and buy me two large wax candles for my own particular shrine out of your share of the property.' With this solemn injunction the vision began to fade.

'One thing more!' cried the Abbot, grasping his rosary.

'What is that?' asked the Saint.

'*O Beate Augustine, ora pro nobis!*'

'Of course I shall,' said St. Austin. '*Pax vobiscum!*'—and Abbot Anselm was left alone.

Within an hour all Canterbury was in commotion. A friar had been murdered,—two friars—ten—twenty; a whole convent had been assaulted,—sacked,—burnt,—all the monks had been killed, and all the nuns had been kissed!—Murder!—fire!—sacrilege! Never was city in such an uproar. From St. George's gate to St. Dunstan's suburb, from the Donjon to the borough of Staplegate, all was noise and hubbub. 'Where was it?'—'When was it?'—'How was it?' The Mayor caught up his chain, the Aldermen donned their furred gowns, the Town-clerk put on his spectacles. 'Who was he?'—'What was he?'—'Where was he?'—'He should be hanged,—he should be burned,—he should be broiled,—he should be fried,—he should be scraped to death with red-hot oyster-shells?' 'Who was he?'—'What was his name?'

The Abbot's Apparitor drew forth his roll and read aloud:—'Sir Robert de Shurland, Knight banneret, Baron of Shurland and Minster, and Lord of Sheppey.'

The Mayor put his chain in his pocket, the Aldermen took off their gowns, the Town-clerk put his pen behind his ear.—It was a county business altogether :—the Sheriff had better call out the *posse comitatus.*

While saints and sinners were thus leaguing against him, the Baron de Shurland was quietly eating his breakfast. He had passed a tranquil night, undisturbed by dreams of cowl or capuchin ; nor was his appetite more affected than his conscience : on the contrary, he sat rather longer over his meal than usual. Luncheon-time came, and he was ready as ever for his oysters : but scarcely had Dame Martin opened his first half-dozen when the warder's horn was heard from the barbican.

'Who the devil's that?' said Sir Robert. 'I'm not at home, Periwinkle. I hate to be disturbed at meals, and I won't be at home to anybody.'

'An't please your lordship,' answered the Seneschal, 'Paul Prior hath given notice that there is a body——'

'Another body!' roared the Baron. 'Am I to be everlastingly plagued with bodies? No time allowed me to swallow a morsel. Throw it into the moat!'

'So please you, my lord, it is a body of horse,—and—and Paul says there is a still larger body of foot behind it ; and he thinks, my lord,—that is, he does not know, but he thinks—and we all think, my lord, that they are coming to—to besiege the castle!'

'Besiege the castle! Who? What? What for?'

'Paul says, my lord, that he can see the banner of St. Austin, and the bleeding heart of Hamo de Crevecœur, the Abbot's chief vassal ;—and there is John de Northwood, the sheriff, with his red-cross engrailed ; and Hever, and Leybourne, and Heaven knows how many more ; and they are all coming on as fast as ever they can.'

'Periwinkle,' said the Baron, 'up with the drawbridge ; down with the portcullis ; bring me a cup of canary, and

my nightcap. I won't be bothered with them. I shall go to bed.'

'To bed, my lord?' cried Periwinkle, with a look that seemed to say, 'He's crazy!'

At this moment the shrill tones of a trumpet were heard to sound thrice from the champaign. It was the signal for parley: the Baron changed his mind; instead of going to bed, he went to the ramparts.

'Well, rapscallions! and what now?' said the Baron.

A herald, two pursuivants and a trumpeter, occupied the foreground of the scene; behind them, some three hundred paces off, upon a rising ground, was drawn up in battle array the main body of the ecclesiastical forces.

'Hear you, Robert de Shurland, Knight, Baron of Shurland and Minster, and Lord of Sheppey, and know all men, by these presents, that I do hereby attach you, the said Robert, of murder and sacrilege, now, or of late, done and committed by you, the said Robert, contrary to the peace of our Sovereign Lord the King, his crown and dignity: and I do hereby require and charge you, the said Robert, to forthwith surrender and give up your own proper person, together with the castle of Shurland aforesaid, in order that the same may be duly dealt with according to law. And here standeth John de Northwood, Esquire, good man and true, Sheriff of this his Majesty's most loyal county of Kent, to enforce the same, if need be, with his *posse comitatus*——'

'His what?' said the Baron.

'His *posse comitatus*, and——'

'Go to Bath!' said the Baron.

A defiance so contemptuous roused the ire of the adverse commanders. A volley of missiles rattled about the Baron's ears. Nightcaps avail little against contusions. He left the walls and returned to the great hall.

'Let them pelt away,' quoth the Baron: 'there are no

windows to break, and they can't get in.'—So he took his afternoon nap, and the siege went on.

Towards evening his lordship awoke, and grew tired of the din. Guy Pearson, too, had got a black eye from a brick-bat, and the assailants were clambering over the outer wall. So the Baron called for his Sunday hauberk of Milan steel, and his great two-handed sword with the terrible name:—it was the fashion in feudal times to give names to swords; King Arthur's was christened Excalibar:—the Baron called his Tickletoby, and whenever he took it in hand it was no joke.

'Up with the portcullis! down with the bridge!' said Sir Robert; and out he sallied, followed by the *élite* of his retainers. Then there was a pretty to-do. Heads flew one way—arms and legs another; round went Tickletoby, and, wherever it alighted, down came horse and man: the Baron excelled himself that day. All that he had done in Palestine faded in the comparison; he had fought for fun there, but now it was for life and lands. Away went John de Northwood; away went William of Hever, and Roger of Leybourne:—Hamo de Crevecœur, with the church vassals and the banner of St. Austin, had been gone some time. The siege was raised, and the Lord of Sheppey was left alone in his glory.

But, brave as the Baron undoubtedly was and total as had been the defeat of his enemies, it cannot be supposed that *La stoccata* would be allowed to carry it away thus. It has before been hinted that Abbot Anselm had written to the Pope; and Boniface the Eighth piqued himself on his punctuality as a correspondent in all matters connected with church discipline. He sent back an answer by return of post; and by it all Christian people were strictly enjoined to aid in exterminating the offender, on pain of the greater excommunication in this world and a million of years of purgatory in the next. But then, again, Boni-

face the Eighth was rather at a discount in England just then. He had affronted Longshanks, as the loyal lieges had nicknamed their monarch; and Longshanks had been rather sharp upon the clergy in consequence. If the Baron de Shurland could but get the King's pardon for what, in his cooler moments, he admitted to be a peccadillo, he might sniff at the Pope and bid him 'do his devilmost.'

Fortune, who, as the poet says, delights to favour the bold, stood his friend on this occasion. Edward had been, for some time, collecting a large force on the coast of Kent, to carry on his French wars for the recovery of Guienne; he was expected shortly to review it in person; but, then, the troops lay principally in cantonments about the mouth of the Thames, and his Majesty was to come down by water. What was to be done?—The royal barge was in sight, and John de Northwood and Hamo de Crevecœur had broken up all the boats to boil their camp-kettles. A truly great mind is never without resources.

'Bring me my boots!' said the Baron.

They brought him his boots—and his dapple-grey steed along with them. Such a courser! all blood and bone, short-backed, broad-chested, and—but that he was a little ewe-necked—faultless in form and figure. The Baron sprang upon his back and dashed at once into the river.

The barge which carried Edward Longshanks and his fortunes had by this time nearly reached the Nore; the stream was broad and the current strong, but Sir Robert and his steed were almost as broad, and a great deal stronger. After breasting the tide gallantly for a couple of miles, the Knight was near enough to hail the steersman.

'What have we got here?' said the King.—'It's a mermaid,' said one.—'It's a grampus,' said another.—'It's the devil,' said a third.—But they were all wrong; it was only Sir Robert de Shurland. 'Grammercy,' quoth the King, 'that fellow was never born to be drowned!'

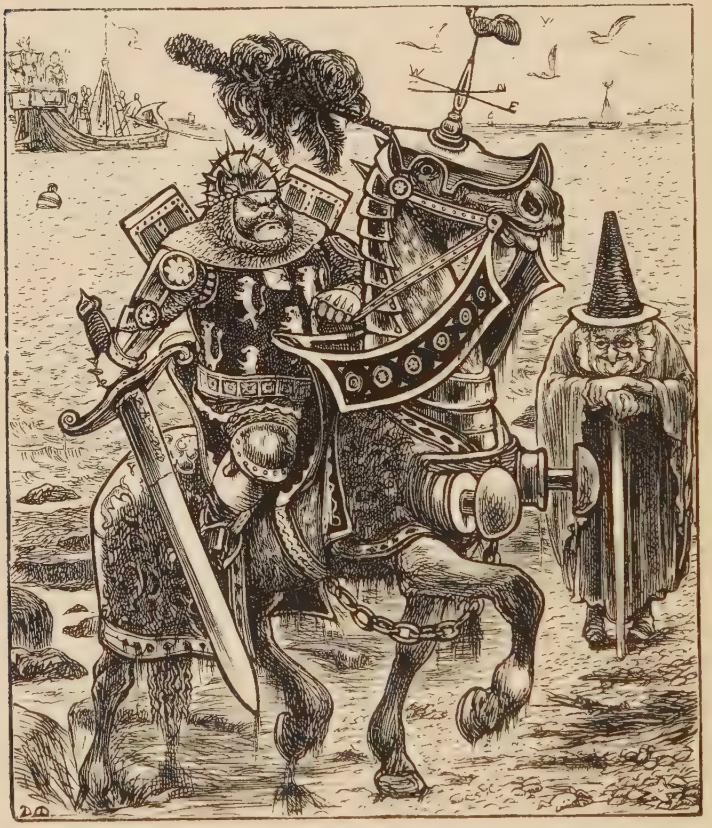
It has been said before that the Baron had fought in the Holy Wars ; in fact he had accompanied Longshanks, when only heir-apparent, in his expedition twenty-five years before, although his name is unaccountably omitted by Sir Harris Nicolas in his list of Crusaders. He had been present at Acre when Amirand of Joppa stabbed the prince with a poisoned dagger, and had lent Princess Eleanor his own tooth-brush after she had sucked out the venom from the wound. He had slain certain Saracens, contented himself with his own plunder, and never dunned the commissariat for arrears of pay. Of course he ranked high in Edward's good graces, and had received the honour of knighthood at his hands on the field of battle.

In one so circumstanced it cannot be supposed that such a trifle as the killing of a frowzy friar would be much resented, even had he not taken so bold a measure to obtain his pardon. His petition was granted, of course, as soon as asked ; and so it would have been had the indictment drawn up by the Canterbury town-clerk, *viz.* 'That he the said Robert de Shurland, *etc.*, had then and there, with several, to wit, one thousand, pairs of boots, given sundry, to wit, two thousand, kicks, and therewith and thereby killed divers, to wit, ten thousand, Austin friars,' been true to the letter.

Thrice did the gallant grey circumnavigate the barge, while Robert de Winchelsey, the Chancellor and Archbishop to boot, was making out, albeit with great reluctance, the royal pardon. The interval was sufficiently long to enable his Majesty, who, gracious as he was, had always an eye to business, just to hint that the gratitude he felt towards the Baron was not unmixed with a lively sense of services to come ; and that, if life were now spared him, common decency must oblige him to make himself useful. Before the Archbishop, who had scalded his fingers with the wax in affixing the great seal, had time

to take them out of his mouth, all was settled, and the Baron de Shurland had pledged himself to be forthwith in readiness, *cum suis*, to accompany his liege lord to Guienne.

With the royal pardon secured in his vest, boldly did



his lordship turn again to the shore: and as boldly did his courser oppose his breadth of chest to the stream. It was a work of no common difficulty or danger; a steed of less 'mettle and bone' had long since sunk in the effort: as it was, the Baron's boots were full of water, and Grey Dolphin's chamfrain more than once dipped beneath

the wave. The convulsive snorts of the noble animal showed his distress ; each instant they became more loud and frequent ; when his hoof touched the strand, and 'the horse and his rider' stood once again in safety on the shore.

Rapidly dismounting, the Baron was loosening the girths of his demi-pique, to give the panting animal breath, when he was aware of as ugly an old woman as he had ever clapped eyes upon peeping at him under the horse's belly.

'Make much of your steed, Robert Shurland! Make much of your steed!' cried the hag, shaking at him her long and bony finger. 'Groom to the hide and corn to the manger! He has saved your life, Robert Shurland, for the nonce; but he shall yet be the means of your losing it, for all that!'

The Baron started: 'What's that you say, you old faggot?'—He ran round by his horse's tail:—the woman was gone!

The Baron paused; his great soul was not to be shaken by trifles; he looked around him, and solemnly ejaculated the word 'Humbug!'—then, slinging the bridle across his arm, walked slowly on in the direction of the castle.

The appearance and, still more, the disappearance of the crone, had however made an impression; every step he took he became more thoughtful. ''Twould be deuced provoking though if he *should* break my neck after all.' He turned, and gazed at Dolphin with the scrutinizing eye of a veterinary surgeon.—'I'll be shot if he is not groggy!' said the Baron.

With his lordship, like another great Commander, 'Once to be in doubt was once to be resolved': it would never do to go to the wars on a rickety prad. He dropped the rein, drew forth Tickletoby, and, as the enfranchised Dolphin, good easy horse, stretched out his

ewe-neck to the herbage, struck off his head at a single blow. 'There, you lying old beldame!' said the Baron; 'now take him away to the knacker's.'

. . . . . .

Three years were come and gone. King Edward's French wars were over: both parties, having fought till they came to a standstill, shook hands; and the quarrel, as usual, was patched up by a royal marriage. This happy event gave his Majesty leisure to turn his attention to Scotland, where things, through the intervention of William Wallace, were looking rather queerish. As his reconciliation with Philip now allowed of his fighting the Scotch in peace and quietness, the monarch lost no time in marching his long legs across the border, and the short ones of the Baron followed him of course. At Falkirk, Tickletoby was in great request; and, in the year following, we find a contemporary poet[1] hinting at his master's prowess under the walls of Caerlaverock:

Ovec eus fu achiminez
Li beau Robert de Shurland
Ki kant seoit sur le cheval
Ne sembloit home ke someille.

A quatrain which Mr. Simpkinson translates:

'With them was marching
The good Robert de Shurland,
Who, when seated on horseback,
Did not resemble a man asleep!'

So thoroughly awake, indeed, does he seem to have proved himself that the bard subsequently exclaims, in an ecstasy of admiration:

Si ie estoie une pucelette
Je li donrie ceur et cors
Tant est de lu bons li recors.

[1] Friar Walter, who lived in a cell near St. Caroke, a short distance from Lostwithiel. He wrote a French poem on the Siege of Caerlaverock.

'If I were a young maiden,
I would give him my heart and person,
So great is his fame!'

Fortunately the poet was a tough old monk of Exeter; since such a present to a nobleman, now in his grand climacteric, would hardly have been worth the carriage. With the reduction of this stronghold of the Maxwells seem to have concluded the Baron's military services; as on the very first day of the fourteenth century we find him once more landed on his native shore, and marching, with such of his retainers as the wars had left him, towards the hospitable shelter of Shurland Castle. It was then, upon that very beach, some hundred yards distant from high-water mark, that his eye fell upon something like an ugly old woman in a red cloak! She was seated on what seemed to be a large stone, in an interesting attitude, with her elbows resting upon her knees and her chin upon her thumbs. The Baron started: the remembrance of his interview with a similar personage in the same place, some three years since, flashed upon his recollection. He rushed towards the spot, but the form was gone;—nothing remained but the seat it had appeared to occupy. This, on examination, turned out to be no stone, but the whitened skull of a dead horse! A tender remembrance of the deceased Grey Dolphin shot a momentary pang into the Baron's bosom; he drew the back of his hand across his face; the thought of the hag's prediction in an instant rose and banished all softer emotions. In utter contempt of his own weakness, yet with a tremor that deprived his redoubtable kick of half its wonted force, he spurned the relic with his foot. One word alone issued from his lips, elucidatory of what was passing in his mind,—it long remained imprinted on the memory of his faithful followers,—that word was 'Gammon!' The skull bounded across the beach till it reached the very margin

of the stream;—one instant more, and it would be engulfed for ever. At that moment a loud 'Ha! ha! ha!' was distinctly heard by the whole train to issue from its bleached and toothless jaws: it sank beneath the flood in a horse laugh.

Meanwhile Sir Robert de Shurland felt an odd sort of sensation in his right foot. His boots had suffered in the wars. Great pains had been taken for their preservation. They had been 'soled' and 'heeled' more than once;—had they been 'goloshed,' their owner might have defied Fate! Well has it been said that 'there is no such thing as a trifle.' A nobleman's life depended upon a question of ninepence.

The Baron marched on; the uneasiness in his foot increased. He plucked off his boot;—a horse's tooth was sticking in his great toe!

The result may be anticipated. Lame as he was, his lordship, with characteristic decision, would hobble on to Shurland; his walk increased the inflammation; a flagon of *aqua vitæ* did not mend matters. He was in a high fever; he took to his bed. Next morning the toe presented the appearance of a Bedfordshire carrot; by dinner-time it had deepened to beet-root; and when Bargrave, the leech, at last sliced it off, the gangrene was too confirmed to admit of remedy. Dame Martin thought it high time to send for Miss Margaret, who, ever since her mother's death, had been living with her maternal aunt, the abbess, in the Ursuline convent at Greenwich. The young lady came, and with her came one Master Ingoldsby, her cousin-german by the mother's side; but the Baron was too far gone in the dead-thraw to recognise either. He died as he lived, unconquered and unconquerable. His last words were—'Tell the old hag she may go to——' Whither remains a secret: he expired without fully articulating the place of her destination.

But who and what *was* the crone who prophesied the catastrophe? Ay, 'that is the mystery of this wonderful history.'—Some say it was Dame Fothergill, the late confessor's mamma; others, St. Bridget herself; others thought it was nobody at all, but only a phantom conjured up by conscience. As we do not know, we decline giving an opinion.

And what became of the Clerk of Chatham?—Mr. Simpkinson avers that he lived to a good old age, and was at last hanged by Jack Cade, with his inkhorn about his neck, for 'setting boys copies.'[1] In support of this he adduces his name 'Emmanuel,' and refers to the historian Shakspeare. Mr. Peters, on the contrary, considers this to be what he calls one of Mr. Simpkinson's 'Anacreonisms,' inasmuch as, at the introduction of Mr. Cade's reform measure, the Clerk, if alive, would have been hard upon two hundred years old. The probability is, that the unfortunate alluded to was his great-grandson.

Margaret Shurland in due course became Margaret Ingoldsby; her portrait still hangs in the gallery at Tappington. The features are handsome, but shrewish, betraying, as it were, a touch of the old Baron's temperament; but we never could learn that she actually kicked her husband. She brought him a very pretty fortune in chains, owches, and Saracen earrings; the barony, being a male fief, reverted to the Crown.

In the abbey-church at Minster may yet be seen the tomb of a recumbent warrior, clad in the chain-mail of the thirteenth century.[2] His hands are clasped in prayer.

[1] SMITH. We took him setting of boys' copies.

. . . . . .

CADE. Away with him, I say, and hang him with his pen and inkhorn about his neck.—*Henry VI.* Second Part, Act iv. Sc. 2.

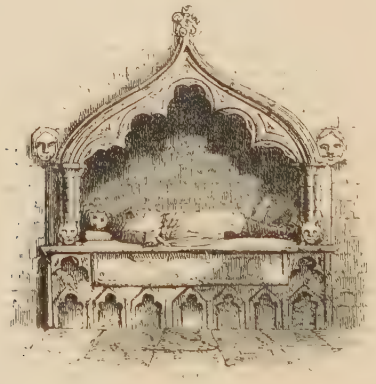
[2] Subsequent to the first appearance of the foregoing narrative, the tomb alluded to has been opened during the course of certain repairs which the church has undergone. Mr. Simpkinson, who was present at the exhumation of the body within, and has enriched his collection with three of its grinders,

His legs, crossed in that position so prized by Templars in ancient, and tailors in modern, days, bespeak him a soldier of the faith in Palestine. Close behind his dexter calf lies sculptured in bold relief a horse's head ;[1] and a respectable elderly lady, as she shows the monument, fails not to read her auditors a fine moral lesson on the sin of ingratitude, or to claim a sympathizing tear to the memory of poor 'Grey Dolphin!'

says the bones of one of the great toes were wanting. He speaks in terms of great admiration at the thickness of the skull, and is of opinion that the skeleton is that of a great patriot much addicted to Lundy-foot.—T. I.

[1] The figure of the horse's head, which seems either part of the marble on which it lies, or to have been firmly fixed to it when the tomb was put up, has given rise to a tale which has been reported among the common people for many years, *viz.* that Sir Robert, having upon some disgust at a priest buried him alive, swam on his horse two miles through the sea to the King, who was then on ship-board near this island, and, having obtained his pardon, swam back again to the shore ; where, being told his horse had performed this by magic art, he cut off his head. About a twelvemonth after which, riding a-hunting near the same place, the horse he was then upon stumbled and threw him upon the skull of the former horse, by which he was so much bruised that it caused his death ; in memory of which a horse's head was placed on his tomb.

This story is by others supposed to have arisen from Sir Robert Shurland's having obtained from Edward I., among other grants, that of the wreck of the sea, which privilege is always esteemed to reach as far into the water as, upon the lowest ebb, a man can ride in and touch anything with the point of his lance ; and that on this account it was that the figure of the horse's head was placed on the tomb.—See Hasted's *Hist. of Kent*, art. 'East Church.'



It is on my own personal reminiscences that I draw for the following story; the scene of its leading event was most familiar to me in early life. If the principal actor in it be yet living, he must have reached a very advanced age. He was often at the Hall, in my infancy, on professional visits. It is, however, only from those who 'prated of his whereabouts' that I learned the history of his adventure with—

THE GHOST.

THE GHOST[1]

THERE stands a City,—neither large nor small,—
Its air and situation sweet and pretty ;
It matters very little—if at all—
Whether its denizens are dull or witty,
Whether the ladies there are short or tall,
Brunettes or blondes,—only, there stands a City !—
Perhaps 'tis also requisite to minute
That there's a Castle and a Cobbler in it.

A fair Cathedral, too, the story goes,
And Kings and heroes lie entombed within her ;
There pious Saints in marble pomp repose,
Whose shrines are worn by knees of many a sinner ;
There, too, full many an aldermanic nose
Rolled its loud diapason after dinner ;
And there stood high the holy sconce of Becket,
—Till four assassins came from France to crack it.

The Castle was a huge and antique mound,
Proof against all th' artillery of the quiver,
Ere those abominable guns were found,
To send cold lead through gallant warrior's liver.

[1] This story was first printed in the *London Chronicle*, and subsequently in *Blackwood's Magazine*, 1826. See *Note* appended.

It stands upon a gently rising ground,
Sloping down gradually to the river,
Resembling (to compare great things with smaller)
A well-scooped, mouldy Stilton cheese,—but taller.

The Keep, I find, 's been sadly altered lately,
And, 'stead of mail-clad knights, of honour jealous,
In martial panoply so grand and stately,
Its walls are filled with money-making fellows,
And stuffed, unless I'm misinformed greatly,
With leaden pipes, and coke, and coals, and bellows.
In short, so great a change has come to pass,
'Tis now a manufactory of Gas.

But to my tale.—Before this profanation,
And ere its ancient glories were cut short all,
A poor hard-working Cobbler took his station
In a small house, just opposite the portal.
His birth, his parentage and education,
I know but little of—a strange, odd mortal;
His aspect, air, and gait were all ridiculous;
His name was Mason—he'd been christened Nicholas.

Nick had a wife possessed of many a charm,
And of the Lady Huntingdon persuasion;
But, spite of all her piety, her arm
She'd sometimes exercise when in a passion;
And, being of a temper somewhat warm,
Would now and then seize, upon small occasion,
A stick, or stool, or anything that round did lie,
And baste her lord and master most confoundedly.

No matter!—'tis a thing that's not uncommon,
'Tis what we all have heard, and most have read of,—

I mean a bruising, pugilistic woman,
Such as I own I entertain a dread of:
And so did Nick, whom sometimes there would come on
A sort of fear his Spouse might knock his head off,
Demolish half his teeth, or drive a rib in;
She shone so much in 'facers' and in 'fibbing.'

'There's time and place for all things,' said a sage
(King Solomon, I think), and this I can say,—
Within a well-roped ring, or on a stage,
Boxing may be a very pretty *Fancy*,
When Messrs. Burke or Bendigo [1] engage;
'Tis not so well in Susan, Jane, or Nancy.
To get well milled by any one's an evil,
But by a lady—'tis the very Devil.

And so thought Nicholas, whose only trouble
(At least his worst) was this his rib's propensity.
For sometimes from the alehouse he would hobble,
His senses lost in a sublime immensity
Of cogitation:—then he couldn't cobble;
And then his wife would often try the density
Of his poor skull, and strike with all her might,
As fast as kitchen-wenches strike a light.

Mason, meek soul, who ever hated strife,
Of this same striking had a morbid dread;
He hated it like poison—or his wife;—
A vast antipathy!—but so he said.
And very often, for a quiet life,
On these occasions he'd sneak up to bed,
Grope darkly in, and, soon as at the door
He heard his lady—he'd pretend to snore.

[1] Prize-fighters, who contended for the championship of England.

One night, then, ever partial to society,
Nick, with a friend (another jovial fellow),
Went to a club—I should have said Society—
At the 'City Arms,' once called the Porto Bello ;[1]
A Spouting party, which, though some decry it, I
Consider no bad lounge when one is mellow ;
There they discuss the tax on malt, and leather,
And change of ministers and change of weather.

In short, it was a kind of British Forum,
Like John Gale Jones's, erst in Piccadilly,[2]
Only they managed things with more decorum,
And the orations were not *quite* so silly.
Far different questions, too, would come before 'em,
Not always Politics, which, will ye nill ye,
Their London prototypes were always willing
To give one *quantum suff.* of—for a shilling.

It more resembled one of later date,
And tenfold talent, as I'm told, in Bow Street,[3]
Where kindlier natured souls do congregate.
And, though there are who deem that same a low street,
Yet, I'm assured, for frolicsome debate
And genuine humour it's surpassed by no street,
When the 'Chief Baron' enters, and assumes
To 'rule' o'er mimic 'Thesigers' and 'Broughams.'

Here they would oft forget their Rulers' faults,
And waste in ancient lore the midnight taper ;

[1] The Porto Bello Club was held at a public-house of that name in Northgate, and was established for the purpose of discussing questions of science and history. The house, now called 'The City Arms,' is famous for a particular kind of rum of almost fabulous strength which is provided for the use of the Jews.

[2] See *Note* appended to the story.

[3] The reference is to a species of evening entertainment entitled 'Judge and Jury,' held at the Garrick's Head, Bow Street,—mock trials, in which ludicrous incidents were introduced into forms of judicial proceedings, 'Baron' Renton Nicholson, proprietor of the *Town* newspaper, presiding.

Inquire if Orpheus first produced the Waltz,
How Gas-lights differ from the Delphic Vapour,
Whether Hippocrates gave Glauber's Salts,
And what the Romans wrote on ere they'd paper.
This night the subject of their disquisitions
Was Ghosts, Hobgoblins, Sprites and Apparitions.

One learned gentleman, 'a sage grave man,'
Talked of the Ghost in Hamlet, 'sheathed in steel';—
His well-read friend, who next to speak began,
Said, 'That was Poetry, and nothing real';
A third, of more extensive learning, ran
To Sir George Villiers' Ghost, and Mrs. Veal;[1]
Of sheeted Spectres spoke with shortened breath,
And thrice he quoted 'Drelincourt on Death.'

Nick smoked, and smoked, and trembled as he heard
The point discussed, and all they said upon it;—
How, frequently, some murdered man appeared,
To tell his wife and children who had done it;
Or how a Miser's ghost, with grizzly beard,
And pale lean visage, in an old Scotch bonnet,
Wandered about to watch his buried money!
When all at once Nick heard the clock strike One.—He

Sprang from his seat, not doubting but a lecture
Impended from his fond and faithful She;
Nor could he well to pardon him expect her,
For he had promised to 'be home to tea';
But, having luckily the key o' the back door,
He fondly hoped that, unperceived, he

[1] The 'well-authenticated' ghost story of Mrs. Veal connected with Canterbury, is said to have been invented by Defoe for the purpose of puffing the previously unsaleable impression of *Drelincourt on Death*.

Might creep up stairs again, pretend to doze,
And hoax his spouse with music from his nose.

Vain, fruitless hope!—The wearied sentinel
At eve may overlook the crouching foe,
Till, ere his hand can sound the alarum-bell,
He sinks beneath the unexpected blow;
Before the whiskers of Grimalkin fell,
When slumb'ring on her post, the mouse may go;—
But woman, wakeful woman, 's never weary,
—Above all, when she waits to thump her deary.

Soon Mrs. Mason heard the well-known tread;
She heard the key slow creaking in the door;
Spied, through the gloom obscure, towards the bed
Nick creeping soft, as oft he had crept before;
When, bang! she threw a something at his head,
And Nick at once lay prostrate on the floor:
While she exclaimed, with her indignant face on,—
'How dare you use your wife so, Mr. Mason?'

Spare we to tell how fiercely she debated,
Especially the length of her oration;
Spare we to tell how Nick expostulated,
Roused by the bump into a good set passion,
So great that more than once he execrated,
Ere he crawled into bed in his usual fashion.
—The Muses hate brawls;—suffice it then to say,
He ducked below the clothes—and there he lay!

'Twas now 'the very witching time of night,
When churchyards yawn' and graves give up their dead,
And many a mischievous, enfranchised Sprite
Had long since burst his bonds of stone or lead,

And hurried off, with schoolboy-like delight,
To play his pranks near some poor wretch's bed,
Sleeping perhaps serenely as a porpoise,
Nor dreaming of this fiendish *Habeas Corpus.*

Not so our Nicholas: his meditations
Still to the same tremendous theme recurred,
The same dread subject of the dark narrations,
Which, backed with such authority, he'd heard.
Lost in his own horrific contemplations,
He pondered o'er each well-remembered word,
When, at the bed's foot, close beside the post,
He verily believed he saw—a Ghost!

Plain and more plain the unsubstantial Sprite
To his astonished gaze each moment grew;
Ghastly and gaunt it reared its shadowy height,
Of more than mortal seeming to the view,
And round its long, thin, bony fingers drew
A tattered winding-sheet, of course *all white*:—
The moon that moment peeping through a cloud,
Nick very plainly saw it *through the shroud!*

And now those matted locks, which never yet
Had yielded to the comb's unkind divorce,
Their long-contracted amity forget,
And spring asunder with elastic force;
Nay, e'en the very cap, of texture coarse,
Whose ruby cincture crowned that brow of jet,
Uprose in agony:—the Gorgon's head
Was but a type of Nick's, up-squatting in the bed.

From every pore distilled a clammy dew,
Quaked every limb:—the candle too no doubt,

En règle, would have burnt extremely blue,
But Nick unluckily had put it out;
And he, though naturally bold and stout,
In short, was in a most tremendous stew.—
The room was filled with a sulphureous smell,
But where that came from Mason could not tell.

All motionless the Spectre stood,—and now
Its reverend form more clearly shone confest;
From the pale cheek a beard of purest snow
Descended o'er its venerable breast;
The thin grey hairs, that crowned its furrowed brow,
Told of years long gone by.—An awful guest
It stood, and, with an action of command,
Beckoned the Cobbler with its wan right hand.

'Whence, and what art thou, Execrable Shape?'
Nick *might* have cried, could he have found a tongue;
But his distended jaws could only gape,
And not a sound upon the welkin rung:
His gooseberry orbs seemed as they would have sprung
Forth from their sockets;—like a frightened ape
He sat upon his haunches, bolt upright,
And shook, and grinned, and chattered with affright.

And still the shadowy finger, long and lean,
Now beckoned Nick, now pointed to the door;
And many an ireful glance and frown, between,
The angry visage of the Phantom wore,
As if quite vexed that Nick would do no more
Than stare, without e'en asking, 'What d'ye mean?'
Because, as we are told,—a sad old joke too,—
Ghosts, like the ladies, 'never speak till spoke to.'

Cowards, 'tis said, in certain situations,
Derive a sort of courage from despair,
And then perform, from downright desperation,
Much more than many a bolder man would dare.
Nick saw the Ghost was getting in a passion,
And therefore, groping till he found the chair,
Seized on his awl, crept softly out of bed,
And followed quaking where the Spectre led.

And down the winding stair, with noiseless tread,
The tenant of the tomb passed slowly on.
Each mazy turning of the humble shed
Seemed to his step at once familiar grown ;
So safe and sure the labyrinth did he tread
As though the domicile had been his own :
Though Nick himself, in passing through the shop,
Had almost broke his nose against the mop.

Despite its wooden bolt, with jarring sound,
The door upon its hinges open flew ;
And forth the Spirit issued,—yet around
It turned as if its follower's fears it knew,
And, once more beckoning, pointed to the mound,
The antique Keep, on which the bright moon threw
With such effulgence her mild silvery gleam
The visionary form seemed melting in her beam.

Beneath a pond'rous archway's sombre shade,
Where once the huge portcullis swung sublime,
'Mid ivied battlements in ruin laid,
Sole, sad memorials of the olden time,
The Phantom held its way ;—and, though afraid
Even of the owls that sang their vesper chime,
Pale Nicholas pursued, its steps attending,
And wondering what on earth it all would end in.

ndon Richard Bentley & Son 1894

Within the mouldering fabric's deep recess
At length they reach a court obscure and lone:
It seemed a drear and desolate wilderness,
The blackened walls with ivy all o'ergrown.
The night-bird shrieked her note of wild distress,
Disturbed upon her solitary throne,
As though indignant mortal step should dare,
So led, at such an hour, to venture there!

The Apparition paused, and would have spoke,
Pointing to what Nick thought an iron ring,
But then a neighbouring chanticleer awoke,
And loudly 'gan his early matins sing;
And then 'it started like a guilty thing,'
As that shrill clarion the silence broke.
—We know how much dead gentlefolks eschew
The appalling sound of 'Cock-a-doodle-do!'

The vision was no more—and Nick alone;
'His streamers waving' in the midnight wind,
Which through the ruins ceased not to groan;
—His garment too was somewhat short behind.
And, worst of all, he knew not where to find
The ring,—which made him most his fate bemoan—
The iron ring,—no doubt of some trap door,
'Neath which the old dead Miser kept his store.

'What's to be done?' he cried. ''Twere vain to stay
Here in the dark without a single clue:—
Oh for a candle now, or moonlight ray!
'Fore George, I'm vastly puzzled what to do';
(Then clapped his hand behind).—''Tis chilly too:—
I'll mark the spot, and come again by day.
What can I mark it by?—Oh, here's the wall—
The mortar's yielding—here I'll stick my awl!'

Then rose from earth to sky a withering shriek,—
A loud, a long-protracted note of woe,
Such as when tempests roar, and timbers creak,
And o'er the side the masts in thunder go,
While on the deck resistless billows break,
And drag their victims to the gulfs below ;—
Such was the scream when, for the want of candle,
Nick Mason drove his awl in, up to the handle.

Scared by his Lady's heart-appalling cry,
Vanished at once poor Mason's golden dream—
For dream it was ;—and all his visions high
Of wealth and grandeur fled before that scream.
And still he listens with averted eye,
When gibing neighbours make 'the Ghost' their theme ;
While ever from that hour, they all declare,
Has Mrs. Mason used a cushion in her chair !

NOTES

THE GHOST, which bears a strong resemblance to a tale told both by Rabelais and Prior, was the earliest of the Legends. It was written for the *London Chronicle*, and subsequently appeared in *Blackwood*. Canterbury is of course the city meant—a city abounding in old traditions, with most of which 'Ingoldsby' had been familiar from boyhood. One of these relating to Thomas à Becket he commenced, but laid aside to be reconsidered, the form of a song in which it was cast doubtless proving unsuitable for the purpose. It ran as follows :—

Air—'GUY FAWKES'

Come listen to a curious tale,
A tale of woe and wonder ;
'Tis so long since I heard it last,
Excuse me if I blunder :

But five-and-thirty years have flown
Since Grandma told the story,
Which, if my rhymes don't fail me now,
I'll try to lay before ye.
Bow, wow, wow, *etc.*

'Tis of a pious Prelate, who
A holy saint was reckoned, sirs,
And flourished in King Henry's reign,
Him of that name the Second, sirs;
Although austere in general,
In some things he'd be merry, sirs.
Thomas à Becket was his name,
And he lived in Canterbury, sirs.
Bow, wow, wow, *etc.*

He mounted once his horse and rode
A short way out of town, sirs,
To a place which, being all up-hill,
The folks call Harbledown, sirs;
But, as he passed the city gates,
His countenance grew sadder, sirs,
For there he spied one called John Ketch,
With gallows, rope, and ladder, sirs.
Bow, wow, wow, *etc.*

This awful sight alarmed and made
The good Archbishop stop, sirs;
For on the ladder (then, you know,
They hadn't the new drop, sirs)
There stood a poor man skewered and trussed,
And looking like a martyr there,
Which made St. Thomas roar aloud,
'I say! what are you arter there?'
Bow, wow, wow, *etc.*

. . . . . .

'*In short, it was a kind of British Forum,*
Like John Gale Jones's, erst in Piccadilly.'—P. 97.

John Gale Jones was a radical spouter and would-be demagogue who 'flourished' in the first quarter of the present century. His

connection with 'little Waddington,' another of the revolutionary party, is commemorated in a parody on Moore's *Wellington's Name*, which has been erroneously included in the *Remains of Theodore Hook*. This opportunity may be taken of restoring the lines to their real author, Thomas Ingoldsby :—

WADDINGTON'S NAME

While Johnny Gale Jones the memorial was keeping
Of penny subscriptions from traitors and thieves,
Hard by at his elbow sly Watson stood peeping
And counting the sums at the end of the leaves ;
But oh, what a grin on his visage shone bright,
When—after perusing whole pages of shame—
'Midst his *soi-disant* betters,
In vilely-formed letters,
The Doctor beheld little Waddington's name !

'Hail, Imp of sedition !' he cried, while he nodded
His head, and the spectacles drew from his eyes ;
'Magnanimous Pigmy ! since Carlile's been *quodded*,
We wanted some shopman, *about of your size !*
For, though many we've had, yet unblessed was their lot,
When Murray and Sharpe with the constable came,
And for want of good bail
They were sent off to jail,
And the *mittimus* signed with an Alderman's name.'

Then come, the last crown of thy toils is remaining,
The greatest, the grandest that thou hast yet known ;
Though proud was thy task, my placard-board sustaining,
Still prouder to utter placards of thine own !
High perched on that counter where Carlile once stood,
Issue torrents of blasphemy, treason and shame,
While snug in your box,
Well secured with two locks,
We'll defy them to get little Waddington's name.

In consequence of the imprisonment of himself and several assistants, Carlile, the infidel publisher, adopted the following plan (invented by the late ingenious Mr. Jonathan Wild) at his notorious shop in Fleet Street. No *employé* was to be seen ; the purchaser

signified on a dial what he required—the index pointed out the price—and, on handing the money through a sliding panel, he received the volume, which was dropped down a sort of wooden chimney from a room above. Spite of all precautions, 'little Waddington' was brought to trial for the publication of a seditious libel, Sept. 1820, and—acquitted!

His friend Jones had been convicted of a like offence in 1811.

CONFOUND not, I beseech thee, reader, the subject of the following monody with the hapless hero of the tea-urn, Cupid, of 'Yow-Yow'-ing memory.[1] Tray was an attached favourite of many years' standing. Most people worth loving have had a friend of this kind; Lord Byron says he 'never had but one, and here he (the dog, not the nobleman) lies!'

[1] See 'The Spectre of Tappington,' p. 20.

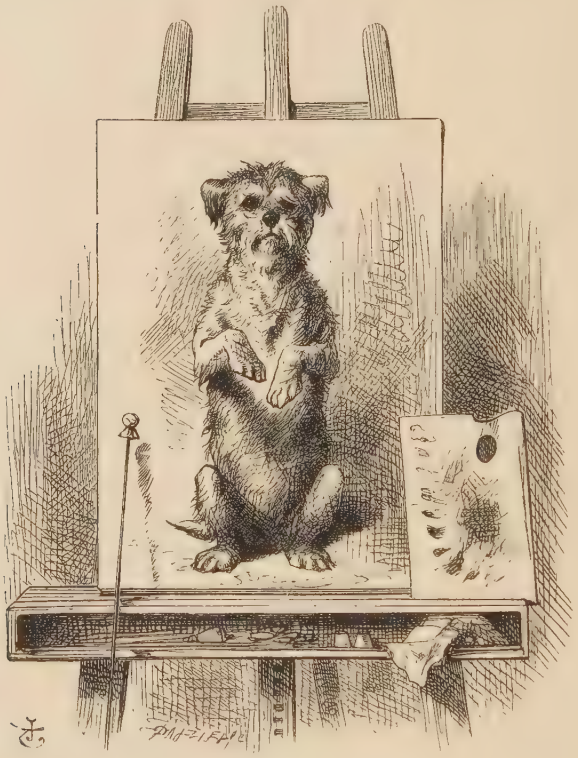
THE CYNOTAPH

Poor Tray charmant !
Poor Tray de mon Ami !
Dog-bury and Vergers.

OH ! where shall I bury my poor dog Tray,
Now his fleeting breath has passed away ?
Seventeen years, I can venture to say,
Have I seen him gambol and frolic and play,
Evermore happy and frisky and gay,
As though every one of his months was May,
And the whole of his life one long holiday :
Now he's a lifeless lump of clay !
Oh ! where shall I bury my faithful Tray ?

I am almost tempted to think it hard
That it may not be there, in yon sunny churchyard,
Where the green willows wave
O'er the peaceful grave,
Which holds all that once was honest and brave,
Kind and courteous, and faithful and true ;—
Qualities, Tray, that were found in you.
But it may not be :—yon sacred ground,
By holiest feelings fenced around,
May ne'er within its hallowed bound
Receive the dust of a soul-less hound.

I would not place him in yonder fane,
Where the mid-day sun through the storied pane
Throws on the pavement a crimson stain ;
Where the banners of chivalry heavily swing



O'er the pinnacled tomb of the Warrior King,
With helmet and shield, and all that sort of thing.
No !—Come what may,
My gentle Tray
Shan't be an intruder on bluff Harry Tudor,
Or panoplied monarchs yet earlier and ruder
Whom you see on their backs,
In stone or in wax ;—

Though the Sacristans now are 'forbidden to ax'
For what Mister Hume calls 'a scandalous tax';
While the Chartists insist they've a right to go snacks.—
No!—Tray's humble tomb would look but shabby
'Mid the sculptured shrines of that gorgeous Abbey.
Besides, in the place
They say there's not space
To bury what wet-nurses call 'a Babby.'
Even 'Rare Ben Jonson,' that famous wight,
I am told, is interred there bolt upright,
In just such a posture, beneath his bust,
As Tray used to sit in to beg for a crust.
The epitaph, too,
Would scarcely do:
For what could it say, but, 'Here lies Tray,
A very good kind of a dog in his day'?
And satirical folks might be apt to imagine it
Meant as a quiz on the House of Plantagenet.

No! no!—The Abbey may do very well
For a feudal 'Nob,' or poetical 'Swell,'
'Crusaders,' or 'Poets,' or 'Knights of St. John,'
Or Knights of St. John's Wood, who once went on
To the Castle of Goode Lord Eglintonne,[1]—
Count Fiddle-fumkin and Lord Fiddle-faddle,
'Sir Craven,' 'Sir Gael,' and 'Sir Campbell of Saddell,'
(Who, as poor Hook said, when he heard of the feat,
'Was somehow knocked out of his family-seat,');
The Esquires of the body
To my Lord Tomnoddy;
'Sir Fairlie,' 'Sir Lamb,'
And the 'Knight of the Ram';

[1] See appended *Notes*.

The 'Knight of the Rose,' and the 'Knight of the Dragon,'
Who, save at the flagon
And prog in the wagon,
The newspapers tell us did little 'to brag on';

And more, though the Muse knows but little concerning 'em,
'Sir Hopkins,' 'Sir Popkins,' 'Sir Gage,' and 'Sir Jerningham';—

All *Preux Chevaliers*, in friendly rivalry
Who should best bring back the glory of Chi-valry.
—(Pray be so good, for the sake of my song,
To pronounce here the ante-penultimate long,
Or some hyper-critic will certainly cry,
'The word "Chivalry" is but a "rhyme to the eye."'
And I own it is clear
A fastidious ear
Will be, more or less, always annoyed with you when you
Insert any rhyme that's not perfectly genuine.
As to pleasing the 'eye,'
'Tisn't worth while to try,
Since Moore and Tom Campbell themselves admit 'Spinach'
Is perfectly antiphonetic to 'Greenwich.')—
But stay!—I say!
Let me pause while I may—
This digression is leading me sadly astray
From my object—a grave for my poor dog Tray!

I would not place him beneath thy walls,
And proud o'ershadowing dome, St. Paul's!
Though I've always considered Sir Christopher Wren,
As an architect, one of the greatest of men;
And,—talking of Epitaphs,—much I admire his,
'*Circumspice, si Monumentum requiris*';
Which an erudite Verger translated to me,
'If you ask for his monument, *Sir-come-spy-see!*'—
No!—I should not know where
To place him there.
I would not have him by surly Johnson be,—
Or that queer-looking horse that is rolling on Ponsonby;—
Or those ugly minxes
The sister Sphinxes,
Mixed creatures, half lady, half lioness, *ergo*

(Denon says) the emblems of *Leo* and *Virgo*,
On one of the backs of which singular jumble,
Sir Ralph Abercrombie is going to tumble,
With a thump which alone were enough to despatch him,
If the Scotchman in front shouldn't happen to catch him.

No!—I'd not have him there,—nor nearer the door,
Where the man and the Angel have got Sir John Moore,[1]
And are quietly letting him down through the floor
By Gillespie, the one who escaped, at Vellore,[1]
Alone from the row;—
Neither he nor Lord Howe
Would like to be plagued with a little Bow-wow.
No, Tray, we must yield,
And go further a-field;
To lay you by Nelson were downright effront'ry;—
We'll be off from the City and look at the country.

It shall not be there,
In that sepulchred square,
Where folks are interred for the sake of the air,[2]
(Though, pay but the dues, they could hardly refuse
To Tray what they grant to Thuggs and Hindoos,
Turks, Infidels, Heretics, Jumpers, and Jews;)
Where the tombstones are placed,
In the very *best taste*,
At the feet and the head
Of the elegant Dead,
And no one's received who's not 'buried in lead':
For there lie the bones of Deputy Jones,
Whom the widow's tears and the orphan's groans

[1] See appended *Notes*.

[2] One of the most remarkable monuments in 'that sepulchred square' was erected in memory of Madame Soyer, and inscribed by the desolate 'Regenerator' with the portentous epitaph, 'To Her!' 'Very good,' said Charles Dance on seeing it, 'but, if he was limited to two words, why not keep to his own language, and write—*Soyer Tranquille!*'

Affected as much as they do the stones
His executors laid on the Deputy's bones.
Little rest, poor knave!
Would Tray have in his grave:
Since Spirits, 'tis plain,
Are sent back again
To roam round their bodies,—the bad ones in pain,
Dragging after them sometimes a heavy jack chain,
Whenever they met, alarmed by its groans, his
Ghost all night long would be barking at Jones's.

Nor shall he be laid
By that cross Old Maid,
Miss Penelope Bird,—of whom, it is said,
All the dogs in the parish were ever afraid:
He must not be placed
By one so strait-laced
In her temper, her taste, and her morals, and waist.
For, 'tis said, when she went up to Heaven, and St. Peter,
Who happened to meet her,
Came forward to greet her,
She pursed up with scorn every vinegar feature,
And bade him 'Get out for a horrid Male Creature!'
So, the Saint, after looking as if he could eat her,
Not knowing, perhaps, very well how to treat her,
And, not being willing—or able—to beat her,
Sent her back to her grave till her temper grew sweeter,
With an epithet—which I decline to repeat here.
No!—If Tray were interred
By Penelope Bird,
No dog would be e'er so be-'whelp''d and be-'cur'r'd:
All the night long her cantankerous Sprite
Would be running about in the pale moon-light,
Chasing him round and attempting to lick
The ghost of poor Tray with the ghost of a stick.

Stay!—let me see!—
Ay—here it shall be,
At the root of this gnarled and time-worn tree,

Where Tray and I
Would often lie
And watch the bright clouds as they floated by
In the broad expanse of the clear blue sky,
When the sun was bidding the world good b'ye,
And the plaintive Nightingale, warbling nigh,
Poured forth her mournful melody;

While the tender Wood-pigeon's cooing cry
Has made me say to myself, with a sigh,
'How nice you would eat with a steak in a pie!'
Ay, here it shall be!—far, far from the view
Of the noisy world and its maddening crew.
Simple and few,
Tender and true
The lines o'er his grave.—They have, some of them, too,
The advantage of being remarkably new.

EPITAPH

'Affliction sore
Long time he bore,
Physicians were in vain!—
Grown blind, alas! he'd
Some Prussic Acid,
And that put him out of his pain!'

NOTES

'"*Crusaders*," *or* "*Poets*," *or* "*Knights of St. John*,"
Or Knights of St. John's Wood, who once went on
To the Castle of Goode Lorde Eglintonne.'—P. 111.

AFTER repeated rehearsals, which took place every Tuesday and Saturday at St. John's Wood before the wondering eyes of admiring ladies, the celebrated Eglintoun Tournament was appointed to be held at the 'Goode Lord's' castle in Scotland, on Wednesday, 28th August 1839, and the three following days. The morning was unfortunately very wet, and the feudal appearance of the display was sadly marred by thousands of umbrellas. In consequence of the rain a considerable part of the ceremonial was omitted, and the Queen of Beauty and her ladies, instead of mounting their palfreys, were shut up within their carriages. It was 2 P.M., in the midst of a drenching shower, when the procession started for the lists, distant

about a quarter of a mile from the castle. Among the knights, happily not doomed to obscurity—as well as a ducking—*carent quia vate sacro*—will be recognised the Earl of Craven, Knight of the Griffin; Viscount Glenlyon, afterwards Duke of Athol, who came escorted to the ground by a body of his clansmen in Highland costume, and styled himself Knight of Gael; Mr. Campbell of Saddell, the Black Knight, the only chevalier unhorsed in the course of the tilting; Captain Fairlie, Knight of the Golden Lion; Mr. Lamb, Knight of the White Rose; Capt. Gage, Knight of the Ram; the Hon. Mr. Jerningham, Knight of the Swan; and the Marquis of Waterford, Knight of the Dragon. On the second day nothing could be done out of doors, but in the ball-room a series of mimic tilts—whether the champions fought on foot, or mounted upon the backs of their trusty squires, does not appear—took place between Prince Louis Napoleon and Mr. Lamb. On Friday the procession was repeated under more favourable circumstances; the sports concluding with a sort of *mêlée*, in which eight knights were engaged, and in the course of which the Knight of the Dragon not only 'did little to brag on,' but provoked the interference of the Knight Marshal by breaking the law limiting the number of strokes to be given, and by what may be called 'pitching into,' in something very like earnest, his adversary Lord Alford.

Theodore Hook's joke upon Sir Campbell of Saddell appears in the text, but what was perhaps his best pun on the occasion was given in a reply to the Duke of Beaufort, who was expressing his inability to be present. 'How,' asked the Duke, 'can I get my gouty legs into those iron boots?' 'Well, but your Grace can go in your list shoes.'

'—— *nor nearer the door,*
Where the man and the Angel have got Sir John Moore,
And are quietly letting him down through the floor.'—P. 114.

In the autumn of 1824, Captain Medwin having hinted that certain beautiful lines on the burial of this gallant officer might have been the production of Lord Byron's Muse, Mr. Sydney Taylor, somewhat indignantly, claimed them for their rightful owner, the late Rev. Charles Wolfe. During the controversy a third claimant started up in the person of a *soi-disant* 'Doctor Marshall,' who turned out to be a Durham blacksmith, and his pretensions a hoax. It was then that a certain 'Doctor Peppercorn' put forth *his* pretensions, to what he averred was the only 'true and original' version, in the following letter addressed—

'TO THE EDITOR OF THE "GLOBE AND TRAVELLER"

'MR. EDITOR, SIR,—Good heavens, Mr. Editor, grant me patience! Is this to be borne, and in a free country, too?—a country that boasts of its laws, its respect for literary property, its—— Oh, I shall go wild. It's mine, Mr. Editor, it's all mine; I wrote the ode, every line of it; I wrote it all (except from the end of the first stanza to the concluding couplet of the last, inclusive, which were furnished me by the suggestion of my valued friend, Mr. Jones, the greengrocer of Honey-lane Market), and I showed it to my other valued friend, Mr. Thompson, of No. 117 Crown-court, Little Britain, before Lord Byron, or Sir John Moore, or any of them were born; and he has got a copy to this day. Yes, sir, I repeat, "*Ille ego qui quondam*——" but no, I won't quote that now; that's the beginning of one of my little Latin effusions, which I showed a twelvemonth since to my friend Smith of Bucklersbury; and if I do, somebody, I suppose, will be claiming that. But, at once to silence all pretenders, I enclose you a real genuine copy, as it was originally written—not upon Sir John Moore; no, indeed, nor upon any such person, but upon a friend and relation of mine, one Dr. Ollapod, whose name I introduced in a play I composed some years ago, which, as well as many other trifles of mine, is a great favourite with the public. You will perceive, Mr. Editor, that some bungler has marred my verses to serve a purpose, and treated them as gipsies do stolen children,—disfigured them to make them pass for his own; an original remark of mine this, by the by, to one Sheridan, who has since been uncandid enough to make use of it without acknowledgment. Now read, Mr. Editor, and judge for yourself:—

'Not a *sou* had he got,—not a guinea or note,
And he looked confoundedly flurried,
As he bolted away without paying his shot,
And the landlady after him hurried.

'We saw him again at dead of night,
When home from the Club returning;
We twigged the Doctor beneath the light
Of the gas-lamp brilliantly burning.

'All bare, and exposed to the midnight dews,
Reclined in the gutter we found him;
And he looked like a gentleman taking a snooze,
With his *Marshall* cloak around him.

'"The Doctor's as drunk as the d—," we said,
And we managed a shutter to borrow;
We raised him, and sighed at the thought that his head
Would "consumedly ache" on the morrow.

'We bore him home, and we put him to bed,
And we told his wife and his daughter
To give him, next morning, a couple of red
Herrings, with soda-water.—

'Loudly they talked of his money that's gone,
And his lady began to upbraid him;
But little he recked so they let him snore on
'Neath the counterpane, just as we laid him.

'We tucked him in, and had hardly done,
When, beneath the window calling,
We heard the rough voice of a son of a gun
Of a watchman "One o'clock!" bawling.

'Slowly and sadly we all walked down,
From his room in the uppermost story;
A rushlight we placed on the cold hearth-stone,
And we left him alone in his glory!!

'I am, Sir,

'Yours, very truly,

'PETER PEPPERCORN, M.D.

'*North Street, Pentonville.*'

Hos ego versiculos feci, tulit alter honores.
VIRGIL.

I wrote the lines—[Smith] owned them—he told stories!
THOMAS INGOLDSBY.

This parody was attributed to Horace Smith, one of the authors of *Rejected Addresses*, who was said not to have contradicted the report; at all events the lines were claimed in his behalf by his brother James in the hearing of Mr. Barham. 'Well,' asked the latter, 'pray when did he write them?' A date was mentioned. 'Oh, then,' was the reply, 'I don't so much care, as I wrote them several days before. I was afraid from what you said he might have written them *first*.'

'*—Gillespie, the one who escaped, at Vellore,*
Alone from the row.'—P. 114.

In the year 1806 a serious mutiny, instigated by the princes of the Tippoo family, broke out among the Sepoys stationed at Vellore. The conspirators attacked the European portion of the garrison at night, massacred Colonel Fancourt the commandant, a dozen other officers, and about 100 British soldiers. Colonel Gillespie, commanding at Arcot, some sixteen miles distant, narrowly escaped sharing their fate. He had arranged to dine and sleep at the quarters of his old friend Colonel Fancourt, but was detained by business. On the following morning, as he had just mounted his horse, the news of the outbreak reached him. Putting himself at the head of a troop of the 19th Dragoons, he dashed off at speed, and arrived in time to relieve Sergeant Brodie, who, with a few of the 69th Regiment, had gallantly held, all through the night, a portion of the ramparts. Brodie recognised the Colonel at once, and turning to his drooping comrades exclaimed, 'If Colonel Gillespie be alive, here he is at the head of the 19th Dragoons, and God Almighty has sent him from the West Indies to save our lives in the East.' Gillespie, in the face of a furious fire, was hauled up the bastion by a chain formed of soldiers' belts, the gate was soon after blown in by the galloper-guns, and the dragoons, assisted by some native cavalry, made short work with the mutineers. Some three or four hundred were cut to pieces on the spot, while the rest fled in all directions. Gillespie, promoted to the rank of Major-General, fell afterwards before Kalunga in Nepaul. A monument was erected to his memory in St. Paul's Cathedral, but it is now almost hidden from view by the new organ. For an account of his murderous duel with young Barrington, see the Memoirs of the latter's brother, Sir Jonah.

MRS. BOTHERBY'S STORY

THE LEECH OF FOLKESTONE

READER, were you ever bewitched?—I do not mean by a 'white wench's black eye,' or by love-potions imbibed from a ruby lip;—but, were you ever really and *bonâ fide* bewitched, in the true Matthew Hopkins's [1] sense of the word? Did you ever, for instance, find yourself from head to heel one vast complication of cramps?—or burst out into sudorific exudation like a cold thaw, with the thermometer at zero?—Were your eyes ever turned upside down, exhibiting nothing but their whites?—Did you ever vomit a paper of crooked pins?—or expectorate Whitechapel needles?—These are genuine and undoubted marks of possession; and if you never experienced any of them,—why, 'happy man be his dole!'

Yet such things have been; yea, we are assured, and that on no mean authority, still are.

The World, according to the best geographers, is divided into Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and Romney Marsh. In this last-named, and fifth, quarter of the globe, a Witch may still be occasionally discovered in favourable, *i.e.* stormy, seasons, weathering Dungeness Point in an egg-shell, or careering on her broomstick over Dymchurch wall. A cow may yet be sometimes seen galloping like

[1] The 'Witchfinder,' see *Note*, *supra*, p. 49.

mad, with tail erect, and an old pair of breeches on her horns, an unerring guide to the door of the crone whose magic arts have drained her udder. I do not, however, remember to have heard that any Conjuror has of late been detected in the district.

Not many miles removed from the verge of this recondite region, stands a collection of houses, which its maligners call a fishing-town, and its well-wishers a Watering-place. A limb of one of the Cinque Ports, it has (or lately had) a corporation of its own, and has been thought considerable enough to give a second title to a noble family. Rome stood on seven hills; Folkestone seems to have been built upon seventy.[1] Its streets, lanes, and alleys,—fanciful distinctions without much real difference,—are agreeable enough to persons who do not mind running up and down stairs; and the only inconvenience at all felt by such of its inhabitants as are not asthmatic, is when some heedless urchin tumbles down a chimney, or an impertinent pedestrian peeps into a garret window.

At the eastern extremity of the town, on the sea-beach, and scarcely above high-water mark, stood, in the good old times, a row of houses then denominated 'Frog-hole.' Modern refinement subsequently euphonized the name into 'East-street'; but 'what's in a name?'—the encroachments of Ocean have long since levelled all in one common ruin.

Here, in the early part of the seventeenth century, flourished, in somewhat doubtful reputation but comparative opulence, a compounder of medicines, one Master Erasmus Buckthorne; the effluvia of whose drugs from within, mingling agreeably with the 'ancient and fish-like smells' from without, wafted a delicious perfume throughout the neighbourhood.

At seven of the clock, on the morning when Mrs.

[1] See *Notes* appended to the story.

Botherby's narrative commences, a stout Suffolk 'punch,' about thirteen hands and a half in height, was slowly led up and down before the door of the pharmacopolist by a lean and withered lad, whose appearance warranted an opinion, pretty generally expressed, that his master found him as useful in experimentalizing as in household drudgery; and that, for every pound avoirdupois of solid meat, he swallowed, at the least, two pounds troy-weight of chemicals and galenicals. As the town clock struck the quarter Master Buckthorne emerged from his laboratory, and, putting the key carefully into his pocket, mounted the sure-footed cob aforesaid, and proceeded up and down the acclivities and declivities of the town with the gravity due to his station and profession. When he reached the open country his pace was increased to a sedate canter, which, in somewhat more than half an hour, brought 'the horse and his rider' in front of a handsome and substantial mansion, the numerous gable-ends and bayed windows of which bespoke the owner a man of worship and one well to do in the world.

'How now, Hodge Gardener?' quoth the Leech, scarcely drawing bit; for Punch seemed to be aware that he had reached his destination and paused of his own accord; 'how now, man? How fares thine employer, worthy Master Marsh? How hath he done? How hath he slept?—My potion hath done its office? Ha!'

'Alack! ill at ease, worthy sir—ill at ease,' returned the hind; 'his honour is up and stirring; but he hath rested none, and complaineth that the same gnawing pain devoureth, as it were, his very vitals: in sooth he is ill at ease.'

'Morrow, doctor!' interrupted a voice from a casement opening on the lawn. 'Good morrow! I have looked for, longed for, thy coming this hour and more: enter at once; the pasty and tankard are impatient for thine attack!'

'Marry, Heaven forbid that I should baulk their fancy!' quoth the Leech *sotto voce*, as, abandoning the bridle to honest Hodge, he dismounted, and followed a buxom-looking handmaiden into the breakfast parlour.

There, at the head of his well-furnished board, sat Master Thomas Marsh, of Marston Hall, a Yeoman well respected in his degree: one of that sturdy and sterling class which, taking rank immediately below the Esquire (a title in its origin purely military), occupied, in the wealthier counties, the position in society now filled by the Country Gentleman. He was one of those of whom the proverb ran:

'A Knight of Cales,
A Gentleman of Wales,
And a Laird of the North Countree;
A Yeoman of Kent,
With his yearly rent,
Will buy them out all three!'

A cold sirloin, big enough to frighten a Frenchman, filled the place of honour, counter-checked by a game-pie of no stinted dimensions; while a silver flagon of 'humming-bub,'—*viz.* ale strong enough to blow a man's beaver off,—smiled opposite in treacherous amenity. The sideboard groaned beneath sundry massive cups and waiters of the purest silver; while the huge skull of a fallow deer, with its branching horns, frowned majestically above. All spoke of affluence, of comfort,—all save the master, whose restless eye and feverish look hinted but too plainly the severest mental or bodily disorder. By the side of the proprietor of the mansion sat his consort, a lady now past the bloom of youth, yet still retaining many of its charms. The clear olive of her complexion and 'the darkness of her Andalusian eye' at once betrayed her foreign origin; in fact, her 'lord and master,' as husbands were even then, by a legal fiction, denominated, had taken her to his bosom

in a foreign country. The cadet of his family, Master Thomas Marsh had early in life been engaged in commerce. In the pursuit of his vocation he had visited Antwerp, Hamburg, and most of the Hanse Towns; and had already formed a tender connexion with the orphan offspring of one of old Alva's officers, when the unexpected deaths of one immediate and two presumptive heirs placed him next in succession to the family acres. He married and brought home his bride; who, by the decease of the venerable possessor, heart-broken at the loss of his elder children, became eventually lady of Marston Hall. It has been said that she was beautiful, yet was her beauty of a character that operates on the fancy more than the affections; she was one to be admired rather than loved. The proud curl of her lip, the firmness of her tread, her arched brow and stately carriage, showed the decision, not to say haughtiness, of her soul; while her glances, whether lightening with anger or melting in extreme softness, betrayed the existence of passions as intense in kind as opposite in quality. She rose as Erasmus entered the parlour, and bestowing on him a look fraught with meaning quitted the room, leaving him in unrestrained communication with his patient.

'Fore George, Master Buckthorne!' exclaimed the latter, as the Leech drew near, 'I will no more of your pharmacy;—burn, burn,—gnaw, gnaw,—I had as lief the foul fiend were in my gizzard as one of your drugs. Tell me, in the devil's name, what is the matter with me!'

Thus conjured, the practitioner paused and even turned somewhat pale. There was a perceptible faltering in his voice, as, evading the question, he asked, 'What say your other physicians?'

'Doctor Phiz says it is wind,—Doctor Fuz says it is water,—and Doctor Buz says it is something between wind and water.'

'They are all of them wrong,' said Erasmus Buckthorne.

'Truly, I think so,' returned the patient. 'They are manifest asses; but you, good Leech, you are a horse of another colour. The world talks loudly of your learning, your skill, and cunning in arts the most abstruse; nay, sooth to say, some look coldly on you therefore, and stickle not to aver that you are cater-cousin with Beelzebub himself.'

'It is ever the fate of science,' murmured the professor, 'to be maligned by the ignorant and superstitious. But a truce with such folly;—let me examine your palate.'

Master Marsh thrust out a tongue long, clear, and red as beet-root. 'There is nothing wrong there,' said the Leech. 'Your wrist:—no;—the pulse is firm and regular, the skin cool and temperate. Sir, there is nothing the matter with you!'

'Nothing the matter with me, Sir 'Potecary? But I tell you there is the matter with me,—much the matter with me. Why is it that something seems ever gnawing at my heart-strings? Whence this pain in the region of the liver? Why is it that I sleep not o' nights,—rest not o' days? Why——'

'You are fidgety, Master Marsh,' said the doctor.

Master Marsh's brow grew dark; he half rose from his seat, supported himself by both hands on the arms of his elbow-chair, and in accents of mingled anger and astonishment repeated the word 'Fidgety!'

'Ay, fidgety,' returned the doctor calmly. 'Tut, man, there is nought ails thee save thine own overweening fancies. Take less of food, more air, put aside thy flagon, call for thy horse; be boot and saddle the word! Why,—hast thou not youth?'

'I have,' said the patient.

'Wealth and a fair domain?'

'Granted,' quoth Marsh cheerily.

'And a fair wife?'

'Yea,' was the response, but in a tone something less satisfied.

'Then arouse thee, man, shake off this fantasy, betake thyself to thy lawful occasions,—use thy good hap,—follow thy pleasures, and think no more of these fancied ailments.'

'But I tell you, master mine, these ailments are not fancied. I lose my rest, I loathe my food, my doublet sits loosely on me,—these racking pains. My wife, too! when I meet her gaze, the cold sweat stands on my forehead, and I could almost think——' Marsh paused abruptly, mused a while, then added, looking steadily at his visitor, 'These things are not right; they pass the common, Master Erasmus Buckthorne.'

A slight shade crossed the brow of the Leech, but its passage was momentary; his features softened to a smile, in which pity seemed slightly blended with contempt. 'Have done with such follies, Master Marsh. You are well, an you would but think so. Ride, I say, hunt, shoot, do anything,—disperse these melancholic humours and become yourself again.'

'Well, I will do your bidding,' said Marsh thoughtfully. 'It may be so; and yet,—but I will do your bidding. Master Cobbe of Brenzet writes me that he hath a score or two of fat ewes to be sold a pennyworth; I had thought to have sent Ralph Looker, but I will essay to go myself. Ho, there!—saddle me the brown mare, and bid Ralph be ready to attend me on the gelding.'

An expression of pain contracted the features of Master Marsh as he rose and slowly quitted the apartment to prepare for his journey; while the Leech, having bidden him farewell, vanished through an opposite door, and betook himself to the private boudoir of the fair

mistress of Marston, muttering as he went a quotation from a then newly published play—

> 'Not poppy, nor mandragora,
> Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
> Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
> Which thou own'dst yesterday.'

. . . . . .

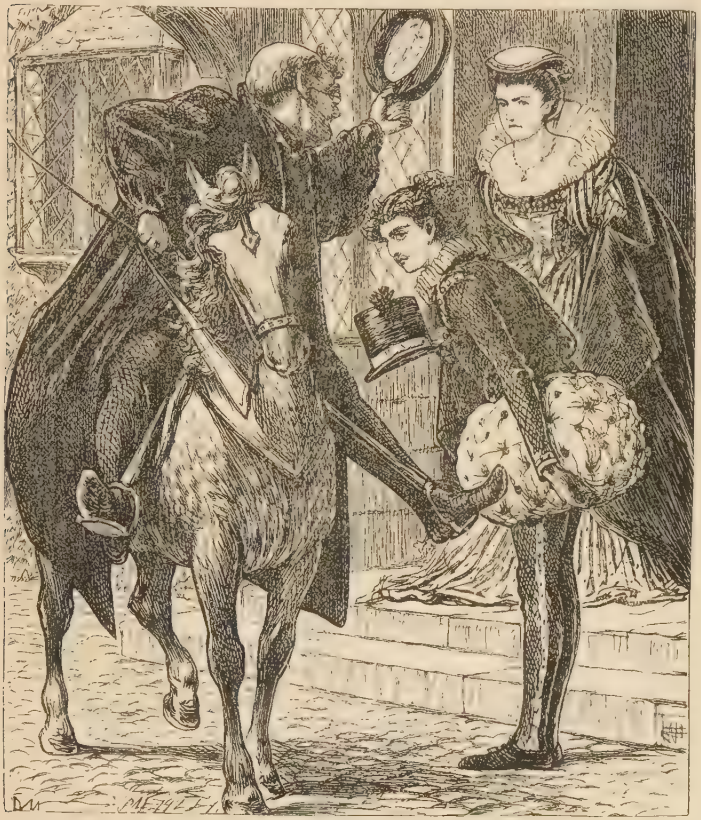
Of what passed at this interview between the Folkestone doctor and the fair Spaniard Mrs. Botherby declares she could never obtain any satisfactory elucidation. Not that tradition is silent on the subject, quite the contrary; it is the abundance, not paucity, of the materials she supplies, and the consequent embarrassment of selection, that makes the difficulty. Some have averred that the Leech, whose character, as has been before hinted, was more than threadbare, employed his time in teaching her the mode of administering certain noxious compounds, the unconscious partaker whereof would pine and die so slowly and gradually as to defy suspicion. Others there were who affirmed that Lucifer himself was then and there raised *in propriâ personâ*, with all his terrible attributes of horn and hoof. In support of this assertion, they adduce the testimony of the aforesaid buxom housemaid, who protested that the Hall smelt that evening like a manufactory of matches. All, however, seemed to agree that the confabulation, whether human or infernal, was conducted with profound secrecy and protracted to a considerable length; that its object, as far as could be divined, meant anything but good to the head of the family; that the lady, moreover, was heartily tired of her husband; and that, in the event of his removal by disease or casualty, Master Erasmus Buckthorne, albeit a great philosophist, would have no violent objection to 'throw physic to the dogs,' and exchange his laboratory for the estate of Marston, its live stock included. Some,

too, have inferred that to him did Madame Isabel 'seriously incline'; while others have thought, induced perhaps by subsequent events, that she was merely using him for her purposes; that one José, a tall, bright-eyed, hook-nosed stripling from her native land, was a personage not unlikely to put a spoke in the doctor's wheel; and that, should such a chance arise, the Sage, wise as he was, would after all run no slight risk of being 'bamboozled.'

Master José was a youth well-favoured and comely to look upon. His office was that of page to the dame; an office which, after long remaining in abeyance, has been of late years revived, as may well be seen in the persons of sundry smart hobbledehoys, now constantly to be met with on staircases and in boudoirs, clad, for the most part, in garments fitted tightly to the shape, the lower moiety adorned with a broad stripe of crimson or silver lace, and the upper with what the first Wit of our times has described as 'a favourable eruption of buttons.' The precise duties of this employment have never, as far as we have heard, been accurately defined. The perfuming a handkerchief, the combing a lap-dog, and the occasional presentation of a sippet-shaped *billet doux*, are, and always have been, among them; but these a young gentleman standing five foot ten, and aged nineteen 'last grass,' might well be supposed to have outgrown. José, however, kept his place, perhaps because he was not fit for any other. To the conference between his mistress and the physician he had not been admitted: his post was to keep watch and ward in the ante-room; and, when the interview was concluded, he attended the lady and her visitor as far as the courtyard, where he held, with all due respect, the stirrup for the latter, as he once more resumed his position on the back of Punch.

Who is it that says 'little pitchers have large ears'? Some deep metaphysician of the potteries,—who might

have added that they have also quick eyes, and sometimes silent tongues. There was a little metaphorical piece of crockery of this class, who, screened by a huge elbow-chair, had sat a quiet and unobserved spectator of the



whole proceedings between her mamma and Master Erasmus Buckthorne. This was Miss Marian Marsh, a rosy-cheeked, laughter-loving imp of some six years old; but one who could be mute as a mouse when the fit was on her. A handsome and highly polished cabinet of the darkest ebony occupied a recess at one end of the apartment; this had long been a great subject of specula-

tion to little Miss. Her curiosity, however, had always been repelled; nor had all her coaxing ever won her an inspection of the thousand and one pretty things which its recesses no doubt contained. On this occasion it was unlocked, and Marian was about to rush forward in eager anticipation of a peep at its interior, when, child as she was, the reflection struck her that she would stand a better chance of carrying her point by remaining *perdue*. Fortune for once favoured her: she crouched closer than before, and saw her mother take something from one of the drawers, which she handed over to the Leech. Strange mutterings followed and words whose sound was foreign to her youthful ears. Had she been older, their import, perhaps, might have been equally unknown.—After a while there was a pause; and then the lady, as in answer to a requisition from the gentleman, placed in his hand a something which she took from her toilet. The transaction, whatever its nature, seemed now to be complete, and the article was carefully replaced in the drawer from which it had been taken. A long and apparently interesting conversation then took place between the parties, carried on in a low tone. At its termination Mistress Marsh and Master Erasmus Buckthorne quitted the boudoir together. But the cabinet!—ay, that was left unfastened; the folding-doors still remained invitingly expanded, the bunch of keys dangling from the lock. In an instant the spoiled child was in a chair; the drawer so recently closed yielded at once to her hand, and her hurried researches were rewarded by the prettiest little waxen doll imaginable. It was a first-rate prize, and Miss lost no time in appropriating it to herself. Long before Madam Marsh had returned to her *sanctum*, Marian was seated under a laurestinus in the garden, nursing her new baby with the most affectionate solicitude.

. . . . . .

'Susan, look here; see what a nasty scratch I have got on my hand,' said the young lady, when routed out at length from her hiding-place to her noontide meal.

'Yes, Miss, this is always the way with you! mend, mend, mend,—nothing but mend! Scrambling about among the bushes, and tearing your clothes to rags. What with you, and with Madam's farthingales and kirtles, a poor bower-maiden has a fine time of it!'

'But I have not torn my clothes, Susan, and it was not the bushes; it was the doll: only see what a great ugly pin I have pulled out of it! and look, here is another!' As she spoke, Marian drew forth one of those extended pieces of black pointed wire, with which, in the days of toupets and pompons, our foremothers were wont to secure their fly-caps and head-gear from the impertinent assaults of 'Zephyrus and the Little Breezes.'

'And pray, Miss, where did you get this pretty doll, as you call it?' asked Susan, turning over the puppet and viewing it with a scrutinizing eye.

'Mamma gave it me,' said the child.—This was a fib!

'Indeed!' quoth the girl thoughtfully; and then, in half soliloquy and a lower key, 'Well! I wish I may die if it doesn't look like master!—But come to your dinner, Miss! Hark! the *bell is striking One!*'

Meanwhile Master Thomas Marsh and his man Ralph were threading the devious paths—then, as now, most pseudonymously dignified with the name of roads—that wound between Marston Hall and the frontier of Romney Marsh. Their progress was comparatively slow; for, though the brown mare was as good a roadster as a man might back and the gelding no mean nag of his hands, yet the tracks, rarely traversed save by the rude wains of the day, miry in the 'bottoms,' and covered with loose and rolling stones on the higher grounds, rendered barely passable the perpetual alternation of hill and valley.

The master rode on in pain, and the man in listlessness. Although the intercourse between two individuals so situated was much less restrained in those days than might suit the refinement of a later age, little passed approximating to conversation beyond an occasional and half-stifled groan from the one, or a vacant whistle from the other. An hour's riding had brought them among the woods of Acryse; and they were about to descend one of those green and leafy lanes, rendered by matted and over-arching branches impervious alike to shower or sunbeam, when a sudden and violent spasm seized on Master Marsh and nearly caused him to fall from his horse. With some difficulty he succeeded in dismounting and seating himself by the road-side. Here he remained for a full half-hour in great apparent agony; the cold sweat rolled in large round drops adown his clammy forehead, a universal shivering palsied every limb, his eyeballs appeared to be starting from their sockets, and to his attached, though dull and heavy serving-man, he seemed as one struggling in the pangs of impending dissolution. His groans rose thick and frequent; and the alarmed Ralph was hesitating between his disinclination to leave him and his desire to procure such assistance as one of the few cottages, sparsely sprinkled in that wild country, might afford, when, after a long-drawn sigh, his master's features as suddenly relaxed; he declared himself better, the pang had passed away and, to use his own expression, he 'felt as if a knife had been drawn from out his very heart.' With Ralph's assistance, after a while he again reached his saddle; and though still ill at ease, from a deep-seated and gnawing pain which ceased not, as he averred, to torment him, the violence of the paroxysm was spent and it returned no more.

Master and man pursued their way with increased speed, as, emerging from the wooded defiles, they at length neared the coast: then, leaving the romantic castle of Salt-

wood, with its neighbouring town of Hithe, a little on their left, they proceeded along the ancient paved causeway, and, crossing the old Roman road, or Watling, plunged again into the woods that stretched between Lympne and Ostenhanger.

The sun rode high in the heavens and its meridian blaze was powerfully felt by man and horse, when, again quitting their leafy covert, the travellers debouched on the open plain of Aldington Frith,[1] a wide tract of unenclosed country stretching down to the very borders of 'the Marsh' itself.

Here it was, in the neighbouring chapelry, the site of which may yet be traced by the curious antiquary, that Elizabeth Barton, the 'Holy Maid of Kent,' had, something less than a hundred years previous to the period of our narrative, commenced that series of supernatural pranks which eventually procured for her head an unenvied elevation upon London Bridge; and, though the parish had since enjoyed the benefit of the incumbency of Master Erasmus's illustrious and enlightened namesake, still, truth to tell, some of the old leaven was even yet supposed to be at work. The place had, in fact, an ill name; and, though Popish miracles had ceased to electrify its denizens, spells and charms, operating by a no less wondrous agency, were said to have taken their place. Warlocks, and other unholy subjects of Satan, were reported to make its wild recesses their favourite rendezvous, and that to an extent which eventually attracted the notice of no less a personage than the sagacious Matthew Hopkins himself, Witchfinder-General to the British Government.

A great portion of the Frith, or Fright, as the name was then, and is still, pronounced, had formerly been a Chase, with rights of free-warren, *etc.*, appertaining to the

[1] See *Notes* appended to the story.

Archbishops of the province. Since the Reformation, however, it had been disparked ; and, when Master Thomas Marsh and his man Ralph entered upon its confines, the open greensward exhibited a lively scene, sufficiently explanatory of certain sounds that had already reached their ears while yet within the sylvan screen which concealed their origin.

It was Fair-day : booths, stalls, and all the rude *paraphernalia* of an assembly, that then met as much for the purposes of traffic as festivity, were scattered irregularly over the turf. Pedlars with their packs, horse-croupers, pig-merchants, itinerant vendors of crockery and cutlery, wandered promiscuously among the mingled groups, exposing their several wares and commodities and soliciting custom. On one side was the gaudy riband, making its mute appeal to rustic gallantry ; on the other the delicious brandy-ball and alluring lollipop, compounded after the most approved receipt in the 'True Gentlewoman's Garland,' and 'raising the waters' in the mouth of many an expectant urchin.

Nor were rural sports wanting to those whom pleasure rather than business had drawn from their humble homes. Here was the tall and slippery pole, glittering in its grease and crowned with the ample cheese, that mocked the hopes of the discomfited climber. There the fugitive pippin, swimming in water not of the purest and bobbing from the expanded lips of the juvenile Tantalus. In this quarter the ear was pierced by squeaks from some beleaguered porker, whisking his well-soaped tail from the grasp of one already in fancy his captor. In that, the eye rested, with undisguised delight, upon the grimaces of grinning candidates for the honours of the horse-collar. All was fun, frolic, courtship, junketing, and jollity.

Maid Marian, indeed, with her lieges, Robin Hood, Scarlet, and Little John, was wanting ; Friar Tuck was

absent; even the Hobby-horse had disappeared: but the agile Morris-dancers yet were there, and jingled their bells merrily among stalls well stored with gingerbread, tops, whips, whistles, and all those noisy instruments of domestic torture in which scenes like these are even now so fertile. —Had I a foe whom I held at deadliest feud, I would entice his favourite child to a Fair and buy him a whistle and a penny-trumpet.

In one corner of the green, a little apart from the thickest of the throng, stood a small square stage, nearly level with the chins of the spectators, whose repeated bursts of laughter seemed to intimate the presence of something more than usually amusing. The platform was divided into two unequal portions; the smaller of which, surrounded by curtains of a coarse canvas, veiled from the eyes of the profane the *penetralia* of this movable temple of Esculapius,—for such it was. Within its interior, and secure from vulgar curiosity, the Quack-salver had hitherto kept himself ensconced; occupied, no doubt, in the preparation and arrangement of that wonderful *panacea* which was hereafter to shed the blessings of health among the admiring crowd. Meanwhile his attendant Jack-pudding was busily employed on the *proscenium*, doing his best to attract attention by a practical facetiousness which took wonderfully with the spectators, interspersing it with the melodious notes of a huge cow's horn. The fellow's costume varied but little in character from that in which the late (alas! that we should have to write the word—late!) Mr. Joseph Grimaldi was accustomed to present himself before 'a generous and enlightened public': the principal difference consisted in this, that the upper garment was a long white tunic of a coarse linen, surmounted by a caricature of the ruff then fast falling into disuse, and was secured from the throat downwards by a single row of broad white metal buttons, and his legs were

cased in loose white trousers of the same material; while his sleeves, prolonged to a most disproportionate extent, descended far below the fingers, and acted as flappers in the somersets and caracoles with which he diversified and enlivened his antics. Consummate impudence, not altogether unmixed with a certain sly humour, sparkled in his eye through the chalk and ochre with which his features were plentifully bedaubed; and especially displayed itself in a succession of jokes, the coarseness of which did not seem to detract from their merit in the eyes of his applauding audience.

He was in the midst of a long and animated harangue explanatory of his master's high pretensions; he had informed his gaping auditors that the latter was the seventh son of a seventh son, and of course, as they very well knew, an Unborn Doctor; that to this happy accident of birth he added the advantage of most extensive travel; that in his search after science he had not only perambulated the whole of this world, but had trespassed on the boundaries of the next; that the depths of the Ocean and the bowels of the Earth were alike familiar to him; that besides salves and cataplasms of sovereign virtue, by combining sundry mosses, gathered many thousand fathoms below the surface of the sea, with certain unknown drugs found in an undiscovered island, and boiling the whole in the lava of Vesuvius, he had succeeded in producing his celebrated balsam of Crackapanoko, the never-failing remedy for all human disorders, and which, a proper trial allowed, would go near to reanimate the dead. 'Draw near!' continued the worthy, 'draw near, my masters! and you, my good mistresses, draw near, every one of you. Fear not high and haughty carriage: though greater than King or Kaiser, yet is the mighty Aldrovando milder than mother's milk; flint to the proud, to the humble he is as melting wax: he

asks not your disorders, he sees them himself at a glance—nay, without a glance ; he tells your ailments with his eyes shut!—Draw near! draw near! the more incurable the better! List to the illustrious Doctor Aldrovando, first physician to Prester John, Leech to the Grand Llama, and Hakim in Ordinary to Mustapha Muley Bey!'

'Hath your master ever a charm for the toothache, an't please you?' asked an elderly countryman, whose swollen cheek bespoke his interest in the question.

'A charm!—a thousand, and every one of them infallible. Toothache, quotha! I had hoped you had come with every bone in your body fractured or out of joint. A toothache!—propound a tester,[1] master o' mine—we ask not more for such trifles: do my bidding, and thy jaws, even with the word, shall cease to trouble thee!'

The clown, fumbling a while in a deep leathern purse, at length produced a sixpence, which he tendered to the jester. 'Now to thy master, and bring me the charm forthwith.'

'Nay, honest man ; to disturb the mighty Aldrovando on such slight occasion were pity of my life: areed my counsel aright, and I will warrant thee for the nonce. Hie thee home, friend ; infuse this powder in cold spring-water, fill thy mouth with the mixture, and sit upon thy fire till it boils!'

'Out on thee for a pestilent knave!' cried the cozened countryman ; but the roar of merriment around bespoke the bystanders well pleased with the jape put upon him. He retired, venting his spleen in audible murmurs ; and the mountebank, finding the feelings of the mob enlisted on his side, waxed more impudent every instant, filling up the intervals between his fooleries with

[1] A silver coin of the time of Henry VIII., borrowed from France; of value from about 18d. originally to about 6d. later.

sundry capers and contortions, and discordant notes from the cow's horn.

'Draw near, draw near, my masters! Here have ye a remedy for every evil under the sun, moral, physical, natural and supernatural! Hath any man a termagant wife?—here is that will tame her presently! Hath any one a smoky chimney?—here is an incontinent cure!'

To the first infliction no man ventured to plead guilty, though there were those standing by who thought their neighbours might have profited withal. For the last-named receipt started forth at least a dozen candidates. With the greatest gravity imaginable, Pierrot, having pocketed their groats, delivered to each a small packet curiously folded and closely sealed, containing, as he averred, directions which, if truly observed, would preclude any chimney from smoking for a whole year. They whose curiosity led them to dive into the mystery found that a sprig of mountain ash culled by moonlight was the charm recommended, coupled, however, with the proviso that no fire should be lighted on the hearth during its exercise.

The frequent bursts of merriment proceeding from this quarter at length attracted the attention of Master Marsh, whose line of road necessarily brought him near this end of the fair; he drew bit in front of the stage just as its noisy occupant, having laid aside his formidable horn, was drawing still more largely on the amazement of 'the public' by a feat of especial wonder,—he was eating fire! Curiosity mingled with astonishment was at its height, and feelings not unallied to alarm were beginning to manifest themselves, among the softer sex especially, as they gazed on the flames that issued from the mouth of the living volcano. All eyes indeed were fixed upon the fire-eater with an intentness that left no room for observing another worthy who had now emerged upon the scene. This was, how-

ever, no less a personage than the *Deus ex machinâ*,—the illustrious Aldrovando himself.

Short in stature and spare in form, the sage had somewhat increased the former by a steeple-crowned hat adorned with a cock's feather; while the thick shoulder-padding of a quilted doublet, surmounted by a falling band, added a little to his personal importance in point of breadth. His habit was composed throughout of black serge, relieved with scarlet slashes in the sleeves and trunks; red was the feather in his hat, red were the roses in his shoes, which rejoiced moreover in a pair of red heels. The lining of a short cloak of faded velvet, that hung transversely over his left shoulder, was also red. Indeed, 'from all that we could ever see or hear,' this agreeable alternation of red and black appears to be the mixture of colours most approved at the court of Beelzebub, and the one most generally adopted by his friends and favourites. His features were sharp and shrewd, and a fire sparkled in his keen grey eye, much at variance with the wrinkles that ran their irregular furrows above his prominent and bushy brows. He had advanced slowly from behind his screen while the attention of the multitude was absorbed by the pyrotechnics of Mr. Merryman, and, stationing himself at the extreme corner of the stage, stood quietly leaning on a crutch-handle walking-staff of blackest ebony, his glance steadily fixed on the face of Marsh, from whose countenance the amusement he had insensibly begun to derive had not succeeded in removing all traces of bodily pain.

For a while the latter was unobservant of the inquisitorial survey with which he was regarded; the eyes of the parties, however, at length met. The brown mare had a fine shoulder; she stood pretty nearly sixteen hands. Marsh himself, though slightly bowed by ill-health and the 'coming autumn' of life, was full six feet in height. His

elevation giving him an unobstructed view over the heads of the pedestrians, he had naturally fallen into the rear of the assembly, which brought him close to the diminutive Doctor, with whose face, despite the red heels, his own was about upon a level.

'And what makes Master Marsh here?—what sees he in the mummeries of a miserable buffoon to divert him when his life is in jeopardy?' said a shrill cracked voice that sounded as in his very ear. It was the Doctor who spoke.

'Knowest thou me, friend?' said Marsh, scanning with awakened interest the figure of his questioner: 'I call thee not to mind; and yet—stay, where have we met?'

'It skills not[1] to declare,' was the answer; 'suffice it we *have* met,—in other climes perchance,—and now meet happily again—happily at least for thee.'

'Why, truly the trick of thy countenance reminds me of somewhat I have seen before; where or when I know not: but what wouldst thou with me?'

'Nay, rather what wouldst thou here, Thomas Marsh? What wouldst thou on the Frith of Aldington?—Is it a score or two of paltry sheep? or is it something *nearer to thy heart?*'

Marsh started as the last words were pronounced with more than common significance: a pang shot through him at the moment, and the vinegar aspect of the charlatan seemed to relax into a smile half compassionate, half sardonic.

'Grammercy,' quoth Marsh, after a long-drawn breath, 'what knowest thou of me, fellow, or of my concerns? What knowest thou——'

'This know I, Master Thomas Marsh,' said the stranger gravely, 'that thy life is even now perilled; evil practices are against thee; but no matter, thou art quit for the

[1] An obsolete expression for *it boots not*, or *it serves not*.

nonce—other hands than mine have saved thee! Thy pains are over. Hark! *the clock strikes One!*' As he spoke, a single toll from the bell-tower of Bilsington came, wafted by the western breeze, over the thick-set and lofty oaks which intervened between the Frith and what had been once a priory. Doctor Aldrovando turned as the sound came floating on the wind, and was moving as if half in anger towards the other side of the stage, where the mountebank, his fires extinct, was now disgorging to the admiring crowd yard after yard of gaudy-coloured riband.

'Stay! Nay, prithee stay!' cried Marsh eagerly, 'I was wrong; in faith I was. A change, and that a sudden and most marvellous, hath indeed come over me; I am free; I breathe again; I feel as though a load of years had been removed; and—is it possible?—hast thou done this?'

'Thomas Marsh!' said the Doctor, pausing and turning for the moment on his heel, 'I have *not:* I repeat, that other and more innocent hands than mine have done this deed. Nevertheless heed my counsel well! Thou art parlously encompassed; I, and I only, have the means of relieving thee. Follow thy courses; pursue thy journey; but, as thou valuest life and more than life, be at the foot of yonder woody knoll what time the rising moon throws her first beam upon the bare and blighted summit that towers above its trees.'

He crossed abruptly to the opposite quarter of the scaffolding, and was in an instant deeply engaged in listening to those whom the cow's horn had attracted, and in prescribing for their real or fancied ailments. Vain were all Marsh's efforts again to attract his notice; it was evident that he studiously avoided him; and when, after an hour or more spent in useless endeavour, he saw the object of his anxiety seclude himself once more within his canvas screen, he rode slowly and thoughtfully off the field.

What should he do? Was the man a mere quack? an impostor?—His name thus obtained?—that might be easily done. But then, his secret griefs: the Doctor's knowledge of them; their cure; for he felt that his pains were gone, his healthful feelings restored!

True, Aldrovando, if that were his name, had disclaimed all co-operation in his recovery: but he knew, or he at least announced it. Nay, more: he had hinted that he was yet in jeopardy; that practices—and the chord sounded strangely in unison with one that had before vibrated within him—that practices were in operation against his life! It was enough! He would keep tryst with the Conjuror, if conjuror he were; and at least ascertain who and what he was, and how he had become acquainted with his own person and secret afflictions.

When the late Mr. Pitt was determined to keep out Bonaparte and prevent his gaining a settlement in the county of Kent, among other ingenious devices adopted for that purpose, he caused to be constructed what was then, and has ever since been, conventionally termed a 'Military Canal.' This is a not very practicable ditch, some thirty feet wide and nearly nine feet deep—in the middle,—extending from the town and port of Hithe to within a mile of the town and port of Rye, a distance of about twenty miles, and forming, as it were, the cord of a bow, the arc of which constitutes that remote fifth quarter of the globe spoken of by travellers. Trivial objections to the plan were made at the time by cavillers; and an old gentleman of the neighbourhood, who proposed as a cheap substitute to put up his own cocked-hat upon a pole, was deservedly pooh-poohed down; in fact, the job, though rather an expensive one, was found to answer remarkably well. The French managed indeed to scramble over the Rhine, and the Rhone, and other insignificant currents; but they never did, nor could, pass Mr. Pitt's

'Military Canal.' At no great distance from the centre of this cord rises abruptly a sort of woody promontory, in shape almost conical; its sides covered with thick underwood, above which is seen a bare and brown summit rising like an Alp in miniature. The 'defence of the nation' not being then in existence, Master Marsh met with no obstruction in reaching this place of appointment long before the time prescribed.

So much indeed was his mind occupied by his adventure and extraordinary cure that his original design had been abandoned, and Master Cobbe remained unvisited. A rude hostel in the neighbourhood furnished entertainment for man and horse; and here, a full hour before the rising of the moon, he left Ralph and the other beasts, proceeding to his rendezvous on foot and alone.

'You are punctual, Master Marsh,' squeaked the shrill voice of the Doctor, issuing from the thicket as the first silvery gleam trembled on the aspens above. ''Tis well: now follow me and in silence.'

The first part of the command Marsh hesitated not to obey; the second was more difficult of observance.

'Who and what are you? Whither are you leading me?' burst not unnaturally from his lips; but all question was at once cut short by the peremptory tones of his guide.

'Hush! I say; your finger on your lip, there be hawks abroad: follow me, and that silently and quickly.' The little man turned as he spoke, and led the way through a scarcely perceptible path or track which wound among the underwood. The lapse of a few minutes brought them to the door of a low building, so hidden by the surrounding trees that few would have suspected its existence. It was a cottage of rather extraordinary dimensions, but consisting of only one floor. No smoke rose from its solitary chimney; no cheering ray streamed from its single window, which was, however, secured by

a shutter of such thickness as to preclude the possibility of any stray beam issuing from within. The exact size of the building it was, in that uncertain light, difficult to distinguish, a portion of it seeming buried in the wood

behind. The door gave way on the application of a key, and Marsh followed his conductor resolutely, but cautiously, along a narrow passage feebly lighted by a small taper that winked and twinkled at its farther extremity. The Doctor, as he approached, raised it from the ground, and, opening an adjoining door, ushered his guest into the room beyond.

It was a large and oddly furnished apartment, insufficiently lighted by an iron lamp that hung from the roof and scarcely illumined the walls and angles, which seemed to be composed of some dark-coloured wood. On one side, however, Master Marsh could discover an article bearing strong resemblance to a coffin ; on the other was a large oval mirror in an ebony frame, and in the midst of the floor was described, in red chalk, a double circle, about six feet in diameter, its inner verge inscribed with sundry hieroglyphics, agreeably relieved at intervals with an alternation of skulls and cross-bones. In the very centre was deposited one skull of such surpassing size and thickness as would have filled the soul of a Spurzheim or De Ville with wonderment. A large book, a naked sword, an hour-glass, a chafing dish, and a black cat, completed the list of movables ; with the exception of a couple of tapers which stood on each side of the mirror, and which the strange gentleman now proceeded to light from the one in his hand. As they flared up with what Marsh thought a most unnatural brilliancy, he perceived, reflected in the glass behind, a dial suspended over the coffin-like article already mentioned : the hand was fast verging towards the hour of nine. The eyes of the little Doctor seemed riveted on the horologe.

'Now strip thee, Master Marsh, and that quickly : untruss, I say ! discard thy boots, doff doublet and hose, and place thyself incontinent in yonder bath.'

The visitor cast his eyes again upon the formidable-looking article, and perceived that it was nearly filled with water. A cold bath, at such an hour and under such auspices, was anything but inviting : he hesitated, and turned his eyes alternately on the Doctor and the Black Cat.

'Trifle not the time, man, an you be wise,' said the former : 'Passion of my heart ! let but yon minute-hand

reach the hour, and thou not immersed, thy life were not worth a pin's fee!'

The Black Cat gave vent to a single Mew,—a most unnatural sound for a mouser,—it seemed as it were mewed through a cow's horn.

'Quick, Master Marsh! uncase, or you perish!' repeated his strange host, throwing as he spoke a handful of some dingy-looking powders into the brasier. 'Behold the attack is begun!' A thick cloud rose from the embers; a cold shivering shook the astonished yeoman; sharp pricking pains penetrated his ankles and the palms of his hands, and, as the smoke cleared away, he distinctly saw and recognised in the mirror the boudoir of Marston Hall.

The doors of the well-known ebony cabinet were closed; but fixed against them, and standing out in strong relief from the contrast afforded by the sable background, was a waxen image—of himself! It appeared to be secured, and sustained in an upright posture, by large black pins driven through the feet and palms, the latter of which were extended in a cruciform position. To the right and left stood his wife and José; in the middle, with his back towards him, was a figure which he had no difficulty in recognising as that of the Leech of Folkestone. The latter had just succeeded in fastening the dexter hand of the image, and was now in the act of drawing a broad and keen-edged sabre from its sheath. The Black Cat mewed again. 'Haste or you die!' said the Doctor:—Marsh looked at the dial; it wanted but four minutes of nine: he felt that the crisis of his fate was come. Off went his heavy boots; doublet to the right, galligaskins to the left; never was man more swiftly disrobed: in two minutes, to use an Indian expression, 'he was all face!' in another he was on his back and up to his chin in a bath which smelt strongly as of brimstone and garlic.

'Heed well the clock!' cried the Conjuror: 'with the

first stroke of Nine plunge thy head beneath the water; suffer not a hair above the surface; plunge deeply, or thou art lost!'

The little man had seated himself in the centre of the circle upon the large skull, elevating his legs at an angle of forty-five degrees. In this position he spun round with a velocity to be equalled only by that of a tee-totum, the red roses on his insteps seeming to describe a circle of fire. The best buckskins that ever mounted at Melton had soon yielded to such rotatory friction—but he spun on—the Cat mewed, bats and obscene birds fluttered overhead; Erasmus was seen to raise his weapon; the clock struck!—and Marsh, who had 'ducked' at the instant, popped up his head again, spitting and sputtering, half-choked with the infernal solution, which had insinuated itself into his mouth, and ears, and nose. All disgust at his nauseous dip was, however, at once removed, when, casting his eyes on the glass, he saw the consternation of the party whose persons it exhibited. Erasmus had evidently made his blow and failed; the figure was unmutilated; the hilt remained in the hand of the striker, while the shivered blade lay in shining fragments on the floor.

The Conjuror ceased his spinning and brought himself to an anchor; the Black Cat purred,—its purring seemed strangely mixed with the self-satisfied chuckle of a human being.—Where had Marsh heard something like it before?

He was rising from his unsavoury couch when a motion from the little man checked him. 'Rest where you are, Thomas Marsh; so far all goes well, but the danger is not yet over!' He looked again, and perceived that the shadowy triumvirate were in deep and eager consultation; the fragments of the shattered weapon appeared to undergo a close scrutiny. The result was clearly unsatisfactory; the lips of the parties moved rapidly, and much gesticulation might be observed, but no sound fell upon the ear.

The hand of the dial had nearly reached the quarter: at once the parties separated, and Buckthorne stood again before the figure, his hand armed with a long and sharp-pointed *miséricorde*,—a dagger little in use of late, but such as, a century before, often performed the part of a modern oyster-knife, in tickling the osteology of a dismounted cavalier through the shelly defences of his plate armour. Again he raised his arm. 'Duck!' roared the Doctor, spinning away upon his cephalic pivot:—the Black Cat cocked his tail, and seemed to mew the word 'Duck!' Down went Master Marsh's head.—One of his hands had unluckily been resting on the edge of the bath; he drew it hastily in, but not altogether scathless; the stump of a rusty nail, projecting from the margin of the bath, had caught and slightly grazed it. The pain was more acute than is usually produced by such trivial accidents; and Marsh, on once more raising his head, beheld the dagger of the Leech sticking in the little finger of the wax figure, which it had seemingly nailed to the cabinet door.

'By my life, truly, a scape o' the narrowest!' quoth the Conjuror: 'the next course, dive you not the readier, there is no more life in you than in a pickled herring.—What! courage, Master Marsh; but be heedful; an they miss again let them bide the issue!'

He drew his hand athwart his brow as he spoke, and dashed off the perspiration which the violence of his exercise had drawn from every pore. Black Tom sprang upon the edge of the bath and stared full in the face of the bather: his sea-green eyes were lambent with unholy fire, but their marvellous obliquity of vision was not to be mistaken; the very countenance, too!—Could it be?—the features were feline, but their expression was that of the Jack Pudding! Was the Mountebank a Cat?—or the Cat a Mountebank?—It was all a mystery; and Heaven knows how long Marsh might have continued staring at

Grimalkin, had not his attention been again called by Aldrovando to the magic mirror.

Great dissatisfaction, not to say dismay, seemed now to pervade the conspirators. Dame Isabel was closely inspecting the figure's wounded hand, while José was aiding the pharmacopolist to charge a huge petronel with powder and bullets. The load was a heavy one; but Erasmus seemed determined this time to make sure of his object. Somewhat of trepidation might be observed in his manner as he rammed down the balls, and his withered cheek appeared to have acquired an increase of paleness; but amazement rather than fear was the prevailing symptom, and his countenance betrayed no jot of irresolution. As the clock was about to chime half-past nine, he planted himself with a firm foot in front of the image, waved his unoccupied hand with a cautionary gesture to his companions, and, as they hastily retired on either side, brought the muzzle of his weapon within half a foot of his mark. As the shadowy form was about to draw the trigger, Marsh again plunged his head beneath the surface; and the sound of an explosion, as of fire-arms, mingled with the rush of water that poured into his ears. His immersion was but momentary, yet did he feel as though half suffocated: he sprang from the bath, and, as his eye fell on the mirror, he saw—or thought he saw—the Leech of Folkestone lying dead on the floor of his wife's boudoir, his head shattered to pieces, and his hand still grasping the stock of a bursten petronel.

He saw no more; his head swam, his senses reeled, the whole room was turning round; and, as he fell to the ground, the last impressions to which he was conscious were the chucklings of a hoarse laughter and the mewings of a Tom Cat!

Master Marsh was found the next morning by his bewildered serving-man, stretched before the door of the

humble hostel at which he sojourned. His clothes were somewhat torn and much bemired : and deeply did honest Ralph marvel that one so staid and grave as Master Marsh of Marston should thus have played the roisterer, missing, perchance, a profitable bargain for the drunken orgies of midnight wassail, or the endearments of some rustic light-o'-love. Tenfold was his astonishment increased when, after retracing in silence their journey of the preceding day, the Hall, on their arrival about noon, was found in a state of uttermost confusion.—No wife stood there to greet with the smile of bland affection her returning spouse ; no page to hold his stirrup or receive his gloves, his hat and riding-rod.—The doors were open, the rooms in most admired disorder ; men and maidens peeping, hurrying hither and thither, and popping in and out, like rabbits in a warren.—The lady of the mansion was nowhere to be found.

José, too, had disappeared : he had been last seen riding furiously towards Folkestone early in the preceding afternoon : to a question from Hodge Gardener he had hastily answered that he bore a missive of moment from his mistress. The lean apprentice of Erasmus Buckthorne declared that the page had summoned his master, in haste, about six of the clock, and that they had rode forth together, as he verily believed on their way back to the Hall, where he had supposed Master Buckthorne's services to be suddenly required on some pressing emergency. Since that time he had seen nought of either of them : the grey cob, however, had returned late at night, masterless, with his girths loose and the saddle turned upside down.

Nor was Master Erasmus Buckthorne ever seen again. Strict search was made through the neighbourhood, but without success ; and it was at length presumed that he must, for reasons which nobody could divine, have

absconded, together with José and his faithless mistress. The latter had carried off with her the strong box, divers articles of valuable plate and jewels of price. Her boudoir appeared to have been completely ransacked ; the cabinet and drawers stood open and empty ; the very carpet, a luxury then newly introduced into England, was gone. Marsh, however, could trace no vestige of the visionary scene which he affirmed to have been last night presented to his eyes.

Much did the neighbours marvel at his story :—some thought him mad ; others, that he was merely indulging in that privilege to which, as a traveller, he had a right indefeasible. Trusty Ralph said nothing but shrugged his shoulders, and, falling into the rear, imitated the action of raising a wine-cup to his lips. An opinion, indeed, soon prevailed that Master Thomas Marsh had gotten, in common parlance, exceedingly drunk on the preceding evening, and had dreamt all that he so circumstantially related. This belief acquired additional credit when they whom curiosity induced to visit the woody knoll of Aldington Mount declared that they could find no building such as that described, nor any cottage near ; save one, indeed —a low-roofed hovel, once a house of public entertainment, but now half in ruins. The 'Old Cat and Fiddle' —so was the tenement called—had been long uninhabited, yet still exhibited the remains of a broken sign, on which the keen observer might decipher something like a rude portrait of the animal from which it derived its name. It was also supposed still to afford an occasional asylum to the smugglers of the coast, but no trace of any visit from sage or mountebank could be detected ; nor was the wise Aldrovando, whom many remembered to have seen at the fair, ever found again on all that country-side.

Of the runaways nothing was ever certainly known. A boat, the property of an old fisherman who plied his

trade on the outskirts of the town, had been seen to quit the bay that night; and there were those who declared that she had more hands on board than Carden and his son, her usual complement; but, as the gale came on, and the frail bark was eventually found keel upwards on the Goodwin Sands, it was presumed that she had struck on that fatal quicksand in the dark, and that all on board had perished.

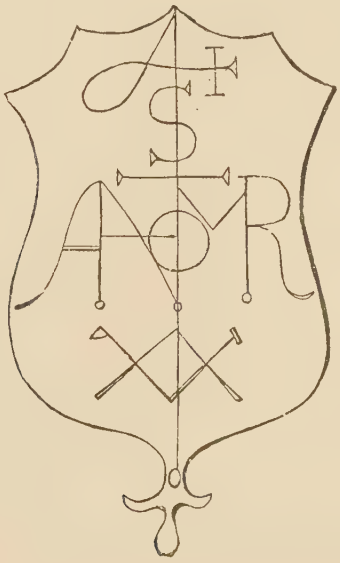
Little Marian, whom her profligate mother had abandoned, grew up to be a fine girl and a handsome. She became, moreover, heiress to Marston Hall, and brought the estate into the Ingoldsby family by her marriage with one of its scions.

Thus far Mrs. Botherby.

It is a little singular that, on pulling down the old Hall in my grandfather's time, a human skeleton was discovered among the rubbish; under what particular part of the building I could never with any accuracy ascertain; but it was found enveloped in a tattered cloth, that seemed to have been once a carpet, and which fell to pieces almost immediately on being exposed to the air. The bones were perfect but those of one hand were wanting; and the skull, perhaps from the labourer's pick-axe, had received considerable injury: the worm-eaten stock of an old-fashioned pistol lay near, together with a rusty piece of iron which a workman, more sagacious than his fellows, pronounced a portion of the lock, but nothing was found which the utmost stretch of human ingenuity could twist into a barrel.

The portrait of the fair Marian hangs yet in the gallery of Tappington; and near it is another, of a young man in the prime of life, which Mrs. Botherby affirms to be that of her father. It exhibits a mild and rather melancholy countenance with a high forehead, and the peaked beard and moustaches of the seventeenth century.

The signet-finger of the left hand is gone, and appears, on close inspection, to have been painted out by some later artist; possibly in compliment to the tradition, which, *teste Botherby*, records that of Mr. Marsh to have gangrened, and to have undergone amputation at the knuckle-joint. If really the resemblance of the gentleman alluded to, it must have been taken at some period antecedent to his marriage. There is neither date nor painter's name; but, a little above the head, on the dexter side of the picture is an escutcheon, bearing 'Quarterly, gules and argent, in the first quarter a horse's head of the second'; beneath it are the words '*Ætatis suæ* 26.' On the opposite side is the following mark, which Mr. Simpkinson declares to be that of a Merchant of the Staple, and pretends to discover, in the monogram comprised in it, all the characters which compose the name of THOMAS MARSH, of MARSTON.



NOTES

'Rome stood on seven hills; Folkestone seems to have been built upon seventy.'—P. 123.

PEOPLE who run down in a couple of hours, 'by express,' to Folkestone, and find a fashionable and flourishing watering-place, have for the most part little idea of the quaint, narrow, dirty little town which existed half a century ago, and some traces of which still exist. Smuggling and fishing—smuggling for choice—comprised pretty well the whole business of the inhabitants. Apart from these occupations, in the conduct of which they exhibited unquestionable abilities, the Folkestoners were said to be somewhat of the dullest, and the place was regarded as the very Bœotia of Kent. Subjoined are some interesting particulars from the pen of the author.

'From the time of the celebrated couplet with which the Mayor addressed Queen Elizabeth,—

"O mighty Queene!
Welcome to Folkesteene!"

and her Majesty's most gracious reply—

"You great Fool!
Get off that stool!"

a *Folkestone Rhyme* became a term of ridicule in the county. The unlucky Folkestoners, however, bore up heroically against the gibes of their neighbours, and many were the arguments advanced by them to prove that their powers of versification had been unjustly stigmatized. To convince the public of this they produced, as their champion, a venerable cobbler, the poet-laureate of the place, who undertook to compose two lines in a given period, which the first judges of such matters should instantly acknowledge to be *bonâ fide* rhymes. Accordingly, on the evening appointed, the bells pealed joyously, the shops were shut, the windows illuminated, and precisely as the clock struck eight the long-expected lines, written in red ink upon gilt-edged vellum, were publicly read by the town-clerk as follows:—

"Folkestone Church;
Knives and Forks!"

Long and reiterated shouts of applause burst from the assembled townsmen at this announcement of their poet's triumphant effusion. But, alas! how fleeting are all human honours. A neighbouring tailor, jealous of the cobbler's fame, produced a short tale in verse founded on a circumstance which had recently occurred; and this, as it recorded the prowess of their boatmen, was held by the people of Folkestone to surpass in a literary point of view the distich of the cobbler. It ran thus:—

"A mighty whale
Come down the chan-nale;
The Dover men could not catch it
But the Folkestoners did!"

In later times it happened to be discovered that Folkestone Church stood in a sufficiently conspicuous situation to serve as a landmark for ships entering the Downs or Dover harbour. Admiral Foley therefore sent a polite note to the corporation, requesting, as a matter of public utility, that they would whitewash the church steeple. This communication was considered to be an affair of considerable importance, and a deputation of the inhabitants accordingly waited upon the Admiral to make a respectful inquiry as to what colour he would please to have their church steeple *whitewashed?*—Yet more recently, a poor old man was brought to the bar charged with stealing a pair of leather breeches. There was not the slightest doubt about his guilt; but luckily for him a Folkestone jury were appointed to try the cause. Anxious to save the prisoner's life by avoiding a capital conviction—men were hanged for trifling matters in those days—they returned a verdict of *Manslaughter!* which was probably the first time that term was applied to the purloining a pair of inexpressibles.'

'*Aldington Frith.*'—P. 135.

Aldington Frith, locally pronounced 'Allington Fright,' is a tongue of wild land projecting into the marsh from the higher ground, and was formerly, according to Hasted, 'a chace for deer and wild beasts belonging to the archbishop's manor at Aldington.'

Another legend appertaining to this wild district was commenced

by 'Ingoldsby,' but I have been unable to discover more of the story than is hinted at in the few following stanzas :—

THE BELL OF ALDINGTON

It is the Bell of Aldington !
And it tolls at the midnight hour ;—
It tolls at *One*, and it tolls at *Two ;*
Dismally deep the whole night through
It tolls from that old grey tower.
Down is the moon, and dark is the night,
Yet the belfry window has never a light.

Sir Edmund rocks on his restless bed ;
He tosses, and tumbles, and turns his head
To and again :—
Seems as his brain
Were addled with care, or with grief, or with pain.
Yet his pillow is stuffed with the eider down,
And his bed with feathers that no shop in town
Would send you a pound of for less than a crown ;
And, go where you will, it's seldom one meets
With *such* Whitney blankets or fine Holland sheets.
Spite of it all, you may say what you please,
But it's clear, if a host of unanimous fleas
Had attacked him at once from his nose to his knees,
Fully bent upon eating him up by degrees,
Sir Edmund would not have been less at his ease.
And he fidgets and kicks off the bed-clothes, and oft
He beats the down pillow to make it more soft.
In vain—sleep defies him ! It seems rather odd,
But he can't get so much as 'three winks and a nod.'
So he roars to the poor little foot-page who still
Keeps watch in the ante-room, waiting his will,
'Hallo ! you young monkey—come hither, you Bill !
What means this noise
That my rest destroys ?
I suppose it's some "lark" of you rascally boys.
Go run to the church, sir—take with you a light,
And see who 'tis daring the village to fright
With his horrid bim-boming at this time of night.—
Be off, you young—— !' (something it wouldn't be right

To record, or my readers might fancy the knight,
Though a very great man, was not over-polite.)

The page made a bow his obedience to show—
As well-bred foot-pages ought always to do;
He descended the stair,
And, opening a pair
Of huge folding-doors, stept out into the air;
Then pausing and listening, said—'Well, I declare
I don't hear any bell.
It's all very well,
But what he can mean I am sure I can't tell;
Though I've not for my part seen a glass touch his lips, he
Must somehow have managed to make himself tipsy!'
. . . . . .

Respect for the feelings of an honourable family,—nearly connected with the Ingoldsbys,—has induced me to veil the *real* 'sponsorial and patronymic appellations' of my next hero under a *sobriquet* interfering neither with rhyme nor rhythm.[1] I shall merely add that every incident in the story bears, on the face of it, the stamp of veracity, and that many 'persons of honour' in the county of Berks, who well recollected Sir George Rooke's expedition against Gibraltar, would, if they were now alive, gladly bear testimony to the truth of every syllable.

[1] Pack o' nonsense!—Everybody as belongs to him is dead and gone—and everybody knows that the poor young gentleman's real name wasn't *Sobriquet* at all, but Hampden Pye, Esq., and that one of his uncles—or cousins—used to make verses about the king and the queen, and had a sack of money for doing it every year; and that's his picture in the blue coat and little gold-laced cocked hat, that hangs on the stairs over the door of the passage that leads to the blue room.—*Sobriquet!*—but there!—The Squire wrote it after dinner!

Elizabeth Botherby.—T. I.

LEGEND OF HAMILTON TIGHE

THE Captain is walking his quarter-deck,
With a troubled brow and a bended neck;
One eye is down through the hatchway cast,
The other turns up to the truck on the mast;
Yet none of the crew may venture to hint
'Our Skipper hath gotten a sinister squint!'

The Captain again the letter hath read
Which the bum-boat woman brought out to Spithead.
Still, since the good ship sailed away,
He reads that letter three times a day;
Yet the writing is broad and fair to see
As a Skipper may read in his degree,
And the seal is as black, and as broad, and as flat,
As his own cockade in his own cocked hat:
He reads, and he says, as he walks to and fro,
'Curse the old woman—she bothers me so!'

He pauses now, for the topmen hail—
'On the larboard quarter a sail! a sail!'
That grim old Captain he turns him quick,
And bawls through his trumpet for Hairy-faced Dick.
'The breeze is blowing—huzza! huzza!
The breeze is blowing—away! away!

The breeze is blowing—a race! a race!
The breeze is blowing:—we near the chase.'
Blood will flow and bullets will fly,—
Oh where will be then young Hamilton Tighe?

On the foeman's deck, where a man should be,
With his sword in his hand and his foe at his knee:
Cockswain, or boatswain, or reefer may try,
But the first man on board will be Hamilton Tighe!

. . . . . .

Hairy-faced Dick hath a swarthy hue,
Between a ginger-bread nut and a Jew,
And his pigtail is long, and bushy, and thick,
Like a pump-handle stuck on the end of a stick.
Hairy-faced Dick understands his trade;
He stands by the breech of a long carronade;
The linstock glows in his bony hand,
Waiting that grim old Skipper's command.

The bullets are flying—huzza! huzza!
The bullets are flying—away! away!—
The brawny boarders mount by the chains,
And are over their buckles in blood and in brains:
On the foeman's deck, where a man should be,
Young Hamilton Tighe
Waves his cutlass high,
And *Capitaine Crapaud* bends low at his knee.

Hairy-faced Dick, linstock in hand,
Is waiting that grim-looking Skipper's command:—
A wink comes sly
From that sinister eye—
Hairy-faced Dick at once lets fly,
And knocks off the head of young Hamilton Tighe!

There's a lady sits lonely in bower and hall,
Her pages and handmaidens come at her call:
'Now, haste ye, my handmaidens, haste and see
How he sits there and glow'rs with his head on his knee!'
The maidens smile, and, her thought to destroy,
They bring her a little, pale, mealy-faced boy;
And the mealy-faced boy says, 'Mother dear,
Now Hamilton's dead I've a thousand a year!'

The lady has donned her mantle and hood,
She is bound for shrift at St. Mary's Rood:—
'Oh! the taper shall burn, and the bell shall toll,
And the mass shall be said for my step-son's soul,
And the tablet fair shall be hung on high,
Orate pro animâ Hamilton Tighe!'

Her coach and four
Draws up to the door,
With her groom and her footman, and half a score more;
The lady steps into her coach alone,
And they hear her sigh, and they hear her groan;
They close the door, and they turn the pin,
But there's One rides with her that never stept in!
All the way there, and all the way back,
The harness strains and the coach-springs crack,
The horses snort, and plunge, and kick,
Till the coachman thinks he is driving Old Nick;
And the grooms and the footmen wonder and say,
'What makes the old coach so heavy to-day?'
But the mealy-faced boy peeps in, and sees
A man sitting there with his head on his knees!
'Tis ever the same:—in hall or in bower,
Wherever the place, whatever the hour,
That Lady mutters, and talks to the air,
And her eye is fixed on an empty chair;

But the mealy-faced boy still whispers with dread,
'She talks to a man with never a head!'

. . . . . .

There's an old Yellow Admiral living at Bath,
As grey as a badger, as thin as a lath;
And his very queer eyes have such very queer leers,
They seem to be trying to peep at his ears.
That old Yellow Admiral goes to the Rooms,
And he plays long whist; but he frets and he fumes;
For all his Knaves stand upside down,
And the Jack of Clubs does nothing but frown;
And the Kings, and the Aces, and all the best trumps
Get into the hands of the other old frumps;
While, close to his partner, a man he sees
Counting the tricks with his head on his knees.

In Ratcliffe Highway there's an old marine store,
And a great black doll hangs out of the door;
There are rusty locks, and dusty bags,
And musty phials, and fusty rags,
And a lusty old woman, called Thirsty Nan,—
And her crusty old husband's a Hairy-faced man.

That Hairy-faced man is sallow and wan,
And his great thick pig-tail is withered and gone;
And he cries, 'Take away that lubberly chap
That sits there and grins with his head in his lap!'
And the neighbours say, as they see him look sick,
'What a rum old covey is Hairy-faced Dick!'

That Admiral, Lady, and Hairy-faced man
May say what they please, and may do what they can;
But one thing seems remarkably clear,—
They may die to-morrow, or live till next year,
But, wherever they live or whenever they die,
They'll never get quit of young Hamilton Tighe!

London: Richard Bentley

NOTE

THE LEGEND OF HAMPDEN PYE.—This gentleman was a collateral ancestor, if the expression may be used, of the Laureate Pye. The family is an ancient one in Berkshire, and connected with that of Hampden, though the Pyes were Cavaliers. About the beginning of the last century Hampden Pye, the eldest son, is traditionally said to have made a *mésalliance*, and to have thereby excited the indignation of his family, more especially of his mother. Their persecution induced him to join the expedition to Vigo under Sir George Rooke; and in the first action he is said to have been purposely placed in the front of the battle, at the instance of those who wanted to get rid of him. It is certain that one of the earliest shots carried his head off. From that time his mother drooped, and it has generally been believed in the neighbourhood of Faringdon that whenever she went out in her carriage her son stood at the door with his head under his arm, handed her in, and took his seat opposite to her. After her decease he became very troublesome, till an eminent divine in those parts 'laid' him in a small pond near the house, for the term of a hundred years. The period elapsed a few years ago, and the Uffington people are now [1832] very shy of passing the said pond after dark. Told me by Mrs. Hughes.—T. I.

The When,—the Where,—and the How,—of the succeeding narrative speak for themselves. It may be proper, however, to observe, that the ruins here alluded to, and improperly termed 'the Abbey,' are not those of Bolsover, described in a preceding page, but the remains of a Preceptory once belonging to the Knights Templars, situate near Swynfield—Swinkefield,—or, as it is now generally spelt and pronounced, Swingfield Minnis,—a rough tract of common land now undergoing the process of enclosure, and adjoining the woods and arable lands of Tappington, at the distance of some two miles from the Hall, to the south-eastern windows of which the time-worn walls in question, as seen over the intervening coppices, present a picturesque and striking object.

[The ruins are now converted into farm-buildings attached to the farm of St. John. It is said to have been either here or at the 'Maison Dieu' at Dover—authorities differ—that King John resigned his crown into the hands of the Pope's legate.]

THE WITCHES' FROLIC[1]

[Scene, the 'Snuggery' at Tappington.—Grandpapa in a high-backed cane-bottomed elbow-chair of carved walnut-tree, dozing; his nose at an angle of forty-five degrees,—his thumbs slowly perform the rotatory motion described by lexicographers as 'twiddling.'—The 'Hope of the family' astride on a walking-stick, with burnt-cork mustachios, and a pheasant's tail pinned in his cap, solaceth himself with martial music.—Koused by a strain of surpassing dissonance, Grandpapa *loquitur*.]

COME hither, come hither, my little boy Ned![2]
Come hither unto my knee—
I cannot away with that horrible din,
That sixpenny drum, and that trumpet of tin.
Oh, better to wander frank and free
Through the Fair of good Saint Bartlemy
Than list to such awful minstrelsie.
Now lay, little Ned, those nuisances by,
And I'll rede ye a lay of Grammarye.

[Grandpapa riseth, yawneth like the crater of an extinct volcano, proceedeth slowly to the window, and apostrophizeth the Abbey in the distance.]

I love thy tower, Grey Ruin,
I joy thy form to see,
Though reft of all,
Cell, cloister and hall,
Nothing is left save a tottering wall

[1] See *Notes* appended to the legend.

[2] Ingoldsby no doubt had in his mind his little son Edward, a child of a peculiarly winning nature, who died early.

That, awfully grand and darkly dull,
Threatened to fall and demolish my skull,
As, ages ago, I wandered along
Careless thy grass-grown courts among,
In sky-blue jacket and trousers laced,
The latter uncommonly short in the waist.
Thou art dearer to me, thou Ruin grey,
Than the Squire's verandah over the way;
And fairer, I ween,
The ivy sheen
That thy mouldering turret binds
Than the Alderman's house, about half a mile off,
With the green Venetian blinds.

Full many a tale would my Grandam tell,
In many a bygone day,
Of darksome deeds which of old befell
In thee, thou Ruin grey!
And I the readiest ear would lend,
And stare like frightened pig!
While my Grandfather's hair would have stood up on end,
Had he not worn a wig.

One tale I remember of mickle dread:—
Now lithe and listen, my little boy Ned!
. . . . . .
Thou mayest have read, my little boy Ned,
Though thy mother thine idlesse blames,
In Doctor Goldsmith's history book,
Of a gentleman called King James,
In quilted doublet and great trunk breeches,
Who held in abhorrence Tobacco and Witches.

Well, in King James's golden days,
For the days were golden then,—

They could not be less, for good Queen Bess
Had died, aged threescore and ten,
And her days, we know,
Were all of them so ;
While the Court poets sang, and the Court gallants swore,
That the days were as golden still as before.

Some people, 'tis true, a troublesome few,
Who historical points would unsettle,
Have lately thrown out a sort of a doubt
Of the genuine ring of the metal ;
But who can believe to a monarch so wise
People would dare tell a parcel of lies ?

—Well, then, in good King James's days,—
Golden or not does not matter a jot,—
Yon Ruin a sort of a roof had got ;
For though, repairs lacking, its walls had been cracking
Since Harry the Eighth sent its people a-packing,
Though joists and floors,
And windows and doors,
Had all disappeared, yet pillars by scores
Remained, and still propped up a ceiling or two,
While the belfry was almost as good as new ;
You are not to suppose matters looked just so
In the Ruin some two hundred years ago.

Just in that farthermost angle, where
There are still the remains of a winding-stair,
One turret especially high in air
Upreared its tall, gaunt form ;
As if defying the power of Fate, or
The hand of 'Time the Innovator' ;
And, though to the pitiless storm

Its weaker brethren all around
Bowing in ruin had strewed the ground,
Alone it stood, while its fellows lay strewed,
Like a four-bottle man in a company 'screwed,'
Not firm on his legs, but by no means subdued.

One night—'twas in Sixteen hundred and six,—
I like when I can, Ned, the date to fix,—
The month was May,
Though I can't well say
At this distance of time the particular day—
But oh! that night, that horrible night!
Folks ever afterwards said with affright
That they never had seen such a terrible sight.

The Sun had gone down fiery red;
And if, that evening, he laid his head
In Thetis's lap beneath the seas,
He must have scalded the goddess's knees.
He left behind him a lurid track
Of blood-red light upon clouds so black
That Warren and Hunt, with the whole of their crew,
Could scarcely have given them a darker hue.

There came a shrill and a whistling sound,
Above, beneath, beside, and around,
Yet leaf ne'er moved on tree!
So that some people thought old Beelzebub must
Have been locked out of doors, and was blowing the dust
From the pipe of his street-door key.
And then a hollow moaning blast
Came, sounding more dismally still than the last,
And the lightning flashed, and the thunder growled,
And louder and louder the tempest howled,

And the rain came down in such sheets as would stagger a Bard for a simile short of Niagara.

Rob Gilpin 'was a citizen';
But though of some 'renown,'
Of no great 'credit' in his own,
Or any other town.

He was a wild and roving lad,
For ever in the alehouse boosing;
Or romping,—which is quite as bad,—
With female friends of his own choosing.

And Rob this very day had made,
Not dreaming such a storm was brewing,
An assignation with Miss Slade,—
Their trysting-place that same grey Ruin.

But Gertrude Slade became afraid
And to keep her appointment unwilling,
When she spied the rain on her window-pane
In drops as big as a shilling;
She put off her hat and her mantle again,—
'He'll never expect me in all this rain!'

But little he recks of the fears of the sex,
Or that maiden false to her tryst could be:
He had stood there a good half hour
Ere yet had commenced that perilous shower,
Alone by the trysting-tree!

Robin looks east, Robin looks west,
But he sees not her whom he loves the best;
Robin looks up and Robin looks down,
But no one comes from the neighbouring town.

The storm came at last,—loud roared the blast,
And the shades of evening fell thick and fast;
The tempest grew; and the straggling yew,
His leafy umbrella, was wet through and through.
Rob was half dead with cold and with fright,
When he spies in the Ruins a twinkling light—
A hop, two skips and a jump, and straight
Rob stands within that postern gate.

And there were gossips sitting there,
By one, by two, by three:
Two were an old ill-favoured pair;
But the third was young, and passing fair,
With laughing eyes and with coal-black hair;
A daintie quean was she!
Rob would have given his ears to sip
But a single salute from her cherry lip.

As they sat in that old and haunted room,
In each one's hand was a huge birch broom,
On each one's head was a steeple-crowned hat,
On each one's knee was a coal-black cat;
Each had a kirtle of Lincoln green—
It was, I trow, a fearsome scene.

'Now riddle me, riddle me right, Madge Gray,
What foot unhallowed wends this way?
Goody Price, Goody Price, now areed me aright,
Who roams the old Ruins this drearisome night?'

Then up and spake that sonsie quean,
And she spoke both loud and clear:
'Oh, be it for weal, or be it for woe,
Enter friend, or enter foe,
Rob Gilpin is welcome here!—

'Now tread we a measure! a hall! a hall!
Now tread we a measure,' quoth she—
The heart of Robin
Beat thick and throbbing—
'Roving Rob, tread a measure with me!'
'Ay, lassie!' quoth Rob, as her hand he gripes,
'Though Satan himself were blowing the pipes!'

Now around they go, and around, and around,
With hop-skip-and-jump, and frolicsome bound,
Such sailing and gliding,
Such sinking and sliding,
Such lofty curvetting,
And grand pirouetting;
Ned, you would swear that Monsieur Gilbert
And Miss Taglioni were capering there!

And oh! such awful music!—ne'er
Fell sounds so uncanny on mortal ear.
There were the tones of a dying man's groans
Mixt with the rattling of dead men's bones:
Had you heard the shrieks, and the squeals and the squeaks,
You'd not have forgotten the sound for weeks.

And around, and around, and around they go,
Heel to heel, and toe to toe,
Prance and caper, curvet and wheel,
Toe to toe, and heel to heel.
''Tis merry, 'tis merry, Cummers, I trow,
To dance thus beneath the nightshade bough!"—

'Goody Price, Goody Price, now riddle me right,
Where may we sup this frolicsome night?

'Mine host of the Dragon hath mutton and veal,
The Squire hath partridge, and widgeon and teal;
But old Sir Thopas hath daintier cheer,
A pasty made of the good red deer,
A huge grouse pie and a fine Florentine,[1]
A fat roast goose and a turkey and chine.'
—'Madge Gray, Madge Gray
Now tell me, I pray,
Where's the best wassail bowl to our roundelay?'

'There is ale in the cellars of Tappington Hall,
But the Squire[2] is a churl and his drink is small;
Mine host of the Dragon
Hath many a flagon
Of double ale, lamb's wool, and *eau de vie;*
But Sir Thopas, the Vicar,
Hath costlier liquor,—
A butt of the choicest *malvoisie.*
He doth not lack
Canary or sack;
And a good pint stoup of clary wine
Smacks merrily off with a turkey and chine!'

'Now away! and away! without delay,
Hey *Cockalorum!* my Broomstick gay!
We must be back ere the dawn of the day;
Hey up the chimney! away! away!'—
Old Goody Price
Mounts in a trice,

[1] 'A kind of pie—sometimes a custard made in paste.'—HALLIWELL'S *Dictionary of Archaic Words.*

[2] Stephen Ingoldsby, surnamed 'The Niggard,' second cousin and successor to 'The Bad Sir Giles.' (*Visitation of Kent,* 1666.) For an account of his murder by burglars, and their subsequent execution, see Dodsley's *Remarkable Trials, etc.*, Lond. 1776, vol. ii. p. 264, also the present volume, art. 'Hand of Glory.'—T. I. [The reader would look in vain for the volume referred to: it is one of those inventions spoken of in the Preface to the 'Annotated Edition.']

In showing her legs she is not over nice ;
Old Goody Jones,
All skin and bones,
Follows 'like winking.'—Away go the crones,
Knees and nose in a line with the toes,
Sitting their brooms like so many Ducrows ;
Latest and last
The damsel passed :
One glance of her coal-black eye she cast ;
She laughed with glee loud laughters three,—
'Dost fear, Rob Gilpin, to ride with me?'—
Oh, never might man unscathed espy
One single glance from that coal-black eye.
Away she flew!—
Without more ado
Rob seizes and mounts on a broomstick too,
'Hey! up the chimney, lass! Hey after you!'

It's a very fine thing, on a fine day in June,
To ride through the air in a Nassau Balloon ;[1]
But you'll find very soon, if you aim at the moon
In a carriage like that, you're a bit of a 'Spoon,'
For the largest can't fly
Above twenty miles high,
And you're not half way then on your journey, nor nigh,
While no man alive
Could ever contrive,
Mr. Green has declared, to get higher than five ;
And the soundest philosophers hold that, perhaps,
If you reached twenty miles your balloon would collapse,
Or pass by such action
The sphere of attraction,
Getting into the track of some comet—Good-lack!
'Tis a thousand to one that you'd never come back :

[1] See *Note* to the 'Monstre Balloon.'

And the boldest of mortals a danger like that must fear,
Rashly protruding beyond our own atmosphere.
No, no ; when I try
A trip to the sky,
I shan't go in that thing of yours, Mr. Gye,
Though Messieurs Monk Mason, and Spencer and Beazly,[1]
All join in saying it travels so easily.
No ; there's nothing so good
As a pony of wood—
Not like that which, of late, they stuck up on the gate
At the end of the Park,[2] which caused so much debate,
And gave so much trouble to make it stand straight,—
But a regular Broomstick—you'll find that the favourite—
Above all, when, like Robin, you haven't to pay for it.
—Stay—really, I dread,
I am losing the thread
Of my tale ; and it's time you should be in your bed ;
So lithe now and listen, my little boy Ned !

. . . . . .

The vicarage walls are lofty and thick,
And the copings are stone and the sides are brick,
The casements are narrow, and bolted and barr'd,
And the stout oak door is heavy and hard ;
Moreover, by way of additional guard,
A great big dog runs loose in the yard ;
And a horse-shoe is nailed on the threshold sill,

[1] Samuel Beazly, Esq., architect and wit, editor of the *Era*, *etc.*, was a most agreeable companion, well known in literary and theatrical circles. He went everywhere—up in a balloon—down in a diving bell ; saw everything and did everything. He usually appeared with a small cane in his hand, and said one day at the Garrick, in reply to some banter on the subject, 'Oh, yes ! I hate to be without it—I ride with a stick—walk with a stick—dance with a stick.' 'So does your partner,' observed John Hamilton Reynolds. It was not true, but none the worse joke on that account.

[2] To test the effect to be produced by the Wellington statue. The statue itself, the work of M. C. Wyatt, R.A., was erected in the year 1846 on the Triumphal Arch, standing at the entrance to Constitution Hill, opposite Apsley House, the Duke of Wellington's residence. It was removed to Aldershot when the Arch was placed back to its present position.

To keep out aught that savours of ill,—
But, alack! the chimney-pot's open still!
That great big dog begins to quail,
Between his hind-legs he drops his tail:
Crouched on the ground, the terrified hound
Gives vent to a very odd sort of a sound:
It is not a bark, loud, open and free,
As an honest old watch-dog's bark should be:
It is not a yelp, it is not a growl,
But a something between a whine and a howl.
And, hark! a sound from the window high
Responds to the watch-dog's pitiful cry:
It is not a moan,
It is not a groan:
It comes from a nose,—but is not what a nose
Produces in healthy and sound repose.
Yet Sir Thopas the Vicar is fast asleep,
And his respirations are heavy and deep!

He snores, 'tis true, but he snores no more
As he's aye been accustomed to snore before,
And as men of his kidney are wont to snore;—
(Sir Thopas's weight is sixteen stone four.)
He draws his breath like a man distress'd
By pain or grief, or like one oppress'd
By some ugly old Incubus perched on his breast.
A something seems
To disturb his dreams;
And thrice on his ear, distinct and clear,
Falls a voice as of somebody whispering near
In still small accents, faint and few,
'Hey down the chimney-pot!—Hey after you!'

Throughout the vicarage, near and far,
There is no lack of bolt or of bar;

There are plenty of locks
To closet and box,
Yet the pantry wicket is standing ajar!
And the little low door, through which you must go,
Down some half-dozen steps, to the cellar below,
Is also unfastened, though no one may know,
By so much as a guess, how it comes to be so;
For wicket and door,
The evening before,
Were both of them locked, and the key safely placed
On the bunch that hangs down from the Housekeeper's waist.

Oh! 'twas a jovial sight to view
In that snug little cellar that frolicsome crew!
Old Goody Price
Had got something nice,
A turkey poult larded with bacon and spice;—
Old Goody Jones
Would touch nought that had bones,—
She might just as well mumble a parcel of stones.
Goody Jones, in sooth, had got never a tooth,
And a New-College pudding of marrow and plums
Is the dish of all others that suiteth her gums.
Madge Gray was picking
The breast of a chicken;
Her coal-black eye, with its glance so sly,
Was fixed on Rob Gilpin himself, sitting by,
With his heart full of love and his mouth full of pie.
Grouse pie, with hare
In the middle, is fare
Which, duly concocted with science and care,
Doctor Kitchener says, is beyond all compare;
And a tenderer leveret
Robin had never ate;—
So, in after times, oft he was wont to asseverate.

'Now pledge we the wine-cup!—a health! a health!
Sweet are the pleasures obtained by stealth!
Fill up! fill up!—the brim of the cup
Is the part that aye holdeth the toothsomest sup!
Here's to thee, Goody Price!—Goody Jones, to thee!—
To thee, Roving Rob! and again to me!
Many a sip, never a slip,
Come to us four 'twixt the cup and the lip!'

The cups pass quick,
The toasts fly thick;
Rob tries in vain out their meaning to pick,
But hears the words 'Scratch,' and 'Old Bogey,' and 'Nick.'
More familiar grown,
Now he stands up alone,
Volunteering to give them a toast of his own.
'A bumper of wine!
Fill thine! Fill mine!
Here's a health to old Noah who planted the Vine!'
Oh then what sneezing,
What coughing and wheezing,
Ensued in a way that was not over pleasing!
Goody Price, Goody Jones, and pretty Madge Gray,
All seemed as their liquor had gone the wrong way.

But the best of the joke was, the moment he spoke
Those words which the party seemed almost to choke,
As by mentioning Noah some spell had been broke,
Every soul in the house at that instant awoke;
And, hearing the din from barrel and binn,
Drew at once the conclusion that thieves had got in.
Up jumped the Cook and caught hold of her spit;
Up jumped the Groom and took bridle and bit;
Up jumped the Gardener and shouldered his spade;

Up jumped the Scullion,—the Footman,—the Maid ;
(The two last, by the way, occasioned some scandal,
By appearing together with only one candle,
Which gave for unpleasant surmises some handle ;)
Up jumped the Swineherd,—and up jumped the big boy,
A nondescript under him, acting as Pig-boy ;
Butler, Housekeeper, Coachman—from bottom to top,
Everybody jumped up without parley or stop,
With the weapon which first in his way chanced to drop,—
Whip, warming-pan, wig-block, mug, musket and mop.

Last of all doth appear,
With some symptoms of fear,
Sir Thopas in person to bring up the rear,
In a mixed kind of costume, half *Pontificalibus*,
Half what scholars denominate Pure *Naturalibus*.
Nay, the truth to express,
As you'll easily guess,
They have none of them time to attend much to dress ;
But He, or She,
As the case may be,
He or She seizes what He or She pleases,
Trunk-hosen or kirtles, and shirts or chemises,
And thus one and all, great and small, short and tall,
Muster at once in the Vicarage-hall,
With upstanding locks, starting eyes, shortened breath,
Like the folks in the Gallery Scene in Macbeth,
When Macduff is announcing their sovereign's death.
And hark !—what accents, clear and strong,
To the listening throng come floating along ?
'Tis Robin encoring himself in a song—
'Very good song ! very well sung !
Jolly companions every one ! '

On, on to the cellar! away! away!
On, on to the cellar without more delay!
The whole *posse* rush onwards in battle array.
Conceive the dismay of the party so gay,
Old Goody Jones, Goody Price and Madge Gray,
When, the door bursting wide, they descried the allied
Troops, prepared for the onslaught, roll in like a tide,
And the spits, and the tongs, and the pokers beside!—
'Boot and saddle's the word! mount, Cummers, and ride!'—
Alarm was ne'er caused more strong and indigenous
By cats among rats, or a hawk in a pigeon-house.
Quick from the view
Away they all flew,
With a yell, and a screech, and a halliballoo,
'Hey up the chimney! Hey after you!'—
The Volscians themselves made an exit less speedy
From Corioli, 'fluttered like doves' by Macready.[1]

They are gone,—save one,
Robin alone!
Robin, whose high state of civilization
Precludes all idea of aërostation,
And who now has no notion
Of more locomotion
Than suffices to kick, with much zeal and devotion,
Right and left at the party, who pounced on their victim,
And mauled him, and kicked him, and licked him, and pricked him,

[1] The recent (1838) 'great Shakespearian revival' of *Coriolanus* at Covent Garden, under the management of Mr. Macready, had met with deserved success, and was the great theatrical event of the day. One influential critic, however, not content with bestowing well-merited praise upon the performance, could not refrain from launching a sneer at John Kemble's representation of the character. 'We have at last,' said he, 'the *man* Coriolanus!—this is no Roman-nosed abstraction.' The uncalled-for attack provoked the following retort from the usually good-natured muse of James Smith :—

'What classic beauties does the scene disclose
Where all is Roman—save the actor's nose!'

As they bore him away scarce aware what was done,
And believing it all but a part of the fun,
Hic—hiccoughing out the same strain he'd begun,
'Jol—jolly companions every one!'

. . . . . .

Morning grey
Scarce bursts into day
Ere at Tappington Hall there's the deuce to pay.
The tables and chairs are all placed in array
In the old oak-parlour, and in and out
Domestics and neighbours, a motley rout,
Are walking, and whispering, and standing about.
And the Squire is there
In his large arm-chair,
Leaning back with a grave magisterial air;
In the front of a seat a
Huge volume, called Fleta,
And Bracton, a tome of an old-fashioned look,
And Coke upon Littleton, then a new book;
And he moistens his lips
With occasional sips
From a luscious sack-posset that smiles in a tankard
Close by on a side-table:—not that he drank hard,
But because at that day,
I hardly need say,
The Hong Merchants had not yet invented How Qua,
Nor as yet would you see Souchong or Bohea
At the tables of persons of any degree.
How our ancestors managed to do without tea
I must fairly confess is a mystery to me:
Yet your Lydgates and Chaucers
Had no cups and saucers;
Their breakfast, in fact, and the best they could get,
Was a sort of a *déjeûner à la fourchette.*
Instead of our slops

They had cutlets and chops,
And sack-possets, and ale in stoups, tankards and pots;
And they wound up the meal with rumpsteaks and 'schalots.

Now the Squire lifts his hand
With an air of command,
And gives them a sign, which they all understand,
To bring in the culprit; and straightway the carter
And huntsman drag in that unfortunate martyr,
Still kicking, and crying, 'Come,—what are you arter?'
The charge is prepared and the evidence clear,
'He was caught in the cellar a-drinking the beer!
And came there, there's very great reason to fear,
With companions,—to say but the least of them,—queer;
Such as Witches, and creatures
With horrible features,
And horrible grins,
And hooked noses and chins,
Who'd been playing the deuce with his Reverence's binns.'

The face of his worship grows graver and graver,
As the parties detail Robin's shameful behaviour.
Mister Buzzard, the clerk, while the tale is reciting,
Sits down to reduce the affair into writing,
With all proper diction,
And due 'legal fiction';
Viz.: 'That he, the said prisoner, as clearly was shown,
Conspiring with folks to deponents unknown,
With divers, that is to say, two thousand people,
In two thousand hats, each hat peaked like a steeple,
With force and with arms,
And with sorcery and charms,

Upon two thousand brooms,
Entered four thousand rooms,
To wit, two thousand pantries, and two thousand cellars ;
Put in bodily fear twenty thousand in-dwellers,
And with sundry—that is to say, two thousand—forks,
Drew divers—that is to say, ten thousand—corks,
And, with malice prepense, down their two thousand throttles
Emptied various—that is to say, ten thousand—bottles ;
All in breach of the peace,—moved by Satan's malignity—
And in spite of King James, and his Crown, and his Dignity.'

At words so profound
Rob gazes around,
But no glance sympathetic to cheer him is found.
—No glance, did I say?
Yes, one!—Madge Gray!—
She is there in the midst of the crowd standing by,
And she gives him one glance from her coal-black eye,
'One touch to his hand, and one word to his ear,'—
(That's a line which I've stolen from Sir Walter, I fear,)—
While nobody near
Seems to see her or hear.
As his worship takes up and surveys, with a strict eye,
The broom now produced as the *corpus delicti*,
Ere his fingers can clasp,
It is snatched from his grasp,
The end poked in his chest with a force makes him gasp,
And, despite the decorum so due to the *Quorum*,
His worship's upset, and so too is his jorum ;
And Madge is astride on the broomstick before 'em.
'*Hocus Pocus!* Quick, *Presto!* and Hey *Cockalorum!*
Mount, mount for your life, Rob!—Sir Justice, adieu!
—Hey up the chimney-pot! hey after you!'

Through the mystified group,
With a halloo and whoop,
Madge on the pommel and Robin *en croupe*,

The pair through the air ride as if in a chair,
While the party below stand mouth open and stare![1]

[1] The second illustration of this subject, here inserted, is printed from an original drawing by W. M. Thackeray. It was first published in the 'Annotated Edition' of the Legends, 1870.

'Clean bumbaized' and amazed, and fixed, all the room stick!
'Oh! what's gone with Robin,—and Madge,—and the broomstick?'
Ay, 'what's gone' indeed, Ned?—Of what befell
Madge Gray and the broomstick I never heard tell:
But Robin was found, that morn, on the ground,
In yon old grey Ruin again, safe and sound,
Except that at first he complained much of thirst,
And a shocking bad headache, of all ills the worst;
And close by his knee
A flask you might see,
But an empty one, smelling of *eau-de-vie*.

Rob from this hour is an altered man:
He runs home to his lodgings as fast as he can;
Sticks to his trade;
Marries Miss Slade;
Becomes a Tee-totaller—that is, the same
As Tee-totallers now,—one in all but the name;
Grows fond of small-beer, which is always a steady sign;
Never drinks spirits except as a medicine;
Learns to despise
Coal-black eyes,
Minds pretty girls no more than so many Guys;
Has a family, lives to be sixty, and dies!

Now, my little boy Ned,
Brush off to your bed,
Tie your night-cap on safe, or a napkin instead,
Or these terrible nights you'll catch cold in your head;
And remember my tale, and the moral it teaches,
Which you'll find much the same as what Solomon preaches.

Don't flirt with young ladies! don't practise soft speeches;
Avoid waltzes, quadrilles, pumps, silk hose and knee-breeches;—
Frequent not grey Ruins;—shun riot and revelry,
Hocus Pocus and conjuring, and all sorts of devilry;—
Don't meddle with broomsticks,—they're Beelzebub's switches;
Of cellars keep clear,—they're the devil's own ditches;
And beware of balls, banquetings, brandy, and—witches!
Above all! don't run after black eyes!—if you do,
Depend on't you'll find what I say will come true,
Old Nick, some fine morning, will 'hey after you!'

NOTE

THE WITCHES' FROLIC

BARTOLOMEO SPINI, Master of the holy palace at Rome, tells a story of a young maid who lived with her mother in Bergamo, yet was found in one and the same night in a room in Venice. On being asked how she came there, she told them that the same night, lying between sleeping and waking in her bed at home, she saw her mother, who thought her asleep, steal softly from bed and anoint herself with a certain salve in her closet; which done, she took a staff which stood in a corner, and, bestriding it, flew out of the window. This strange sight induced her to 'try a childish conclusion'; so, following her mother's example, she found herself at once in the apartment at Venice, where she saw her mother with a knife in her hand in the very act of cutting her nephew's throat. On seeing her daughter enter she changed the object of her attack, and would have killed her, but for her calling on God for help, on which she immediately vanished. The old woman was in due time arrested by the Inquisition, condemned on this evidence, and suffered for sorcery at the stake. The same author gives also an account of one Antonio Leo, a collier of Ferrara, who, observing his wife adopt a similar practice and then leap out of a window three

storeys high, followed her in the same way, and found himself, much to his surprise, in the wine cellar of a neighbouring nobleman, amidst 'a large assembly of the devilishe sisterhode,' of which his wife was one, all drinking and making merry. On seeing him the whole party vanished, leaving him alone in the cellar, where he was caught the next morning by the butler, and taken before the court. Having told his story he was dismissed; but not till the Holy Office had laid hold of his wife and her associates, who were all eventually brought to the faggot on his testimony.—T. I.

STRANGE as the events detailed in the succeeding narrative may appear, they are, I have not the slightest doubt, true to the letter. Whatever impression they may make upon the Reader, that produced by them on the narrator, I can aver, was neither light nor transient.

SINGULAR PASSAGE IN THE LIFE OF THE LATE HENRY HARRIS DOCTOR IN DIVINITY[1]

AS RELATED BY THE REV. JASPER INGOLDSBY, M.A.,
HIS FRIEND AND EXECUTOR

IN order that the extraordinary circumstances which I am about to relate may meet with the credit they deserve, I think it necessary to premise, that my reverend friend, among whose papers I find them recorded, was, in his lifetime, ever esteemed as a man of good plain understanding, strict veracity, and unimpeached morals,—by no means of a nervous temperament, or one likely to attach undue weight to any occurrence out of the common course of events, merely because his reflections might not, at the moment, afford him a ready solution of its difficulties.

On the truth of his narrative, as far as he was personally concerned, no one who knew him would hesitate to place the most implicit reliance. His history is briefly this:—He had married early in life, and was a widower at the age of thirty-nine, with an only daughter, who had just been married to a near connexion of our own family. The sudden death of her husband, occasioned by a fall from his horse, only three days after her confinement,

[1] First printed in *Blackwood's Magazine*, 1839, vol. xxix. p. 603.

was abruptly communicated to Mrs. S—— by a thoughtless girl, who saw her master brought lifeless into the house, and, with all that inexplicable anxiety to be the first to tell bad news so common among the lower orders, rushed at once into the sick-room with her intelligence. The shock was too severe ; and, though the young widow survived the fatal event several months, she gradually sank under the blow and expired, leaving a boy, not a twelvemonth old, to the care of his maternal grandfather.

My poor friend was sadly shaken by this melancholy catastrophe ; time, however, and a strong religious feeling, succeeded at length in moderating the poignancy of his grief—a consummation much advanced by his infant charge, who now succeeded, as it were by inheritance, to the place in his affections left vacant by his daughter's decease. Frederick S—— grew up to be a fine lad ; his person and features were decidedly handsome ; still there was, as I remember, an unpleasant expression in his countenance, and an air of reserve, attributed by the few persons who called occasionally at the vicarage to the retired life led by his grandfather, and the little opportunity he had, in consequence, of mixing in the society of his equals in age and intellect. Brought up entirely at home, his progress in the common branches of education was, without any great display of precocity, rather in advance of the generality of boys of his own standing ; partly owing, perhaps, to the turn which even his amusements took from the first. His sole associate was the son of the village apothecary, a boy about two years older than himself, whose father, being really clever in his profession and a good operative chemist, had constructed for himself a small laboratory, in which, as he was fond of children, the two boys spent a great portion of their leisure time, witnessing many of those little experiments so attractive to youth, and in time aspiring to imitate what they admired.

In such society, it is not surprising that Frederick S—— should imbibe a strong taste for the sciences which formed his principal amusement; or that, when, in process of time, it became necessary to choose his walk in life, a profession so intimately connected with his favourite pursuit as that of medicine should be eagerly selected. No opposition was offered by my friend, who, knowing that the greater part of his own income would expire with his life, and that the remainder would prove an insufficient resource to his grandchild, was only anxious that he should follow such a path as would secure him that moderate and respectable competency which is, perhaps, more conducive to real happiness than a more elevated or wealthy station. Frederick was, accordingly, at the proper age, matriculated at Oxford, with the view of studying the higher branches of medicine, a few months after his friend, John W——, had proceeded to Leyden, for the purpose of making himself acquainted with the practice of surgery in the hospitals and lecture-rooms attached to that university. The boyish intimacy of their younger days did not, as is frequently the case, yield to separation; on the contrary, a close correspondence was kept up between them. Dr. Harris was even prevailed upon to allow Frederick to take a trip to Holland to see his friend; and John returned the visit to Frederick at Oxford.

Satisfactory as, for some time, were the accounts of the general course of Frederick S——'s studies, by degrees rumours of a less pleasant nature reached the ears of some of his friends; to the vicarage, however, I have reason to believe, they never penetrated. The good old Doctor was too well beloved in his parish for any one voluntarily to give him pain; and, after all, nothing beyond whispers and surmises had reached X——, when the worthy Vicar was surprised on a sudden by a request from his grandchild, that he might be permitted to take

his name off the books of the university, and proceed to finish his education in conjunction with his friend W—— at Leyden. Such a proposal, made too at a time when the period for his graduating could not be far distant, both surprised and grieved the Doctor: he combated the design with more perseverance than he had ever been known to exert in opposition to any declared wish of his darling boy before, but, as usual, gave way when more strongly pressed, from sheer inability to persist in a refusal which seemed to give so much pain to Frederick, especially when the latter, with more energy than was quite becoming their relative situations, expressed his positive determination of not returning to Oxford, whatever might be the result of his grandfather's decision. My friend, his mind perhaps a little weakened by a short but severe nervous attack which he had scarcely recovered from, at length yielded a reluctant consent, and Frederick quitted England.

It was not till some months had elapsed after his departure that I had reason to suspect that the eager desire of availing himself of opportunities for study abroad, not afforded him at home, was not the sole or even the principal reason which had drawn Frederick so abruptly from his *Alma Mater*. A chance visit to the university and a conversation with a senior fellow belonging to his late college convinced me of this; still I found it impossible to extract from the latter the precise nature of his offence. That he had given way to most culpable indulgences, I had before heard hinted; and, when I recollected how he had been at once launched, from a state of what might be well called seclusion, into a world where so many enticements were lying in wait to allure,—with liberty, example, everything to tempt him from the straight road,—regret, I frankly own, was more the predominant feeling in my mind than either surprise or con-

demnation. But here was evidently something more than mere ordinary excess—some act of profligacy perhaps of a deeper stain,—which had induced his superiors, who at first had been loud in his praises, to desire him to withdraw himself quietly, but for ever; and such an intimation, I found, had in fact been conveyed to him from an authority which it was impossible to resist. Seeing that my informant was determined not to be explicit, I did not press for a disclosure which, if made, would, in all probability, only have given me pain; and that the rather, as my old friend the Doctor had recently obtained a valuable living from Lord M——, only a few miles distant from the market town in which I resided, where he now was, amusing himself in putting his grounds into order, ornamenting his house, and getting everything ready against his grandson's expected visit in the following autumn. October came, and with it came Frederick: he rode over more than once to see me, sometimes accompanied by the Doctor, between whom and myself the recent loss of my poor daughter Louisa had drawn the cords of sympathy still closer.

More than two years had flown on in this way, in which Frederick S—— had as many times made temporary visits to his native country. The time was fast approaching when he was expected to return and finally take up his residence in England, when the sudden illness of my wife's father obliged us to take a journey into Lancashire; my old friend, who had himself a curate, kindly offering to fix his quarters at my parsonage and superintend the concerns of my parish till my return. Alas! when I saw him next he was on the bed of death!

My absence was necessarily prolonged much beyond what I had anticipated. A letter, with a foreign postmark, had, as I afterwards found, been brought over from his own house to my venerable substitute in the interval,

and, barely giving himself time to transfer the charge he had undertaken to a neighbouring clergyman, he had hurried off at once to Leyden. His arrival there was, however, too late. Frederick *was dead !*—killed in a duel, occasioned, it was said, by no ordinary provocation on his part, although the flight of his antagonist had added to the mystery which enveloped its origin. The long journey, its melancholy termination, and the complete overthrow of all my poor friend's earthly hopes, were too much for him. He appeared, too,—as I was informed by the proprietor of the house in which I found him, when his summons at length had brought me to his bed-side,—to have received some sudden and unaccountable shock, which even the death of his grandson was inadequate to explain. There was, indeed, a wildness in his fast-glazing eye which mingled strangely with the glance of satisfaction thrown upon me as he pressed my hand ;—he endeavoured to raise himself, and would have spoken, but fell back in the effort and closed his eyes for ever. I buried him there, by the side of the object of his more than parental affection,—in a foreign land.

It is from the papers that I discovered in his travelling-case that I submit the following extracts, without, however, presuming to advance an opinion on the strange circumstances which they detail, or even as to the connexion which some may fancy they discover between different parts of them.

The first was evidently written at my own house, and bears date August 15, 18—, about three weeks after my own departure for Preston.

It begins thus :—

'*Tuesday, August* 15.—Poor girl !—I forget who it is that says, "the real ills of life are light in comparison with fancied evils" ; and certainly the scene I have just witnessed goes some way towards establishing the truth

of the hypothesis.—Among the afflictions which flesh is heir to a diseased imagination is far from being the lightest, even when considered separately, and without taking into the account those bodily pains and sufferings which—so close is the connexion between mind and matter—are but too frequently attendant upon any disorder of the fancy. Seldom has my interest been more powerfully excited than by poor Mary Graham. Her age, her appearance, her pale, melancholy features, the very contour of her countenance, all conspired to remind me, but too forcibly, of one who, waking or sleeping, is never long absent from my thoughts ;—but enough of this.

'A fine morning had succeeded one of the most tempestuous nights I ever remember, and I was just sitting down to a substantial breakfast, which the care of my friend Ingoldsby's housekeeper, kind-hearted Mrs. Wilson, had prepared for me, when I was interrupted by a summons to the sick-bed of a young parishioner whom I had frequently seen in my walks, and had remarked for the regularity of her attendance at Divine worship.—Mary Graham is the elder of two daughters, residing with their mother, the widow of an attorney, who, dying suddenly in the prime of life, left his family but slenderly provided for. A strict though not parsimonious economy has, however, enabled them to live with an appearance of respectability and comfort; and, from the personal attractions which both the girls possess, their mother is evidently not without hopes of seeing one, at least, of them advantageously settled in life. As far as poor Mary is concerned, I fear she is doomed to inevitable disappointment, as I am much mistaken if consumption has not laid its wasting finger upon her; while this last recurrence of what I cannot but believe to be a most formidable epileptic attack threatens to shake out, with even added velocity, the little sand that may yet remain

within the hour-glass of time. Her very delusion, too, is of such a nature as, by adding to bodily illness the agitation of superstitious terror, can scarcely fail to accelerate the catastrophe which I think I see fast approaching.

'Before I was introduced into the sick-room, her sister, who had been watching my arrival from the window, took me into their little parlour, and, after the usual civilities, began to prepare me for the visit I was about to pay. Her countenance was marked at once with trouble and alarm, and in a low tone of voice, which some internal emotion, rather than the fear of disturbing the invalid in a distant room, had subdued almost to a whisper, informed me that my presence was become necessary not more as a clergyman than a magistrate;—that the disorder with which her sister had during the night been so suddenly and unaccountably seized was one of no common kind, but attended with circumstances which, coupled with the declarations of the sufferer, took it out of all ordinary calculations; and that, to use her own expression, "malice was at the bottom of it."

'Naturally supposing that these insinuations were intended to intimate the partaking of some deleterious substance on the part of the invalid, I inquired what reason she had for imagining, in the first place, that anything of a poisonous nature had been administered at all; and, secondly, what possible incitement any human being could have for the perpetration of so foul a deed towards so innocent and unoffending an individual? Her answer considerably relieved the apprehensions I had begun to entertain lest the poor girl should, from some unknown cause, have herself been attempting to rush uncalled into the presence of her Creator; at the same time, it surprised me not a little by its apparent want of rationality and common sense. She had no reason to believe,

she said, that her sister had taken poison, or that any attempt upon her life had been made, or was perhaps contemplated, but that "still, malice was at work,—the malice of villains or fiends, or of both combined; that no causes purely natural would suffice to account for the state in which her sister had been now twice placed, or for the dreadful sufferings she had undergone while in that state"; and that she was determined the whole affair should undergo a thorough investigation. Seeing that the poor girl was now herself labouring under a great degree of excitement, I did not think it necessary to enter at that moment into a discussion upon the absurdity of her opinion, but applied myself to the tranquillizing of her mind by assurances of a proper inquiry, and then drew her attention to the symptoms of the indisposition, and the way in which it had first made its appearance.

'The violence of the storm last night had, I found, induced the whole family to sit up far beyond their usual hour, till, wearied out at length, and, as their mother observed, "tired of burning fire and candle to no purpose," they repaired to their several chambers.

'The sisters occupied the same room. Elizabeth was already at their humble toilet, and had commenced the arrangement of her hair for the night, when her attention was at once drawn from her employment by a half-smothered shriek and exclamation from her sister, who, in her delicate state of health, had found walking up two flights of stairs, perhaps a little more quickly than usual, an exertion, to recover from which she had seated herself in a large arm-chair.

'Turning hastily at the sound, she perceived Mary deadly pale, grasping, as it were convulsively, each arm of the chair which supported her, and bending forward in the attitude of listening. Her lips were trembling and bloodless, cold drops of perspiration stood upon her fore-

head, and, in an instant after, exclaiming in a piercing tone, "Hark! they are calling me again! it is—*it is the same voice!*—Oh no! no!—Oh my God! save me, Betsy, —hold me—save me!" she fell forward upon the floor. Elizabeth flew to her assistance, raised her, and by her cries brought both her mother, who had not yet got into bed, and their only servant-girl to her aid. The latter was despatched at once for medical help; but, from the appearance of the sufferer, it was much to be feared that she would soon be beyond the reach of art. Her agonized parent and sister succeeded in bearing her between them and placing her on a bed: a faint and intermittent pulsation was for a while perceptible; but in a few moments a general shudder shook the whole body; the pulse ceased, the eyes became fixed and glassy, the jaw dropped, a cold clamminess usurped the place of the genial warmth of life. Before Mr. I—— arrived everything announced that dissolution had taken place, and that the freed spirit had quitted its mortal tenement.

'The appearance of the surgeon confirmed their worst apprehensions; a vein was opened, but the blood refused to flow, and Mr. I—— pronounced that the vital spark was indeed extinguished.

'The poor mother, whose attachment to her children was perhaps the more powerful as they were the sole relatives or connexions she had in the world, was overwhelmed with a grief amounting almost to frenzy; it was with difficulty that she was removed to her own room by the united strength of her daughter and medical adviser. Nearly an hour had elapsed during the endeavour to calm her transports; they had succeeded however to a certain extent, and Mr. I—— had taken his leave, when Elizabeth, re-entering the bed-chamber in which her sister lay, in order to pay the last sad duties to her corpse, was horror-struck at seeing a crimson stream of blood running

down the side of the counterpane to the floor. Her exclamation brought the girl again to her side, when it was perceived, to their astonishment, that the sanguine stream proceeded from the arm of the body, which was now manifesting signs of returning life. The half-frantic mother flew to the room, and it was with difficulty that they could prevent her, in her agitation, from so acting as to extinguish for ever the hope which had begun to rise in their bosoms. A long-drawn sigh, amounting almost to a groan, followed by several convulsive gaspings, was the prelude to the restoration of the animal functions in poor Mary: a shriek, almost preternaturally loud, considering her state of exhaustion, succeeded; but she did recover, and, with the help of restoratives, was well enough towards morning to express a strong desire that I should be sent for,—a desire the more readily complied with, inasmuch as the strange expressions and declarations she had made since her restoration to consciousness had filled her sister with the most horrible suspicions. The nature of these suspicions was such as would at any other time, perhaps, have raised a smile upon my lips; but the distress and even agony of the poor girl, as she half hinted and half expressed them, were such as entirely to preclude every sensation at all approaching to mirth. Without endeavouring, therefore, to combat ideas evidently too strongly impressed upon her mind at the moment to admit of present refutation, I merely used a few encouraging words, and requested her to precede me to the sick-chamber.

'The invalid was lying on the outside of the bed, partly dressed, and wearing a white dimity wrapping-gown, the colour of which corresponded but too well with the deadly paleness of her complexion. Her cheek was wan and sunken, giving an extraordinary prominence to her eye, which gleamed with a lustrous brilliancy not

unfrequently characteristic of the aberration of intellect. I took her hand; it was chill and clammy, the pulse feeble and intermittent, and the general debility of her frame was such that I would fain have persuaded her to defer any conversation which, in her present state, she might not be equal to support. Her positive assurance that, until she had disburdened herself of what she called her "dreadful secret," she could know no rest either of mind or body, at length induced me to comply with her wish, opposition to which, in her then frame of mind, might perhaps be attended with even worse effects than its indulgence. I bowed acquiescence, and, in a low and faltering voice, with frequent interruptions occasioned by her weakness, she gave me the following singular account of the sensations which, she averred, had been experienced by her during her trance :—

'"This, sir," she began, "is not the first time that the cruelty of others has, for what purpose I am unable to conjecture, put me to a degree of torture which I can compare to no suffering, either of body or mind, which I have ever before experienced. On a former occasion I was willing to believe it the mere effect of a hideous dream, or what is vulgarly termed the nightmare; but this repetition, and the circumstances under which I was last *summoned*, at a time, too, when I had not even composed myself to rest, fatally convince me of the reality of what I have seen and suffered.

'"This is no time for concealment of any kind.—It is now more than a twelvemonth since I was in the habit of occasionally encountering in my walks a young man of prepossessing appearance and gentlemanly deportment. He was always alone and generally reading; but I could not be long in doubt that these rencounters, which became every week more frequent, were not the effect of accident, or that his attention, when we did meet, was less directed

to his book than to my sister and myself. He even seemed to wish to address us, and I have no doubt would have taken some other opportunity of doing so, had not one been afforded him by a strange dog attacking us one Sunday morning in our way to church, which he beat off, and made use of this little service to promote an acquaintance. His name, he said, was Francis Somers, and added that he was on a visit to a relation of the same name, resident a few miles from X——. He gave us to understand that he was himself studying surgery with the view to a medical appointment in one of the colonies. You are not to suppose, sir, that he had entered thus into his concerns at the first interview; it was not till our acquaintance had ripened, and he had visited our house more than once with my mother's sanction, that these particulars were elicited. He never disguised, from the first, that an attachment to myself was his object originally in introducing himself to our notice. As his prospects were comparatively flattering, my mother did not raise any impediment to his attentions, and I own I received them with pleasure.

'"Days and weeks elapsed; and although the distance at which his relation resided prevented the possibility of an uninterrupted intercourse, yet neither was it so great as to preclude his frequent visits. The interval of a day, or at most of two, was all that intervened, and these temporary absences certainly did not decrease the pleasure of the meetings with which they terminated. At length a pensive expression began to exhibit itself upon his countenance, and I could not but remark that at every visit he became more abstracted and reserved. The eye of affection is not slow to detect any symptom of uneasiness in a quarter dear to it. I spoke to him, questioned him on the subject; his answer was evasive, and I said no more. My mother however had marked the same

appearance of melancholy, and pressed him more strongly. He at length admitted that his spirits were depressed, and that their depression was caused by the necessity of an early, though but a temporary, separation. His uncle, and only friend, he said, had long insisted on his spending some months on the Continent, with the view of completing his professional education, and that the time was now fast approaching when it would be necessary for him to commence his journey. A look made the inquiry which my tongue refused to utter. 'Yes, dearest Mary,' was his reply, 'I have communicated our attachment to him, partially at least: and though I dare not say that the intimation was received as I could have wished, yet I have, perhaps, on the whole, no fair reason to be dissatisfied with his reply.

'"'The completion of my studies and my settlement in the world must, my uncle told me, be the first consideration; when these material points were achieved, he should not interfere with any arrangement that might be found essential to my happiness. At the same time he has positively refused to sanction any engagement at present which may, he says, have a tendency to divert my attention from those pursuits on the due prosecution of which my future situation in life must depend. A compromise between love and duty was eventually wrung from me, though reluctantly: I have pledged myself to proceed immediately to my destination abroad, with a full understanding that, on my return, a twelvemonth hence, no obstacle shall be thrown in the way of what are, I trust, our mutual wishes.'

'"I will not attempt to describe the feelings with which I received this communication, nor will it be necessary to say anything of what passed at the few interviews which took place before Francis quitted X——. The evening immediately previous to that of his departure

he passed in this house, and, before we separated, renewed his protestations of an unchangeable affection, requiring a similar assurance from me in return. I did not hesitate to make it. 'Be satisfied, my dear Francis,' said I, 'that no diminution in the regard I have avowed can ever take place, and though absent in body my heart and soul will still be with you.'—'Swear this,' he cried, with a suddenness and energy which surprised, and rather startled me; 'promise that you will be with me *in spirit*, at least, when I am far away.' I gave him my hand, but that was not sufficient. 'One of these dark shining ringlets, my dear Mary,' said he, 'as a pledge that you will not forget your vow!' I suffered him to take the scissors from my workbox, and to sever a lock of my hair which he placed in his bosom.—The next day he was pursuing his journey, and the waves were already bearing him from England.

'"I had letters from him repeatedly during the first three months of his absence; they spoke of his health, his prospects, and of his love; but by degrees the intervals between each arrival became longer, and I fancied I perceived some falling off from that warmth of expression which had at first characterised his communications.

'"One night I had retired to rest rather later than usual, having sat by the bedside, comparing his last brief note with some of his earlier letters, and was endeavouring to convince myself that my apprehensions of his fickleness were unfounded, when an undefinable sensation of restlessness and anxiety seized upon me. I cannot compare it to anything I had ever experienced before; my pulse fluttered, my heart beat with a quickness and violence which alarmed me, and a strange tremor shook my whole frame. I retired hastily to bed, in hopes of getting rid of so unpleasant a sensation, but in vain; a vague apprehension of I knew not what occupied my mind, and vainly did I endeavour to shake it off. I can compare my feel-

ings to nothing but those which we sometimes experience when about to undertake a long and unpleasant journey, leaving those we love behind us. More than once did I raise myself in my bed and listen, fancying that I heard myself called, and on each of those occasions the fluttering of my heart increased. Twice I was on the point of calling to my sister who then slept in an adjoining room, but she had gone to bed indisposed, and an unwillingness to disturb either her or my mother checked me: the large clock in the room below at this moment began to strike the hour of twelve. I distinctly heard its vibrations, but, ere its sounds had ceased, a burning heat, as if hot iron had been applied to my temple, was succeeded by a dizziness, —a swoon,—a total loss of consciousness as to where or in what situation I was.

'"A pain, violent, sharp, and piercing, as though my whole frame were lacerated by some keen-edged weapon, roused me from this stupor,—but where was I? Everything was strange around me — a shadowy dimness rendered every object indistinct and uncertain; methought, however, that I was seated in a large, antique, high-backed chair, several of which were near, their tall black-carved frames and seats interwoven with a lattice-work of cane. The apartment in which I sat was one of moderate dimensions, and from its sloping roof seemed to be the upper storey of the edifice,—a fact confirmed by the moon shining without, in full effulgence, on a huge round tower which its light rendered plainly visible through the open casement, and the summit of which appeared but little superior in elevation to the room I occupied. Rather to the right, and in the distance, the spire of some cathedral or lofty church was visible, while sundry gable-ends and tops of houses told me I was in the midst of a populous but unknown city.

'"The apartment itself had something strange in its

appearance; and, in the character of its furniture and appurtenances, bore little or no resemblance to any I had ever seen before. The fireplace was large and wide, with a pair of what are sometimes called andirons, betokening that wood was the principal if not the only fuel consumed within its recess; a fierce fire was now blazing in it, the light from which rendered visible the remotest parts of the chamber. Over a lofty old-fashioned mantelpiece, carved heavily in imitation of fruits and flowers, hung the half-length portrait of a gentleman in a dark-coloured foreign habit, with a peaked beard and moustaches, one hand resting upon a table, the other supporting a sort of *bâton*, or short military staff, the summit of which was surmounted by a silver falcon. Several antique chairs, similar in appearance to those already mentioned, surrounded a massive oaken table, the length of which much exceeded its width. At the lower end of this piece of furniture stood the chair I occupied; on the upper, was placed a small chafing-dish filled with burning coals, and darting forth occasionally long flashes of various-coloured fire, the brilliance of which made itself visible, even above the strong illumination emitted from the chimney. Two huge, black, japanned cabinets, with clawed feet, reflecting from their polished surfaces the effulgence of the flame, were placed one on each side the casement-window to which I have alluded, and, with a few shelves loaded with books, many of which were also strewed in disorder on the floor, completed the list of the furniture in the apartment. Some strange-looking instruments, of unknown form and purpose, lay on the table near the chafing-dish, on the other side of which a miniature portrait of myself hung, reflected by a small oval mirror in a dark-coloured frame, while a large open volume, traced with strange characters of the colour of blood, lay in front; a goblet containing a few drops of liquid of the same ensanguined hue was by its side.

'"But of the objects which I have endeavoured to describe none arrested my attention so forcibly as two others. These were the figures of two young men, in the prime of life, only separated from me by the table. They were dressed alike, each in a long flowing gown, made of some sad-coloured stuff and confined at the waist by a crimson girdle. One of them, the shorter of the two, was occupied in feeding the embers of the chafing-dish with a resinous powder which produced and maintained a brilliant but flickering blaze, to the action of which his companion was exposing a long lock of dark chestnut hair that shrank and shrivelled as it approached the flame. But, O God!—that hair!—and the form of him who held it! that face! those features!—not for one instant could I entertain a doubt—it was He! Francis!—the lock he grasped was mine, the very pledge of affection I had given him; and still, as it partially encountered the fire, a burning heat seemed to scorch the temple from which it had been taken, conveying a torturing sensation that affected my very brain.

'"How shall I proceed?—but no, it is impossible,—not even to you, sir, can I—dare I—recount the proceedings of that unhallowed night of horror and of shame. Were my life extended to a term commensurate with that of the Patriarchs of old, never could its detestable, its damning pollutions be effaced from my remembrance; and oh! above all, never could I forget the diabolical glee which sparkled in the eyes of my fiendish tormentors, as they witnessed the worse than useless struggles of their miserable victim. Oh! why was it not permitted me to take refuge in unconsciousness—nay, in death itself—from the abominations of which I was compelled to be, not only a witness, but a partaker? But it is enough, sir; I will not further shock your nature by dwelling longer on a scene the full horrors of which words, if I even dared

employ any, would be inadequate to express; suffice it to say, that after being subjected to it, how long I knew not, but certainly for more than an hour, a noise from below seemed to alarm my persecutors: a pause ensued,—the lights were extinguished,—and, as the sound of a foot-step ascending a staircase became more distinct, my forehead felt again the excruciating sensation of heat, while the embers, kindling into a momentary flame, betrayed another portion of the ringlet consuming in the blaze. Fresh agonies succeeded, not less severe, and of a similar description to those which had seized upon me at first; oblivion again followed, and on being at length restored to consciousness I found myself as you see me now, faint and exhausted, weakened in every limb, and every fibre quivering with agitation.—My groans soon brought my sister to my aid; it was long before I could summon resolution to confide, even to her, the dreadful secret, and when I had done so, her strongest efforts were not wanting to persuade me that I had been labouring under a severe attack of nightmare. I ceased to argue, but I was not convinced: the whole scene was then too present, too awfully real, to permit me to doubt the character of the transaction; and if, when a few days had elapsed, the hopelessness of imparting to others the conviction I entertained myself produced in me an apparent acquiescence with their opinion, I have never been the less satisfied that no cause reducible to the known laws of nature occasioned my sufferings on that hellish evening. Whether that firm belief might have eventually yielded to time, whether I might at length have been brought to consider all that had passed, and the circumstances which I could never cease to remember, as a mere phantasm, the offspring of a heated imagination acting upon an enfeebled body, I know not:—last night, however, would in any case have dispelled the flattering illusion—last night—last night was the whole

horrible scene acted over again! The place—the actors —the whole infernal apparatus were the same;—the same insults, the same torments, the same brutalities—all were renewed, save that the period of my agony was not so prolonged. I became sensible to an incision in my arm, though the hand that made it was not visible; at the same moment my persecutors paused; they were manifestly disconcerted, and the companion of him, whose name shall never more pass my lips, muttered something to his abettor in evident agitation; the formula of an oath of horrible import was dictated to me in terms fearfully distinct. I refused it unhesitatingly; again and again was it proposed, with menaces I tremble to think on—but I refused. The same sound was heard—interruption was evidently apprehended,—the same ceremony was hastily repeated, and I again found myself released, lying on my own bed, with my mother and my sister weeping over me. —O God! O God! when and how is this to end!—When will my spirit be left in peace?—Where, or with whom shall I find refuge?"

'It is impossible to convey any adequate idea of the emotions with which this unhappy girl's narrative affected me. It must not be supposed that her story was delivered in the same continuous and uninterrupted strain in which I have transcribed its substance. On the contrary, it was not without frequent intervals of longer or shorter duration that her account was brought to a conclusion: indeed, many passages of her strange dream were not without the greatest difficulty and reluctance communicated at all.— My task was no easy one. Never, in the course of a long life spent in the active duties of my Christian calling,—never had I been summoned to such a conference before!

'To the half-avowed, and palliated, confession of committed guilt I had often listened, and pointed out the

only road to secure its forgiveness. I had succeeded in cheering the spirit of despondency, and sometimes even in calming the ravings of despair ; but here I had a different enemy to combat, an ineradicable prejudice to encounter, evidently backed by no common share of superstition, and confirmed by the mental weakness attendant upon severe bodily pain. To argue the sufferer out of an opinion so rooted was a hopeless attempt. I did, however, essay it ; I spoke to her of the strong and mysterious connexion maintained between our waking images and those which haunt us in our dreams, and more especially during that morbid oppression commonly called nightmare. I was even enabled to adduce myself as a strong and living instance of the excess to which Fancy sometimes carries her freaks on these occasions ; while, by an odd coincidence, the impression made upon my own mind, which I adduced as an example, bore no slight resemblance to her own. I stated to her, that, on my recovery from the fit of epilepsy which had attacked me about two years since, just before my grandson Frederick left Oxford, it was with the greatest difficulty I could persuade myself that I had not visited him, during the interval, in his rooms at Brasenose, and even conversed both with himself and his friend W——, seated in his arm-chair, and gazing through the window full upon the statue of Cain, as it stands in the centre of the quadrangle. I told her of the pain I underwent both at the commencement and termination of my attack,—of the extreme lassitude that succeeded. But my efforts were all in vain : she listened to me, indeed, with an interest almost breathless, especially when I informed her of my having actually experienced the very burning sensation in the brain alluded to, no doubt a strong attendant symptom of this peculiar affection, and a proof of the identity of the complaint ; but I could plainly perceive that I failed entirely in shaking the rooted opinion

which possessed her, that her spirit had, by some nefarious and unhallowed means, been actually subtracted for a time from its earthly tenement.'

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The next extract which I shall give from my old friend's memoranda is dated August 24th, more than a week subsequent to his first visit at Mrs. Graham's. He appears, from his papers, to have visited the poor young woman more than once during the interval, and to have afforded her those spiritual consolations which no one was more capable of communicating. His patient, for so in a religious sense she may well be termed, had been sinking under the agitation she had experienced ; and the constant dread she was under of similar sufferings operated so strongly on a frame already enervated that life at length seemed to hang only by a thread. His papers go on to say :—

'I have just seen poor Mary Graham,—I fear for the last time. Nature is evidently quite worn out ; she is aware that she is dying, and looks forward to the termination of her existence here not only with resignation but with joy. It is clear that her dream, or what she persists in calling her "subtraction," has much to do with this. For the last three days her behaviour has been altered ; she has avoided conversing on the subject of her delusion, and seems to wish that I should consider her as a convert to my view of her case. This may, perhaps, be partly owing to the flippancies of her medical attendant upon the subject, for Mr. I—— has, somehow or other, got an inkling that she has been much agitated by a dream, and thinks to laugh off the impression,—in my opinion injudiciously ; but though a skilful and a kind-hearted he is a young man, and of a disposition, perhaps, rather too mercurial for the chamber of a nervous invalid. Her manner has since been much more reserved to both of us : in my

case, probably, because she suspects me of betraying her secret.'

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'*August 26th.*—Mary Graham is yet alive, but sinking fast; her cordiality towards me has returned since her sister confessed yesterday that she had herself told Mr. I—— that his patient's mind "had been affected by a terrible vision." I am evidently restored to her confidence. She asked me this morning, with much earnestness, "what I believed to be the state of departed spirits during the interval between dissolution and the final day of account?—and whether I thought they would be safe, in another world, from the influence of wicked persons employing an agency more than human?"—Poor child!—One cannot mistake the prevailing bias of her mind. Poor child!'

. . . . . .

'*August 27th.*—It is nearly over; she is sinking rapidly, but quietly and without pain. I have just administered to her the sacred elements, of which her mother partook. Elizabeth declined doing the same: she cannot, she says, yet bring herself to forgive the villain who has destroyed her sister.—It is singular that she, a young woman of good plain sense in ordinary matters, should so easily adopt, and so pertinaciously retain, a superstition so puerile and ridiculous. This must be matter of a future conversation between us; at present, with the form of the dying girl before her eyes, it were vain to argue with her. The mother, I find, has written to young Somers, stating the dangerous situation of his affianced wife; indignant, as she justly is, at his long silence, it is fortunate that she has no knowledge of the suspicions entertained by her daughter. I have seen her letter; it is addressed to Mr. Francis Somers, in the Hogewoert, at Leyden,—a fellow-student then of Frederick's. I must remember to inquire if he is acquainted with this young man.'

. . . . . .

Mary Graham, it appears, died the same night. Before her departure, she repeated to my friend the singular story she had before told him, without any material variation from the detail she had formerly given. To the last she persisted in believing that her unworthy lover had practised upon her by forbidden arts. She once more described the apartment with great minuteness, and even the person of Francis's alleged companion, who was, she said, about the middle height, hard-featured, with a rather remarkable scar upon his left cheek, extending in a transverse direction from below the eye to the nose. Several pages of my reverend friend's manuscript are filled with reflections upon this extraordinary confession, which, joined with its melancholy termination, seems to have produced no common effect upon him. He alludes to more than one subsequent discussion with the surviving sister, and piques himself on having made some progress in convincing her of the folly of her theory respecting the origin, and nature, of the illness itself.

His memoranda on this, and other subjects, are continued till about the middle of September, when a break ensues, occasioned, no doubt, by the unwelcome news of his grandson's dangerous state, which induced him to set out forthwith for Holland. His arrival at Leyden was, as I have already said, too late. Frederick S—— had expired, after thirty hours' intense suffering, from a wound received in a duel with a brother student. The cause of quarrel was variously related ; but, according to his landlord's version, it had originated in some silly dispute about a dream of his antagonist's, who had been the challenger. Such, at least, was the account given to him, as he said, by Frederick's friend and fellow-lodger, W——, who had acted as second on the occasion ; thus acquitting himself of an obligation of the same kind due to the deceased, whose services he had put in requisition about a year before on

a similar occasion, when he had himself been severely wounded in the face.

From the same authority I learned that my poor friend was much affected on finding that his arrival had been deferred too long. Every attention was shown him by the proprietor of the house, a respectable tradesman, and a chamber was prepared for his accommodation. The books and few effects of his deceased grandson were delivered over to him, duly inventoried, and, late as it was in the evening when he reached Leyden, he insisted on being conducted immediately to the apartments which Frederick had occupied, there to indulge the first ebullitions of his sorrow before he retired to his own. Madame Müller accordingly led the way to an upper room, which, being situated at the top of the house, had been, from its privacy and distance from the street, selected by Frederick as his study. The Doctor entered, and taking the lamp from his conductress motioned to be left alone. His implied wish was of course complied with, and nearly two hours had elapsed before his kind-hearted hostess re-ascended, in the hope of prevailing upon him to return with her and partake of that refreshment which he had in the first instance peremptorily declined. Her application for admission was unnoticed ;—she repeated it more than once, without success ; then, becoming somewhat alarmed at the continued silence, opened the door and perceived her new inmate stretched on the floor in a fainting fit. Restoratives were instantly administered, and prompt medical aid succeeded at length in restoring him to consciousness. But his mind had received a shock from which, during the few weeks he survived, it never entirely recovered. His thoughts wandered perpetually : and though, from the very slight acquaintance which his hosts had with the English language, the greater part of what fell from him remained unknown, yet enough was understood to induce them to believe that

something more than the mere death of his grandson had contributed thus to paralyse his faculties.

When his situation was first discovered a small miniature was found tightly grasped in his right hand. It had been the property of Frederick, and had more than once been seen by the Müllers in his possession. To this the patient made continued reference, and would not suffer it one moment from his sight: it was in his hand when he expired. At my request it was produced to me. The portrait was that of a young woman, in an English morning dress, whose pleasing and regular features, with their mild and somewhat pensive expression, were not, I thought, altogether unknown to me. Her age was apparently about twenty. A profusion of dark chestnut hair was arranged in the Madonna style above a brow of unsullied whiteness, a single ringlet depending on the left side. A glossy lock of the same colour, and evidently belonging to the original, appeared beneath a small crystal inlaid in the back of the picture, which was plainly set in gold, and bore in a cipher the letters M. G. with the date 18—. From the inspection of this portrait I could at the time collect nothing, nor from that of the Doctor himself, which, also, I found the next morning in Frederick's desk, accompanied by two separate portions of hair. One of them was a lock, short, and deeply tinged with grey, and had been taken, I have little doubt, from the head of my old friend himself; the other corresponded in colour and appearance with that at the back of the miniature. It was not till a few days had elapsed, and I had seen the worthy Doctor's remains quietly consigned to the narrow house, that, while arranging his papers previous to my intended return upon the morrow, I encountered the narrative I have already transcribed. The name of the unfortunate young woman connected with it forcibly arrested my attention. I recollected it immediately as

one belonging to a parishioner of my own, and at once recognised the original of the female portrait as its owner.

I rose not from the perusal of his very singular statement till I had gone through the whole of it. It was late, and the rays of the single lamp by which I was reading did but very faintly illumine the remoter parts of the room in which I sat. The brilliancy of an unclouded November moon, then some twelve nights old and shining full into the apartment, did much towards remedying the defect. My thoughts filled with the melancholy details I had read, I rose and walked to the window. The beautiful planet rode high in the firmament, and gave to the snowy roofs of the houses and pendent icicles all the sparkling radiance of clustering gems. The stillness of the scene harmonized well with the state of my feelings. I threw open the casement and looked abroad. Far below me, the waters of the principal canal shone like a broad mirror in the moonlight. To the left rose the Burght,—a huge round tower of remarkable appearance, pierced with embrasures at its summit; while, a little to the right and in the distance, the spire and pinnacles of the cathedral of Leyden rose in all their majesty, presenting a *coup d'œil* of surpassing though simple beauty. To a spectator of calm, unoccupied mind the scene would have been delightful. On me it acted with an electric effect. I turned hastily to survey the apartment in which I had been sitting. It was the one designated as the study of the late Frederick S——. The sides of the room were covered with dark wainscot; the spacious fireplace opposite to me, with its polished andirons, was surmounted by a large old-fashioned mantelpiece, heavily carved in the Dutch style with fruits and flowers; above it frowned a portrait in a Vandyke dress, with a peaked beard and moustaches; one hand of the figure rested on a table, while the other bore a marshal's

staff, surmounted with a silver falcon; and, either my imagination, already heated by the scene, deceived me, or a smile as of malicious triumph curled the lip and glared in the cold leaden eye that seemed fixed upon my own. The heavy, antique, cane-backed chairs,—the large oaken table,—the book-shelves,—the scattered volumes—all, all were there; while, to complete the picture, to my right and left, as half-breathless I leaned my back against the casement, rose, on each side, a tall, dark, ebony cabinet, in whose polished sides the single lamp upon the table shone reflected as in a mirror.

. . . . . .

What am I to think?—Can it be that the story I have been reading was written by my poor friend here, and under the influence of delirium?—Impossible! Besides they all assure me that from the fatal night of his arrival he never left his bed—never put pen to paper. His very directions to have me summoned from England were verbally given, during one of those few and brief intervals in which reason seemed partially to resume her sway. Can it then be possible that——? W——? where is he who alone may be able to throw light on this horrible mystery?—No one knows. He absconded, it seems, immediately after the duel. No trace of him exists; nor, after repeated and anxious inquiries, can I find that any student has ever been known in the University of Leyden by the name of Francis Somers.

'There are more things in heaven and earth
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy!!'

NOTE

Singular Passage in the Life of the late Henry Harris, D.D.—The main incident in this story is the substance of a communication made to me by a young lady, the daughter of Mr. – —, a Proctor in the 'Commons,' whom I found much in the state described, and who soon after died and was buried at St. Gregory's. The young man whom she persisted in accusing of having, as she phrased it, 'drawn her,' *i.e.* abstracted her spirit from her body, was a junior partner (as I believe) in a most respectable firm in St. Paul's Churchyard. She said she had never spoken to him in her life, but that he was a friend of her brother's. Her sister (the father was out of town) was very urgent with me to have Mr. —— taken before a magistrate, and to the last seemed fully persuaded of the reality of the proceedings. The minuteness with which she described every article of furniture, *etc.*, in the room to which she believed herself to have been conveyed is not exaggerated in the 'Narrative,' although the costume is necessarily altered to suit the difference of locality. The picture with the bâton and dove is one now at Parrock Manor House, and was formerly in the Duke of Bedford's collection. It is the portrait of a Genoese senator, and was given by his Grace to Colonel Dalton.

Since writing the above the picture has become my property; it is an undoubted Giombattista Moroni.—T. I.

To this may be added the curious coincidence that the young gentleman mentioned in the above account was shortly afterwards the subject of another unpleasant misconception. He was taken into custody on the charge of perpetrating a robbery at one of the theatres. His identity was sworn to most positively by the prosecutrix, but fortunately an *alibi* was so irrefragably established as to place his innocence beyond suspicion. As for the portrait, there was certainly something 'uncanny' in the malicious expression of the eye referred to; so much so that two servants actually left the Colonel's service rather than continue to sweep the study in the grey morning light, with that unpleasant old gentleman staring at them.

Father John Ingoldsby, to whose papers I am largely indebted for the Saintly records which follow, was brought up by his father, a cadet of the family, in the Romish faith, and was educated at Douai for the Church. Besides the manuscripts now at Tappington, he was the author of two controversial treatises on the connexion between the Papal Hierarchy and the Nine of Diamonds.

From his well-known loyalty, evinced by secret services to the Royal cause during the Protectorate, he was excepted by name out of the acts against the Papists, became superintendent of the Queen Dowager's chapel at Somerset House, and enjoyed a small pension until his death, which took place in the third year of Queen Anne (1704), at the mature age of ninety-six. He was an ecclesiastic of great learning and piety, but from the stiff and antiquated phraseology which he adopted I have thought it necessary to modernize his language a little: this will account for certain anachronisms that have unavoidably crept into his narratives; the substance of which has, however, throughout been strictly adhered to.

His hair-shirt, almost as good as new, is still preserved at Tappington,—but nobody ever wears it.

THE JACKDAW OF RHEIMS[1]

'Tunc miser Corvus adeo conscientiæ stimulis compunctus fuit et execratio eum tantopere excarneficavit ut exinde tabescere inciperet, maciem contraheret, omnem cibum aversaretur, nec amplius crocitaret: pennæ præterea ei defluebant, et alis pendulis omnes facetias intermisit, et tam macer apparuit ut omnes ejus miserescerent.' . . . .

'Tunc abbas sacerdotibus mandavit ut rursus furem absolverent; quo facto, Corvus, omnibus mirantibus, propediem convaluit et pristinam sanitatem recuperavit.' *De Illust. Ord. Cisterc.*

THE Jackdaw sat on the Cardinal's chair!
Bishop and abbot and prior were there;
Many a monk and many a friar,
Many a knight and many a squire,
With a great many more of lesser degree,—
In sooth, a goodly company;—
And they served the Lord Primate on bended knee.
Never, I ween,
Was a prouder seen,

[1] The story of the Jackdaw of Rheims is to be found in *Johan. Wolfii Lectionum Memorabilium Centenarii*, vol. i. p. 216. The same volume contains the original story of Southey's *Pilgrims of Compostella;* and on the same page with the latter there is given a legend of St. Patrick, who, when a man had stolen some mutton, detected the thief by making the sheep bleat in his inside.—T. I.

In writing to Mrs. Hughes on the 29th of April 1837, Mr. Barham refers to this, probably the most popular of the Legends, in the following terms: 'I have no time to do more for this number [of *Bentley's Miscellany*] than scratch off a doggerel version of an old Catholic legend that I picked up out of a High Dutch author. I am afraid the poor "Jackdaw" will be sadly pecked at. Had I more time I meant to have engrafted on it a story I have heard Cannon tell of a magpie of his acquaintance.' The story is given at length in the *Life and Letters*, vol. ii. p. 21.

In a subsequent letter to Mr. Bentley he says: 'I am glad you like the "Jackdaw"; it was struck off at a heat and almost in despair, when I found it impossible to finish the other article ['The Spectre of Tappington'?] in time.'

Read of in books or dreamt of in dreams,
Than the Cardinal Lord Archbishop of Rheims!

In and out
Through the motley rout,
That little Jackdaw kept hopping about;
Here and there,
Like a dog in a fair,
Over comfits and cates,
And dishes and plates,
Cowl and cope, and rochet and pall,
Mitre and crosier! he hopped upon all!
With a saucy air,
He perched on the chair
Where, in state, the great Lord Cardinal sat,
In the great Lord Cardinal's great red hat;
And he peered in the face
Of his Lordship's Grace
With a satisfied look, as if he would say,
'We Two are the greatest folks here to-day!'
And the priests, with awe,
As such freaks they saw,
Said, 'The Devil must be in that little Jackdaw!!'

The feast was over, the board was cleared,
The flawns and the custards had all disappeared;
And six little Singing-boys,—dear little souls,
In nice clean faces and nice white stoles,—
Came, in order due,
Two by two,
Marching that grand refectory through.
A nice little boy held a golden ewer,
Embossed and filled with water as pure
As any that flows between Rheims and Namur,
Which a nice little boy stood ready to catch

In a fine golden hand-basin made to match.
Two nice little boys, rather more grown,
Carried lavender-water and eau-de-Cologne ;
And a nice little boy had a nice cake of soap,
Worthy of washing the hands of the Pope.
One little boy more
A napkin bore,
Of the best white diaper, fringed with pink,
And a Cardinal's Hat marked in 'permanent ink.'

The great Lord Cardinal turns at the sight
Of these nice little boys dressed all in white :
From his finger he draws
His costly turquoise,
And, not thinking at all about little Jackdaws,
Deposits it straight
By the side of his plate,
While the nice little boys on his Eminence wait ;
Till, when nobody's dreaming of any such thing,
That little Jackdaw hops off with the ring !

. . . . . .

There's a cry and a shout,
And a deuce of a rout,
And nobody seems to know what they're about,
But the monks have their pockets all turned inside out.
The friars are kneeling,
And hunting, and feeling
The carpet, the floor and the walls, and the ceiling.
The Cardinal drew
Off each plum-coloured shoe,
And left his red stockings exposed to the view ;
He peeps, and he feels
In the toes and the heels.
They turn up the dishes,—they turn up the plates,—
They take up the poker and poke out the grates ;—

They turn up the rugs,
They examine the mugs :—
But, no !—no such thing ;—
They can't find THE RING !
And the Abbot declared that, ' when nobody twigged it,
Some rascal or other had popped in and prigged it ! '

The Cardinal rose with a dignified look,
He called for his candle, his bell, and his book !
In holy anger and pious grief,
He solemnly cursed that rascally thief !
He cursed him at board, he cursed him in bed,
From the sole of his foot to the crown of his head ;
He cursed him in sleeping, that every night
He should dream of the devil and wake in a fright ;
He cursed him in eating, he cursed him in drinking,
He cursed him in coughing, in sneezing, in winking ;
He cursed him in sitting, in standing, in lying,
He cursed him in walking, in riding, in flying ;
He cursed him in living, he cursed him in dying !—
Never was heard such a terrible curse ! ![1]
But, what gave rise
To no little surprise,
Nobody seemed one penny the worse !

The day was gone,
The night came on,
The Monks and the Friars they searched till dawn ;
When the Sacristan saw,
On crumpled claw,

[1] ' Small curses, Dr. Slop, upon great occasions,' quoth my father, ' are but so much waste of our strength and soul's health to no manner of purpose.' The cardinal's curse is clearly borrowed from that of his pious brother Ernulphus, recorded in the leger-book of the Church of Rochester, and quoted by Mr. Shandy : *Maledictus sit vivendo, moriendo, manducando, bibendo, esuriendo, sitiendo, jejunando, dormiendo, vigilando, ambulando, stando, sedendo, jacendo, operando, quiescendo, flebotomando,* etc.

Come limping a poor little lame Jackdaw!
No longer gay,
As on yesterday,
His feathers all seemed to be turned the wrong way;—
His pinions drooped,—he could hardly stand,—
His head was as bald as the palm of your hand;
His eye so dim,
So wasted each limb,
That, heedless of grammar, they all cried, 'THAT'S HIM!—
That's the scamp that has done this scandalous thing!
That's the thief that has got my Lord Cardinal's Ring!'
The poor little Jackdaw,
When the monks he saw,
Feebly gave vent to the ghost of a caw;
And turned his bald head, as much as to say
'Pray, be so good as to walk this way!'
Slower and slower
He limped on before,
Till they came to the back of the belfry-door,
Where the first thing they saw,
Midst the sticks and the straw,
Was the RING, in the nest of that little Jackdaw!

Then the great Lord Cardinal called for his book,
And off that terrible curse he took.
The mute expression
Served in lieu of confession,
And, being thus coupled with full restitution,
The Jackdaw got plenary absolution!
When those words were heard,
That poor little bird
Was so changed in a moment 'twas really absurd.
He grew sleek and fat;
In addition to that,
A fresh crop of feathers came thick as a mat!

His tail waggled more
Than even before ;
But no longer it wagged with an impudent air,
No longer he perched on the Cardinal's chair.
He hopped now about
With a gait devout ;
At Matins, at Vespers, he never was out ;
And, so far from any more pilfering deeds,
He always seemed telling the Confessor's beads.
If any one lied, or if any one swore,
Or slumbered in prayer-time and happened to snore,
That good Jackdaw
Would give a great 'Caw!'
As much as to say, 'Don't do so any more!'
While many remarked, as his manners they saw,
That they 'never had known such a pious Jackdaw!'
He long lived the pride
Of that country side,
And at last 'in the odour of sanctity' died ;
When, as words were too faint
His merits to paint,
The Conclave determined to make him a Saint :
And on newly-made Saints and Popes, as you know,
It's the custom, at Rome, new names to bestow,
So they canonized him by the name of Jem Crow![1]

[1] Happily for the present generation, the memory of Mr. Rice, the great American comedian, and his interminable nigger song, *Jim Crow*, has passed away. Time was, some thirty years ago, when this fearful composition seemed to pervade all space. It was sung, shouted, howled, and danced—*semper, ubique, et ab omnibus!* A certain clever scholar of the Father Prout variety pronounced it a plagiarism, and professed to have discovered the original in a French *chanson*, which is given at length in *Bentley's Miscellany*, April 1839. A stanza may suffice as a specimen :—

'En Amérique j'ai fait des sauts,
En Angleterre aussi ;
En France j'irai, s'il le faut,
Pour sauter quand je cris,—
Je tourne, re-tourne, je caracole,
Je fais des sauts ;
Chaque fois je fais le tour,
Je saute "Jim Crow."'

NOTE

A JACKDAW IN CHURCH

'THE audacity of the famous Jackdaw of Rheims has been equalled if not excelled at Monkton, in Kent. During divine service a jackdaw (now belonging to Mr. Stapleton Cotton) made its way into the church with the other portion of the congregation, and not only took a lively part in the responses but also became exceedingly talkative at other times. The whole congregation were disposed to explode with merriment; the clergyman himself with difficulty kept a serious face, while the school children present broke out into open laughter. Things became so bad that the clergyman had to order the children out of the church. Then an effort was made to capture the intruder, who had perched himself boldly upon the reading-desk. The bird, however, was not to be caught, and flew to the rafters above, where it remained till the end of the service, still continuing to deliver itself of more or less pertinent expressions of opinion.'—*St. James's Gazette*, 25th August 1888.

A LAY OF ST. DUNSTAN[1]

'This holy childe Dunstan was borne in ye yere of our Lorde ix. hondred & xxv. that tyme regnynge in this londe Kinge Athelston. . . .

'Whan it so was that Saynt Dunstan was wery of prayer, than used he to werke in goldsmythes werke with his owne handes for to eschewe ydelnes.' *Golden Legend.*

ST. DUNSTAN stood in his ivied tower;
Alembic, crucible, all were there;
When in came Nick to play him a trick,
In guise of a damsel passing fair.
Every one knows
How the story goes:
He took up the tongs and caught hold of his nose.
But I beg that you won't for a moment suppose
That I mean to go through, in detail, to you
A story at least as trite as it's true;
Nor do I intend
An instant to spend
On the tale,—how he treated his monarch and friend,
When, bolting away to a chamber remote,
Inconceivably bored by his Witen-gemote,[1]
Edwy left them all joking,
And drinking and smoking.
So tipsily grand they'd stand nonsense from no King,

[1] See *Notes* appended to the Legend.

But sent the Archbishop
Their Sovereign to fish up,
With a hint that perchance on his crown he might feel taps,
Unless he came back straight and took off his heel-taps.
You must not be plagued with the same story twice,
And perhaps have seen this one, by W. DYCE,
At the Royal Academy, very well done,
And marked in the catalogue, Four, seven, one.

You might there view the Saint, who in sable arrayed is,
Coercing the Monarch away from the Ladies.
His right hand has hold of his Majesty's jerkin,
His left shows the door, and he seems to say, 'Sir King,
Your most faithful Commons won't hear of your shirking!
Quit your tea, and return to your Barclai and Perkyn;
Or, by Jingo,[1] ere morning, no longer alive, a
Sad victim you'll lie to your love for Elgiva!'

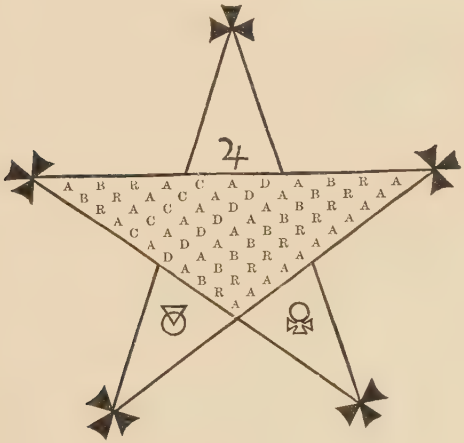
No farther to treat
Of this ungallant feat,
What I mean to do now is succinctly to paint
One particular fact in the life of the Saint,
Which somehow, for want of due care, I presume,
Has escaped the researches of Rapin and Hume;
In recounting a miracle, both of them, men who a
Great deal fell short of Jaques Bishop of Genoa,
An Historian who likes deeds like these to record—
See his *Aurea Legenda*, by Wynkyn de Worde.

St. Dunstan stood again in his tower,
Alembic, crucible, all complete;

[1] St. Jingo, or Gengo (Gengulphus), sometimes styled 'The Living Jingo,' from the great tenaciousness of vitality exhibited by his severed members. See his Legend, as recorded hereafter in the present volume.—T. I.

He had been standing a good half hour,
And now he uttered the words of power,
And called to his Broomstick to bring him a seat.

The words of power!—and what be they
To which e'en Broomsticks bow and obey?—
Why,—'twere uncommonly hard to say,
As the prelate I named has recorded none of them,
What they may be,
But I know they are three,
And ABRACADABRA, I take it, is one of them:
For I'm told that most Cabalists use that identical
Word, written thus, in what they call 'a Pentacle.'



However that be,
You'll doubtless agree
It signifies little to you or to me,
As not being dabblers in Grammarye:
Still, it must be confessed, for a Saint to repeat
Such language aloud is scarcely discreet;
For, as Solomon hints to folks given to chatter,
'A bird of the air may carry the matter';

And, in sooth,
From my youth
I remember a truth
Insisted on much in my earlier years,
To wit, 'Little Pitchers have very long ears!'
Now, just such a 'Pitcher' as those I allude to
Was outside the door, which his 'ears' appeared glued to.

Peter, the Lay-brother, meagre and thin,
Five feet one in his sandal-shoon,
While the Saint thought him sleeping,
Was listening and peeping,
And watching his master the whole afternoon.

This Peter the Saint had picked out from his fellows,
To look to his fire and to blow with the bellows,
To put on the Wallsends and Lambtons whenever he
Chose to indulge in a little *orfèvrerie*.
—Of course you have read
That St. Dunstan was bred
A Goldsmith, and never quite gave up the trade!
The Company—richest in London, 'tis said—
Acknowledge him still as their Patron and Head;[1]
Nor is it so long
Since a capital song
In his praise—now recorded their archives among—
Delighted the noble and dignified throng
Of their guests, who, the newspapers told the whole town,
With cheers 'pledged the wine-cup to Dunstan's renown,'
When Lord Lyndhurst, THE DUKE, and Sir Robert were dining
At the hall sometime since with the Prime Warden Twining.—
I am sadly digressing—a fault which sometimes

[1] See *Notes* appended to the Legend.

One can hardly avoid in these gossiping rhymes.
A slight deviation's forgiven! but then this is
Too long, I fear, for a decent parenthesis,
So I'll rein up my Pegasus sharp and retreat, or
You'll think I've forgotten the Lay-brother Peter;
Whom the Saint, as I said,
Kept to turn down his bed,
Dress his palfreys and cobs,
And do other odd jobs,—
As reducing to writing
Whatever he might, in
The course of the day or the night, be inditing,
And cleaning the plate of his mitre with whiting;
Performing, in short, all those duties and offices
Abbots exact from Lay-brothers and Novices.

It occurs to me here
You'll perhaps think it queer
That St. Dunstan should have such a personage near,
When he'd only to say
Those words,—be what they may,—
And his Broomstick at once his commands would obey.
That's true—but the fact is
'Twas rarely his practice
Such aid to resort to or such means apply,
Unless he'd some 'dignified knot' to untie,
Adopting, though sometimes, as now, he'd reverse it,
Old Horace's maxim '*nec Broomstick intersit.*'[1]—
Peter the Lay-brother, meagre and thin,
Heard all the Saint was saying within;
Peter the Lay-brother, sallow and spare,
Peeped through the key-hole, and—what saw he there?—
Why,—A BROOMSTICK BRINGING A RUSH-BOTTOMED CHAIR!

[1] 'Nec deus intersit nisi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit.'—HORACE, *Ars Poetica*, l. 191.

What Shakspeare observes, in his play of King John,
Is undoubtedly right,—
That 'ofttimes the sight
Of means to do ill deeds will make ill deeds done.'
Here's Peter, the Lay-brother, pale-faced and meagre,
A good sort of man, only rather too eager
To listen to what other people are saying,
When he ought to be minding his business or praying,
Gets into a scrape,—and an awkward one too,—
As you'll find, if you've patience enough to go through
The whole of the story
I'm laying before ye,—
Entirely from having 'the means,' in his view,
Of doing a thing which he ought not to do!

Still rings in his ear,
Distinct and clear,
Abracadabra!—that word of fear!
And the two which I never yet happened to hear.
Still doth he spy,
With Fancy's eye,
The Broomstick at work and the Saint standing by;
And he chuckles, and says to himself with glee,
'Aha! that Broomstick shall work for *me!*'

Hark!—that swell
O'er flood and o'er fell,
Mountain, and dingle, and moss-covered dell!
List!—'tis the sound of the Compline bell,
And St. Dunstan is quitting his ivied cell.
Peter, I wot,
Is off like a shot,
Or a little dog scalded by something that's hot,
For he hears his Master approaching the spot

Where he'd listened so long, though he knew he ought not.
Peter remembered his Master's frown—
He trembled—he'd not have been caught for a crown;
Howe'er you may laugh,
He had rather, by half,
Have run up to the top of the tower and jumped down.

. . . . . .

The Compline hour is past and gone,
Evening service is over and done;
The monks repair
To their frugal fare,
A snug little supper of something light
And digestible, ere they retire for the night;
For, in Saxon times, in respect to their cheer,
St. Austin's Rule was by no means severe,
But allowed, from the Beverley Roll 'twould appear,
Bread and cheese, and spring onions, and sound table-beer,
And even green peas, when they were not too dear.
Not like the rule of La Trappe, whose chief merit is
Said to consist in its greater austerities;
And whose monks, if I rightly remember their laws,
Ne'er are suffered to speak,
Think only in Greek,
And subsist, as the Bears do, by sucking their paws.
Astonished I am
The gay Baron Geramb,
With his head sav'ring more of the Lion than Lamb,
Could e'er be persuaded to join such a set—I
Extend the remark to Signor Ambrogetti;[1]

[1] The Baron Ferdinand de Geramb, born about 1770, was an Hungarian nobleman, and one of the most extraordinary men of his day. Having, in the course of a visit to England on political business, exhausted his resources, he shut himself up in his house, adopting the national maxim, 'a man's house is his castle,' and defied the sheriff. He succeeded in escaping to Denmark, but was there arrested by Napoleon. On the entrance of the Allies into Paris he was released, and soon after retired from the world and buried him-

For a monk of La Trappe is as thin as a rat,
While an Austin Friar was jolly and fat.
Though, of course, the fare to which I allude,
With as good table-beer as ever was brewed,
Was all 'caviare to the multitude,'
Extending alone to the clergy, together in
Hall assembled,—and not to Lay-brethren.
St. Dunstan himself sits there at his post,
On what they say is
Called a Daïs,
O'erlooking the whole of his clerical host,
And eating poached eggs with spinach and toast.
Five Lay-brothers stand behind his chair,
But where is the sixth?—Where's Peter?—Ay,
WHERE?

'Tis an evening in June,
And a little half moon—
A brighter no fond lover ever set eyes on,
Gleaming and beaming,
And dancing the stream in—
Has made her appearance above the horizon;
Just such a half moon as you see, in a play,
On the turban of Mustapha Muley Bey,
Or the fair Turk who weds with the 'Noble Lord Bateman';
—*Vide* plate in George Cruikshank's memoirs of that great man.

She shines on a turret remote and lone,
A turret with ivy and moss overgrown,

self in the monastery of La Trappe. He is described (1816) as 'un très bel homme, d'une figure distinguée, âgé d'environ quarante-cinq ans. Il est fort instruit et parle presque toutes les langues.'

Ambrogetti was an eminent singer, the first representative in this country of Don Giovanni. It is said that in 1830 he became a Trappist, but that he reappeared in Ireland in 1838, after which little or nothing is known of him.

And lichens that thrive on the cold dank stone ;
Such a tower as a poet of no mean calibre
I once knew and loved, poor, dear Reginald Heber,
Assigns to oblivion [1]—a den for a she-bear.
Within it are found,
Strewed above and around,
On the hearth, on the table, the shelves and the ground,
All sorts of instruments, all sorts of tools,
To name which and their uses would puzzle the Schools,
And make very wise people look very like fools ;
Pincers and hooks,
And black-letter books,
All sorts of pokers, and all sorts of tongs,
And all sorts of hammers, and all that belongs
To Goldsmiths' work, chemistry, alchymy ;—all,
In short, that a Sage,
In that erudite age,
Could require was at hand, or at least within call.
In the midst of the room lies a Broomstick !—and there
A Lay-brother sits in a rush-bottomed chair !

Abracadabra ! that fearful word,
And the two which, I said, I have never yet heard,
Are uttered.—'Tis done !
Peter, full of his fun,
Cries, 'Broomstick ! you lubberly son of a gun !
Bring ale !—bring a flagon—a hogshead—a tun !
'Tis the same thing to you ;
I have nothing to do ;
And, 'fore George, I'll sit here, and I'll drink till all's blue !'

[1] 'And cold oblivion, midst the ruin laid,
Folds her dank wing beneath the ivy shade.'
Palestine.

No doubt you've remarked how uncommonly quick
A Newfoundland puppy runs after a stick,
Brings it back to his master and gives it him—Well,
So potent the spell,
The Broomstick perceived it was vain to rebel,
So ran off like that puppy.—Some cellar was near,
For in less than ten seconds 'twas back with the beer!
Peter seizes the flagon; but, ere he can suck
Its contents, or enjoy what he thinks his good luck,
The Broomstick comes in with a tub in a truck;
Continues to run
Just as it had begun,
And, *au pied de lettre*, next brings in a tun!
A fresh one succeeds, then a third, then another,
Discomfiting much the astounded Laÿ-brother;
Who, had he possessed fifty pitchers or stoups,
They had all been too few; for, arranging in groups
The barrels, the Broomstick next *started the hoops.*
The ale deluged the floor;
But, still, through the door
Said Broomstick kept bolting and bringing in more.
E'en Macbeth to Macduff
Would have cried 'Hold! enough!'
If half as well drenched with such 'perilous stuff,'
And Peter, who did not expect such a rough visit,
Cried lustily, 'Stop!—That will do, Broomstick!—
Sufficit!'

But ah, well-a-day!
The Devil, they say,
'Tis easier at all times to raise than to lay.
Again and again
Peter roared out in vain
His Abracadabra and t'other words twain.
As well might one try

A pack in full cry
To check, and call off from their headlong career,

By bawling out, 'Yoicks!' with one's hand at one's ear.
The longer he roared, and the louder and quicker,
The faster the Broomstick was bringing in liquor.

The poor Lay-brother knew
Not on earth what to do:
He caught hold of the Broomstick and snapt it in two.—
Worse and worse!—Like a dart
Each part made a start,
And he found he'd been adding more fuel to fire,
For *both* now came loaded with Meux's entire;
Combe's, Delafield's, Hanbury's, Truman's—no stopping—
Goding's, Charenton's, Whitbread's continued to drop in,
With Hodson's pale ale, from the Sun Brewhouse, Wapping.
The firms differed then, but I can't put a tax on
My memory to say what their names were in Saxon.
To be sure the best beer
Of all did not appear;
For I've said 'twas in June, and so late in the year
The 'Trinity Audit Ale' is not come-at-able,
—As I've found to my great grief when dining at that table.

Now extremely alarmed, Peter screamed without ceasing,
For a flood of brown-stout he was up to his knees in,
Which, thanks to the Broomstick, continued increasing.
He feared he'd be drowned,
And he yelled till the sound
Of his voice, winged by terror, at last reached the ear
Of St. Dunstan himself, who had finished *his* beer,
And had put off his mitre, dalmatic and shoes,
And was just stepping into his bed for a snooze.

His Holiness paused when he heard such a clatter!
He could not conceive what on earth was the matter.
Slipping on a few things, for the sake of decorum,
He issued forthwith from his *Sanctum sanctorum*,

And, calling a few of the Lay-brothers near him,
Who were not yet in bed and who happened to hear him,
At once led the way,
Without further delay,
To the tower where he'd been in the course of the day.
Poor Peter!—alas! though St. Dunstan was quick,
There were two there before him—Grim Death, and Old Nick!—
When they opened the door, out the malt-liquor flowed,
Just as when the great Vat burst in Tot'n'am Court Road.[1]
The Lay-brothers nearest were up to their necks
In an instant, and swimming in strong double X;
While Peter, who spite of himself now had drunk hard,
After floating awhile, like a toast in a tankard,
To the bottom had sunk,
And was spied by a monk,
Stone-dead, like poor Clarence, half drowned and half drunk.

In vain did St. Dunstan exclaim, '*Vade retro Strongbeerum!—discede a Lay-fratre Petro!*'—
Queer Latin, you'll say,
That prefix of '*Lay*,'

[1] On October 20, 1814, occurred one of the most extraordinary accidents ever witnessed in London. About six o'clock in the evening a vat, containing 3555 barrels of strong beer, burst in the brewery of Meux and Co., situated in Banbury Street, St. Giles's, and in a moment's time New Street, George Street, and several others in the vicinity were deluged with the contents. Two houses in New Street, and several in Great Russell Street, were entirely demolished. Many lives were lost; a mother and daughter who were at tea were swept away by the current through a partition and dashed to pieces, others were found drowned on the subsiding of the liquor. Three of Mr. Meux's men employed in the brewery were rescued with great difficulty by the people collected to afford relief, who had to wade up to their middle through the beer. The impetuosity of the torrent was such as to break through walls and force up floors, and many of the cellars on the south side of Russell Street were completely inundated. To those who even approached the scene of ruin the fumes of the beer were most offensive and overcoming; and, although several persons were dug out alive, many perished from suffocation.

And *Strongbeerum !*—I own they'd have called me a
blockhead if
At school I had ventured to use such a vocative :
'Tis a barbarous word, and to me it's a query
If you'll find it in Patrick, Morell or Moreri ;
But, the fact is, the Saint was uncommonly flurried,
And apt to be loose in his Latin when hurried.
The Brown-stout, however, obeys to the letter,
Quite as well as if talked to in Latin much better
By a grave Cambridge Johnian,
Or graver Oxonian,
Whose language, we all know, is quite Ciceronian :
It retires from the corpse, which is left high and dry.
But in vain do they snuff and hot towels apply,
And other means used by the faculty try.
When once a man's dead
There's no more to be said ;
Peter's 'Beer with an *e*' was his 'Bier with an *i ! !*'[1]

MORAL

By way of a moral, permit me to pop in
The following maxims :—Beware of eaves-dropping !—
Don't make use of language that isn't well scann'd !—
Don't meddle with matters you don't understand !—
Above all, what I'd wish to impress on both sexes
Is,—Keep clear of Broomsticks, Old Nick, and three
XXXs.

L'ENVOYE

In Goldsmiths' Hall there's a handsome glass case,
And in it a stone figure, found on the place,

[1] 'On that day too he died, having finish'd his summing,
And the angels all cried—'Here's old Whitbread a-coming !'
So that day I still hail with a smile and a sigh
For his Beer with an *e*, and his Bier with an *i*.'
Fragment of an Oration.—CANNING.

When, thinking the old Hall no longer a pleasant one,
They pulled it all down, and erected the present one.
If you look, you'll perceive that this stone figure twists
A thing like a broomstick in one of its fists.
It's so injured by time, you can't make out a feature;
But it is not St. Dunstan,—so doubtless it's Peter.

NOTES

A LAY OF ST. DUNSTAN.—Whatever may have been the magical skill of the nose-pulling saint, there is, I believe, no authority for his having exercised it upon a broomstick. The tale is probably of Eastern origin; but in modern times Goethe seems almost to have appropriated to himself its originality by his admirable ballad, *Der Zauberlehrling*, a translation of which by Theodore Martin is appended:

THE MAGICIAN'S APPRENTICE

Huzzah! huzzah! his back is fairly
Turn'd about, the wizard old;
And I'll now his spirits rarely
To my will and pleasure mould!
His spells and orgies—han't I
Mark'd them all aright?
And I'll do wonders, shan't I,
And deeds of mickle might?
Hear ye! hear ye!
Hence! your sprightly
Office rightly,
Featly showing,
Toil, until with water clear ye
Fill the bath to overflowing!

Ho, thou batter'd broomstick! take ye
This old seedy coat and wear it—
Ha, thou household drudge! I'll make ye
Do my bidding; ay, and fear it.

Don of legs a pair, now ;
A head, too, for the nonce !
To the river there now
Bear the pail at once.
Hear ye ! hear ye !
Hence ! your sprightly
Office rightly,
Featly showing,
Toil, until with water clear ye
Fill the bath to overflowing !

See, 'tis off—'tis at the river,
In the stream the bucket flashes ;
Now 'tis back—and down, or ever
You can wink, the burden dashes.
Again, again, and quicker !
The floor is in a swim,
And every stoup and bicker
Is running o'er the brim.
Stop, now stop !
You have granted
All I wanted !
Stop ! Od rot it !
Running still ? I'm like to drop !
What's the word ? I've clean forgot it !

Oh, the word, so strong and baleful,
To make it what it was before !
There it skips with pail on pailful—
Would thou wert a broom once more !
Still new streams he scatters,
Round and ever round me—
Oh, a hundred waters,
Rushing in, confound me !
No—no longer
Can I brook it !
I'll rebuke it !
Vile abortion !
Woe is me, my fears grow stronger,—
What grimacing, what contortion !

Wilt thou, offspring of the devil,
Drench the house in hellish funning ?

Even now, above the level
Of the door the water's running.
Stop, wretch! won't you hear me?
You for this shall pay:
Only you come near me!
Stop, broom, stop, I say!
Stop, I tell you,
I'll not bear it,
No, I swear it!
Let me catch you,
And upon the spot I'll fell you
With my hatchet, and despatch you.

Back it comes—will nought prevent it?
If I only tackle to thee,
Soon, O Kobold! thou'lt repent it,
When the steel goes crashing thro' thee.
Bravely struck, and surely!
There it goes in twain;
Now I move securely,
And I breathe again!
Woe and wonder!
As it parted,
Straight up started,
'Quipp'd aright,
Goblins twain that rush asunder!
Help, oh help, ye powers of night!

Deep and deeper grows the water,
On the stairs and in the hall,
Rushing in with roar and clatter—
Lord and master, hear me call!
Ah, here comes the master—
Sore, sir, is my strait;
I raised this spirit faster
Far than I can lay't.
'Broom, avaunt thee!
To thy nook there!
Lie, thou spook, there!
Only answer,
When for mine own ends I want thee,
I, the Master Necromancer.'

'*Inconceivably bored by his Witen-gemote.*'—P. 227.

As soon as the ceremony of the coronation (A.D. 955) was ended, Edwy proceeded with the thanes and prelates to the banquet; but after a hasty repast, either disliking the hard drinking of the nobles, or preferring the company of his young wife Elgiva, whom he had lately married, he rose from his seat and repaired to the apartment occupied by Elgiva and her mother. The members of the Witen, considering his departure as an insult, deputed the Abbot of Glastonbury and one of the bishops to recall the king. Dunstan at first reasoned with Edwy on the impropriety of his conduct, but, finding remonstrance of no avail, he seized him by the shoulders, replaced the crown on his head, and forcibly dragged him back to the banqueting hall.

'*Of course you have read*
That St. Dunstan was bred
A Goldsmith, and never quite gave up the trade!
The Company—richest in London, 'tis said—
Acknowledge him still as their Patron and Head.'—P. 230.

'The connexion of St. Dunstan with the Goldsmiths' Company is a curious subject, and one that meets you at every step in their history, as well as in still more palpable shapes in their Hall. Here, for instance, in the Court Room, is a large painting, said to be by Julio Romano, devoted to the saint's glory. In the foreground appears St. Dunstan, a large figure in a rich robe, and crosier in hand; in the background, by an amusing licence, we see him again, performing his memorable deed of taking the devil by the nose; and above appears the heavenly host, no doubt applauding the deed, and apparently signifying as much to St. Dunstan in the front of the picture. Then in the records of the Hall we read of St. Dunstan's almoner; of St. Dunstan's feast on St. Dunstan's day; of St. Dunstan's eve; of splendid tapestry made at a great expense in Flanders in illustration of St. Dunstan's exploits, and used for the decoration of the Hall; of St. Dunstan's statue, in silver gilt set with gems; of St. Dunstan's cap; of St. Dunstan's light in St. John's Zachary Church; and of the chapel of St. Dunstan, with another image, in St. Paul's Cathedral. The origin of this connexion is no doubt to be found in the circumstance that, when Dunstan left the court of Athelstane in disgust and retired to Glastonbury, he employed himself occasionally in the formation of articles useful to the church, as crosses and censers. Ecclesiastics were then among the most

skilful of artificers, for Edgar had directed that priests, in order "to increase knowledge, should diligently learn some handicraft." And it was whilst Dunstan was thus employed that the devil, having unfortunately for himself tempted him once too often, was seized in the unpleasant manner already described.'—KNIGHT'S *London*, vol. iii. p. 389.

The good old Conservative song alluded to was written by the late John Hughes, Esq., the father of the author of *Tom Brown*, and was sung at the festival held at Goldsmiths' Hall, July 15, 1835.

SAINT DUNSTAN'S LEGACY

Great Dunstan, our founder and Saint,
Was a bold and true man every inch,
An artisan skilful and quaint,
And at logic made every one flinch.
He lived in a hole in the wall,
Not six feet by five—says the story;
In a different style from the hall
Which we dedicate now to his glory.
So pledge me to Dunstan's renown!

Content with a cell and a crust,
So long as he called them his own,
He toiled in the smoke and the dust,
Till he found the philosopher's stone.
But he cared not a stiver for pelf,
While he slaved like a bee making honey;
Like *Camden*—ne'er thought of himself,
But gave to the nation his money.
Then pledge me to Dunstan's renown!

Apollyon lost stomach and rest,
When he heard of the good he was doing,
So he went, like Paul Pry, on the quest,
To inveigle the Saint to his ruin.
Thought he, 'If my arguments fail,
His ambition and pride I must feed;
I'll make the old parson turn tail,
And rat from his Church and his creed.
I'm sick of this Dunstan's renown.'

But the parson soon argued him down,
Till, dumb-foundered and left in the lurch,

Quoth he, 'I'll insure you the Crown,
If you'll aid me to plunder the Church.'
But *Dunstan* was honest *as Peel*,
And chopped as sound logic and law,
So the devil waxed warm in his zeal,
And threatened the Saint with his claw.
Come pledge me to Dunstan's renown!

The Saint's Saxon blood it grew hot,
And 'Aroynt thee!' he cried to Apollyon,
'Be off—or I'll send thee to pot,
As *Wellington* did by *Napoleon*.
Thou disturbest my work and repose,
With thy jargon and fiendish grimace';
So he clapt the hot tongs to his nose,
And banged the cell-door in his face.
Then pledge me to Dunstan's renown!

With his nozzle singed down to a stump,
The devil fled, snivelling and roaring;
He found the *old Goldsmith* a trump,
And never thenceforward went boring.
And when liars and traitors conspire
To spread their fanatical zeal,
May their noses, like that of their sire,
Be wrung with hot tongs till they squeal.
Come pledge me to Dunstan's renown!

'Tis knowledge, and spirit, and worth,
Confer the true fame that will last;
So Dunstan's name lives upon earth,
Through the thousand long years that are past.
Then here's to our Saint and his nest,
Where he made the arch traitor look blue,
And a bumper to each noble guest,
As wise, and as bold, and as true,
Who pledge us to Dunstan's renown!

GENGULPHUS, or, as he is usually styled in this country, 'Jingo,' was perhaps more in the mouths of the 'general' than any other Saint, on occasions of adjuration. Mr. Simpkinson from Bath had kindly transmitted me a portion of a primitive ballad, which has escaped the researches of Ritson and Ellis but is yet replete with beauties of no common order. I am happy to say that, since these Legends first appeared, I have recovered the whole of it.[1]—*Vide infra.*

'A Franklyn's dogge leped ober a style,
And hys name was littel Byngo.
B wyth a Y—Y wyth an N,—
N wyth a G—G wyth an O,—
They call'd hym littel Byngo!

Thys Franklyn, Syrs, he brew'd goode ayle,
And he call'd it Rare goode Styngo!
S, T, Y, N, G, O!
He call'd it Rare goode Styngo!

Nowe is notte thys a prettie song?
I thinke it is, bye Jyngo!
I wythe a Y—N, G, O—
I sweare yt is, bye Jyngo!'

[1] Of the first edition of the Collected Legends (first series) twelve presentation copies were printed in which these verses were omitted, the notice of Gengulphus stating in respect to the primitive ballad: 'I regret that I am compelled to confine my present account of it to the first and last couplets.' In some of the copies, however, even these lines are wanting, and the space for them is left blank, the following lines being inserted in MS.—

'By a blunder, for which I have no one to thank
But myself, here's a page has been somehow left blank.
Ah! ah! Master Critic, I have you! You'll look
In vain for a fault in *one* page of my book.

THOS. INGOLDSBY!'

In some instances the name of the person to whom the volume was given is substituted for 'Master Critic.'

A LAY OF ST. GENGULPHUS[1]

'Non multò post, Gengulphus, in domo suâ dormiens, occisus est à quodam clerico qui cum uxore suâ adulterare solebat. Cujus corpus dum in feretro in sepulturam portaretur, multi infirmi de tactu sanati sunt.'

. . . . . .

'Cum hoc illius uxori referretur ab ancillâ suâ,—scilicet dominum suum quasi martyrem sanctum miracula facere,—irridens illa et subsurrans ait, "Ita Gengulphus miracula facitat ut pulvinarium meum cantat,"' etc. etc.

Wolfii Memorabilia.

GENGULPHUS comes from the Holy Land,
With his scrip, and his bottle, and sandal shoon;
Full many a day hath he been away,
Yet his lady deems him returned full soon.

Full many a day hath he been away,
Yet scarce had he crossed ayont the sea
Ere a spruce young spark of a Learned Clerk
Had called on his Lady, and stopped to tea.

This spruce young guest, so trimly drest,
Stayed with that Lady, her revels to crown;
They laughed, and they ate, and they drank of the best,
And they turned the old castle quite upside down.

They would walk in the park, that spruce young Clerk
With that frolicsome Lady so frank and free,

[1] See *Notes* appended to the Legend.

Trying balls and plays, and all manner of ways,
To get rid of what French people call *ennui.*

. . . . . .

Now the festive board with viands is stored ;
Savoury dishes be there, I ween,
Rich puddings and big, and a barbecued pig,
And oxtail soup in a China tureen ;

There's a flagon of ale as large as a pail—
When, cockle on hat and staff in hand,
While on nought they are thinking save eating and drinking,
Gengulphus walks in from the Holy Land !

'You must be pretty deep to catch weasels asleep,'
Says the proverb ; that is, 'take the Fair unawares' ;
A maid, o'er the banisters chancing to peep,
Whispers, 'Ma'am, here's Gengulphus a-coming up-stairs.'

Pig, pudding and soup, the electrified group,
With the flagon, pop under the sofa in haste,
And contrive to deposit the Clerk in the closet,
As the dish least of all to Gengulphus's taste.

Then oh ! what rapture, what joy was exprest,
When 'poor dear Gengulphus' at last appear'd !
She kissed and she pressed 'the dear man' to her breast,
In spite of his great, long, frizzly beard.

Such hugging and squeezing ! 'twas almost unpleasing
A smile on her lip and a tear in her eye ;[1]
She was so very glad, that she seemed half mad,
And did not know whether to laugh or to cry.

[1] δακρυόεν γελάσασα.—Hom.—T. I.

Then she calls up the maid, and the table-cloth's laid,
And she sends for a pint of the best Brown Stout;
On the fire, too, she pops some nice mutton-chops,
And she mixes a stiff glass of 'Cold Without.'

Then again she began at the 'poor dear' man;
She pressed him to drink, and she pressed him to eat,
And she brought a foot-pan, with hot water and bran,
To comfort his 'poor dear' travel-worn feet.

'Nor night nor day since he'd been away
Had she had any rest,' she 'vowed and declared.'
She 'never could eat one morsel of meat
For thinking how "poor dear" Gengulphus fared.'

She 'really did think she had not slept a wink
Since he left her, although he'd been absent so long.'
He here shook his head:—right little he said,
But he thought she was 'coming it rather too strong.'

Now his palate she tickles with the chops and the pickles,
Till, so great the effect of that stiff gin grog,
His weakened body, subdued by the toddy,
Falls out of the chair, and he 'lies like a log.'

Then out comes the Clerk from his secret lair;
He lifts up the legs and she lifts up the head,
And, between them, this most reprehensible pair
Undress poor Gengulphus and put him to bed.

Then the bolster they place athwart his face,
And his night-cap into his mouth they cram;
And she pinches his nose underneath the clothes,
Till the 'poor dear soul' goes off like a lamb.

. . . . . .

And now they tried the deed to hide;
For a little bird whispered, 'Perchance you may swing;
Here's a corpse in the case with a sad swelled face,
And a medical Crowner's a queer sort of thing!'[1]

So the Clerk and the wife, they each took a knife,
And the nippers that nipped the loaf-sugar for tea;
With the edges and points they severed the joints
At the clavicle, elbow, hip, ankle, and knee.

Thus, limb from limb, they dismembered him
So entirely, that e'en, when they came to his wrists,
With those great sugar-nippers they nipped off his 'flippers,'—
As the Clerk, very flippantly, termed his fists.

When they'd cut off his head, entertaining a dread
Lest folks should remember Gengulphus's face,
They determined to throw it where no one could know it,
Down the well,—and the limbs in some different place.

But first the long beard from the chin they sheared,
And managed to stuff that sanctified hair,
With a good deal of pushing, all into the cushion
That filled up the seat of a large arm-chair.

They contrived to pack up the trunk in a sack,
Which they hid in an osier-bed outside the town,
The Clerk bearing arms, legs, and all on his back,
As that vile Mr. Greenacre served Mrs. Brown.[2]

But to see now how strangely things sometimes turn out,
And that in a manner the least expected!

[1] An allusion to the appointment of Mr. Wakley, editor of the *Lancet*, to the office of Coroner for Middlesex.

[2] See *Notes* appended to the Legend.

Who could surmise a man ever could rise
Who'd been thus carbonadoed, cut up and dissected?

No doubt 'twould surprise the pupils at Guy's;—
I am no unbeliever—no man can say that o' me—
But St. Thomas himself would scarce trust his own eyes
If he saw such a thing in his School of Anatomy.

You may deal as you please with Hindoos and Chinese,
Or a Mussulman making his heathen *salaam*, or
A Jew or a Turk, but it's other guess work
When a man has to do with a Pilgrim or Palmer.

. . . . . .

By chance the Prince Bishop, a Royal Divine,
Sends his cards round the neighbourhood next day, and urges his
Wish to receive a snug party to dine,
Of the resident clergy, the gentry and burgesses.

At a quarter past five they are all alive
At the palace, for coaches are fast rolling in;
And to every guest his card had expressed
'Half-past' as the hour for 'a greasy chin.'

Some thirty are seated, and handsomely treated
With the choicest Rhine wines in his Highness's stock;
When a Count of the Empire, who felt himself heated,
Requested some water to mix with his Hock.

The Butler, who saw it, sent a maid out to draw it,
But scarce had she given the windlass a twirl,
Ere Gengulphus's head, from the well's bottom, said
In mild accents, 'Do help us out, that's a good girl!'

Only fancy her dread when she saw a great head
In her bucket;—with fright she was ready to drop:—

Conceive, if you can, how she roared and she ran,
With the head rolling after her, bawling out 'Stop!'

She ran and she roared, till she came to the board
Where the Prince Bishop sat with his party around,
When Gengulphus's poll, which continued to roll
At her heels, on the table bounced up with a bound.

Never touching the cates, or the dishes or plates,
The decanters or glasses, the sweetmeats or fruits,
The head smiles, and begs them to bring him his legs,
As a well-spoken gentleman asks for his boots.

Kicking open the casement, to each one's amazement,
Straight a right leg steps in, all impediment scorns,
And, near the head stopping, a left follows hopping
Behind,—for the left leg was troubled with corns.

Next, before the beholders, two great brawny shoulders
And arms on their bent elbows dance through the throng;
While two hands assist, though nipped off at the wrist,
The said shoulders in bearing a body along.

They march up to the head, not one syllable said,
For the thirty guests all stare in wonder and doubt,
As the limbs in their sight arrange and unite,
Till Gengulphus, though dead, looks as sound as a trout.

I will venture to say, from that hour to this day,
Ne'er did such an assembly behold such a scene;
Or a table divide fifteen guests of a side
With a dead body placed in the centre between.

Yes, they stared—well they might—at so novel a sight:
No one uttered a whisper, a sneeze or a hem,

But sat all bolt upright and pale with affright;
And they gazed at the dead man, the dead man at them.

The Prince Bishop's Jester, on punning intent,
As he viewed the whole thirty, in jocular terms
Said, 'They put him in mind of a Council of *Trente*
Engaged in reviewing the Diet of Worms.'

But what should they do?—Oh! nobody knew
What was best to be done, either stranger or resident;
The Chancellor's self read his Puffendorf through
In vain, for his books could not furnish a precedent.

The Prince Bishop muttered a curse and a prayer,
Which his double capacity hit to a nicety;
His Princely, or Lay, half induced him to swear,
His Episcopal moiety said '*Benedicite!*'

The Coroner sat on the body that night,
And the jury agreed,—not a doubt could they harbour,—
'That the chin of the corpse—the sole thing brought to light—
Had been recently shaved by a very bad barber.'

They sent out Von Taunsend, Von Bürnie, Von Roe,
Von Maine and Von Rowantz;[1]—through châlets and châteaux,
Towns, villages, hamlets, they told them to go;
And they stuck up placards on the walls of the stadthaus.

[1] Possibly cousins-german to Townsend the famous 'runner,' Sir Richard Birnie and Sir Frederick Rowe, the magistrates, and Sir Richard Mayne and Colonel Rowan, commissioners of police.

'MURDER!!

'WHEREAS, a dead gentleman, surname unknown,
Has been recently found at his Highness's banquet,
Rather shabbily drest in an amice, or gown,
In appearance resembling a second-hand blanket;

'And WHEREAS, there's great reason indeed to suspect
That some ill-disposed person, or persons, with malice
Aforethought, have killed, and begun to dissect
The said Gentleman, not very far from the palace;

'THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE!—Whoever shall seize
And such person or persons to justice surrender,
Shall receive—such REWARD—as his Highness shall please,
On conviction of him, the aforesaid offender.

'And, in order the matter more clearly to trace
To the bottom, his Highness, the Prince Bishop, further,
Of his clemency, offers free PARDON and Grace
To all such as have *not* been concerned in the murther.

'Done this day, at our palace—July twenty-five—
By Command, (Signed)
JOHANN VON RÜSSELL.

N.B.

Deceased rather in years:—had a squint when alive;
And smells slightly of gin:—linen marked with a G.'

The Newspapers, too, made no little ado,
Though a different version each managed to dish up:

Some said, 'The Prince Bishop had run a man through';
Others said, 'An assassin had killed the Prince Bishop.'

The 'Ghent Herald' fell foul of the 'Bruxelles Gazette,'
The 'Bruxelles Gazette,' with much sneering ironical,
Scorned to remain in the 'Ghent Herald's' debt,
And the 'Amsterdam Times' quizzed the 'Nuremberg Chronicle.'

In one thing, indeed, all the journals agreed,
Spite of 'politics,' 'bias,' or 'party collision,'
Viz.: to 'give,' when they'd 'further accounts' of the deed,
'Full particulars' soon, in 'a later Edition.'

But now, while on all sides they rode and they ran,
Trying all sorts of means to discover the caitiffs,
Losing patience, the holy Gengulphus began
To think it high time to 'astonish the natives.'

First, a Rittmeister's Frau, who was weak in both eyes,
And supposed the most short-sighted woman in Holland,
Found greater relief, to her joy and surprise,
From one glimpse of his 'squint' than from glasses by Dollond.

By the slightest approach to the tip of his Nose,
Megrims, headache, and vapours were put to the rout;
And one single touch of his precious Great Toes
Was a certain specific for chilblains and gout.

Rheumatics—sciatica—tic-douloureux!
Apply to his shin-bones—not one of them lingers:

All bilious complaints in an instant withdrew,
If the patient was tickled with one of his fingers.

Much virtue was found to reside in his thumbs;
When applied to the chest, they cured scantness of breathing,
Sea-sickness and cholic; or, rubbed on the gums,
Were 'A blessing to Mothers' for infants in teething.

Whoever saluted the nape of his neck,
Where the mark remained visible still of the knife,
Notwithstanding east winds perspiration might check,
Was safe from sore-throat for the rest of his life.

Thus, while each acute and each chronic complaint
Giving way proved an influence clearly divine,
They perceived the dead Gentleman must be a Saint,—
So they locked him up, body and bones, in a shrine.

Through country and town his new Saintship's renown
As a first-rate physician kept daily increasing,
Till, as Alderman Curtis[1] told Alderman Brown,
It seemed as if 'Wonders had never *done ceasing*.'

The Three Kings of Cologne began, it was known,
A sad falling off in their offerings to find,
His feats were so many:—still the greatest of any,—
In every sense of the word, was—behind;

For the German Police were beginning to cease
From exertions which each day more fruitless appear'd,
When Gengulphus himself, his fame still to increase,
Unravelled the whole by the help of—his beard!

[1] Sir William Curtis, M.P. for city of London, and Lord Mayor: a butt for wits of the day. He is ridiculed by Peter Pindar in *The Fat Knight and the Petition*.

If you look back you'll see the aforesaid *barbe gris*,
When divorced from the chin of its murdered proprietor,
Had been stuffed in the seat of a kind of settee,
Or double-armed chair, to keep the thing quieter.

It may seem rather strange, that it did not arrange
Itself in its place when the limbs joined together;
P'rhaps it could not get out, for the cushion was stout,
And constructed of good, strong, maroon-coloured leather.

Or, what is more likely, Gengulphus might choose,—
For saints, e'en when dead, still retain their volition,—
It should rest there, to aid some particular views,
Produced by his very peculiar position.

Be that as it may, on the very first day
That the widow Gengulphus sat down on that settee,
What occurred almost frightened her senses away,
Beside scaring her handmaidens, Gertrude and Betty.

They were telling their mistress the wonderful deeds
Of the new Saint, to whom all the Town said their orisons;
And especially how, as regards invalids,
His miraculous cures far outrivalled Von Morison's.

'The cripples,' said they, 'fling their crutches away,
And people born blind now can easily see us!'—
But she (we presume, a disciple of Hume)
Shook her head, and said angrily, '*Credat Judæus!*

'Those rascally liars, the Monks and the Friars,
To bring grist to their mill these devices have hit on.

He works miracles!—pooh!—I'd believe it of you
Just as soon, you great Geese,—or the Chair that I sit on!'

The Chair,—at that word—it seems really absurd,
But the truth must be told,—what contortions and grins
Distorted her face!—She sprang up from her place,
Just as though she'd been sitting on needles and pins!

For, as if the Saint's beard the rash challenge had heard
Which she uttered, of what was beneath her forgetful,
Each particular hair stood on end in the chair,
Like a porcupine's quills when the animal's fretful.

The stout maroon leather they pierced altogether,
Like tenter-hooks holding when clenched from within,
And the maids cried 'Good gracious! how very tenacious!'
—They as well might endeavour to pull off her skin!—

She shrieked with the pain, but all efforts were vain;
In vain did they strain every sinew and muscle,—
The cushion stuck fast!—From that hour to her last
She could never get rid of that comfortless 'Bustle!'

And e'en as Macbeth, when devising the death
Of his King, heard 'the very stones prate of his whereabouts';
So this shocking bad wife heard a voice all her life,
Crying 'Murder!' resound from the cushion,—or thereabouts.

With regard to the Clerk, we are left in the dark
As to what his fate was; but I cannot imagine he

Got off scot-free, though unnoticed it be
Both by Ribadaneira and Jacques de Voragine:[1]

For cut-throats, we're sure, can be never secure;
And 'History's Muse' still to prove it her pen holds,
As you'll see, if you look in a rather scarce book,
'*God's Revenge against Murder*,'[2] by one Mr. Reynolds.

MORAL

Now, you grave married Pilgrims, who wander away,
Like Ulysses of old[3] (*vide* Homer and Naso),
Don't lengthen your stay to three years and a day,
And when you *are* coming home, just write and say so!

And you, learned Clerks, who're *not* given to roam,
Stick close to your books, nor lose sight of decorum;
Don't visit a house when the master's from home!
Shun drinking—and study the '*Vitæ Sanctorum!*'

Above all, you gay ladies, who fancy neglect
In your spouses, allow not your patience to fail;
But remember Gengulphus's wife!—and reflect
On the moral enforced by her terrible tale!

[1] Compilers of collections of Lives of Saints: the former a Spanish Jesuit of the sixteenth century, the latter a Genoese Dominican of the thirteenth century, author of the popular *Legenda Aurea*, translated into English by Caxton in the year 1483.

[2] The full title of the work is *The Triumphs of God's Revenge against the crying Sinne of . . . Murther*, printed by John Reynolds of Exeter, folio, 1635, and later editions.

[3] 'Qui mores hominum multorum vidit et urbes.'

NOTES

A LAY OF ST. GENGULPHUS

THE particulars of the death of St. Gengulphus are given at some length in the *Memorabilia* of Johannes Wolfius, cited before (p. 248). The patience of the Saint, exhausted by the misconduct of his wife, appears at last to have given way, so that he challenges her to plunge her bare arm into a fountain in the garden. The arm is drawn back shrivelled as by fire, an unquestionable evidence of guilt. Separation *a mensa et thoro* is immediately insisted on by Gengulphus. Then follow the murder and the miracles; and the lady's incredulity in respect of the latter, expressed in terms far from decorous, brings upon her a punishment closely resembling that recorded by the poet.

'*As that vile Mr. Greenacre served Mrs. Brown.*'—P. 251.

On April 10, 1837, the trial of James Greenacre, a cabinet-maker, and of Sarah Gale, his paramour, took place at the Old Bailey, for the murder and mutilation of Hannah Brown. The affair for the last few months had excited an extraordinary degree of interest, owing to the mutilated trunk of the hapless victim having been found, soon after the murder, in the Edgeware Road, and the head and limbs subsequently discovered in different places—the former in the Regent's Canal, Stepney, and the latter in some osier beds at Camberwell. After conviction, Greenacre made a confession, to the effect that on Christmas Eve a quarrel arose between him and his victim, when the deceased so exasperated him that he took up a piece of wood resembling the roller for a towel, which at the moment was lying near him, struck her violently over the right eye, and stunned her. He then placed a pail, which was standing in the room, by the side of the chair, and holding her neck over it, he with a common table-knife cut her throat, and held her in that position until the blood had ceased to flow. He then determined on the dismemberment and distribution of the body as above stated. Greenacre's execution, May 2, 1837, forms the subject of the 'Hon. Mr. Sucklethumbkin's Story,' see p. 277.

It was in the summer of 1838 that a party from Tappington reached the metropolis, with the view of witnessing the coronation of their youthful Queen, whom God long preserve !—This purpose they were fortunate enough to accomplish by the purchase of a Peer's ticket from a stationer in the Strand, who was enabled so to dispose of some, greatly to the indignation of the Hereditary Earl Marshal. How Mr. Barney managed to insinuate himself into the Abbey remains a mystery ; his characteristic modesty and address doubtless assisted him, for there he unquestionably was. The result of his observations was thus communicated to his associates in the Servants' Hall upon his return, to the infinite delectation of *Mademoiselle Pauline*, over a *Cruiskeen* of his own concocting.

MR. BARNEY MAGUIRE'S ACCOUNT OF THE CORONATION

AIR—'*The Groves of Blarney.*'

OCH! the Coronation! what celebration
For emulation can with it compare?
When to Westminster the Royal Spinster,
And the Duke of Leinster,[1] all in order did repair!
'Twas there you'd see the New Polishemen
Making a skrimmage at half after four,
And the Lords and Ladies, and the Miss O'Gradys,
All standing round before the Abbey door;

Their pillows scorning, that self-same morning
Themselves adorning, all by the candle-light,
With roses and lilies, and daffy-down-dillies,
And gould, and jewels, and rich di'monds bright.
And then approaches five hundred coaches,
With Gineral Dullbeak.[2]—Och! 'twas mighty fine
To see how asy bould Corporal Casey,
With his sword drawn, prancing, made them kape the line.

[1] The Duke was a conspicuous figure at the Coronation as Lord High Constable of Ireland.

[2] Major-General Sir Charles D'Albiac, Inspector-General of Cavalry, was the officer who commanded on this occasion, attracting great notice as he rode along the line by the splendour of his accoutrements.

Then the Guns' alarums, and the King of Arums,
All in his Garters and his Clarence shoes,
Opening the massy doors to the bould Ambassydors,[1]
The Prince of Potboys and great haythen Jews.
'Twould have made you crazy to see Esterhazy,
All joo'ls from his jasey to his di'mond boots,
With Alderman Harmer, and that swate charmer,
The famale heiress, Miss Anjā-ly Coutts ;

And Wellington, walking with his swoord drawn, talking
To Hill and Hardinge, haroes of great fame ;
And Sir De Lacy, and the Duke Dalmasey
(They called him Sowlt afore he changed his name) ;
Themselves presading, Lord Melbourne lading
The Queen, the darling, to her royal chair,
And that fine ould fellow, the Duke of Pell-Mello,
The Queen of Portingal's Chargy-de-fair.

Then the Noble Prussians, likewise the Russians,
In fine laced jackets with their goulden cuffs,
And the Bavarians, and the proud Hungarians,
And Everythingarians, all in furs and muffs.
Then Misthur Spaker, with Misthur Pays the Quaker,[2]
All in the Gallery you might persave ;

[1] 'The bold Ambassydors,' celebrated in the peculiar dialect of Mr. Maguire, were the Prince de Putbus (Prince of Potboys), Ambassador Extraordinary from the King of Prussia ; the Duke of Palmella (Pell-Mello), Ambassador Extraordinary from the Queen of Portugal ; and the Duke of Dalmatia (Marshal Soult), Ambassador Extraordinary from the King of the French.

[2] Mr. Pease, M.P. His name gave rise to puns innumerable. Serjeant Murphy used to couple together '*Misthur Pays and Misthur Baines*' in some of his Irish stories. One of the neatest of these hits was an epigram—

ON READING THE REMARK OF MR. PEASE, THAT THE DEBATES OF THE HOUSE HAD AMUSED HIM, BUT HAD LED TO NO RESULT.

'Pease tells the House it does no good,
Though sometimes its debates amuse ;
Members, it now is understood,
Must henceforth mind their *Pease and Cues*.'

But Lord Brougham was missing, and gone a-fishing,
Ounly crass Lord Essex would not give him lave.[1]

There was Baron Alten himself exalting,
And Prince Von Swartzenburg, and many more;
Och! I'd be bothered and entirely smothered
To tell the half of 'em was to the fore;
With the swate Peeresses, in their crowns and dresses,
And Aldermanesses, and the Boord of Works:
But Mehemet Ali said, quite gintaly,
'I'd be proud to see the likes among the Turks!'

Then the Queen, Heaven bless her! och! they did dress her
In her purple garaments and her goulden Crown
Like Venus or Hebe or the Queen of Sheby,
With eight young ladies houlding up her gown;
Sure 'twas grand to see her, also for to he-ar
The big drums bating and the trumpets blow;
And Sir George Smart! Oh! he played a Consarto,
With his four-and-twenty fiddlers all on a row!

Then the Lord Archbishop held a goulden dish up,
For to resave her bounty and great wealth,
Saying, 'Plase your Glory, great Queen Vic-tory!
Ye'll give the Clargy lave to dhrink your health!'
Then his Riverence, retrating, discoorsed the mating;
'Boys! Here's your Queen! deny it if you can!
And if any bould traitour, or infarior craythur,
Sneezes at that, I'd like to see the man!'

[1] Mr. Maguire's expression is characteristically ambiguous, but he would seem to be in error here. Lord Brougham was certainly present at the coronation of Her Majesty. It was, indeed, reported that his Lordship had promised himself a day's holiday, and had requested permission from Lord Essex to fish at Cashiobury, which the Tory Earl somewhat indignantly refused.

Then the Nobles kneeling to the Pow'rs appealing,
'Heaven send your Majesty a glorious reign!'
And Sir Claudius Hunter he did confront her,
All in his scarlet gown and goulden chain.
The great Lord Mayor, too, sat in his chair, too,
But mighty sarious, looking fit to cry,
For the Earl of Surrey, all in his hurry,
Throwing the thirteens, hit him in his eye.[1]

Then there was preaching, and good store of speeching,
With Dukes and Marquises on bended knee;
And they did splash her with raal Macasshur,
And the Queen said, 'Ah! then thank ye all for me!'—
Then the trumpets braying, and the organ playing,
And sweet trombones with their silver tones;
But Lord Rolle was rolling;—'twas mighty consoling
To think his Lordship did not break his bones!

Then the crames and custard, and the beef and mustard,
All on the tombstones like a poultherer's shop;
With lobsters and white-baits, and other swate-meats,
And wine and nagus, and Imparial Pop!
There was cakes and apples in all the Chapels,
With fine polonies, and rich mellow pears;—
Och! the Count Von Strogonoff,[2] sure he got prog enough,
The sly ould Divil, undernathe the stairs.[3]

[1] Medals were scattered among the crowd of courtiers surrounding the throne by the Earl of Surrey, and the scramble that ensued was not the least amusing part of the ceremony. Whether the Lord Mayor really suffered from the awkwardness of the Earl may be questioned, but the misadventure of poor Lord Rolle, a very old man, is a fact. In advancing to do homage he stumbled and fell, happily without hurt. A similar accident is stated to have occurred to Lord Holland.

[2] Russian Ambassador Extraordinary.

[3] An amusing incident occurred in connexion with the 'prog underneath

Then the cannons thundered, and the people wondered
Crying, 'God save Victoria, our Royal Queen!'—
Och! if myself should live to be a hundred,
Sure it's the proudest day that I'll have seen!—
And now, I've ended, what I pretended,
This narration splendid in swate poe-thry,
Ye dear bewitcher, just hand the pitcher,
Faith, it's myself that's getting mighty dhry!

the stairs.' Refreshments were sold in the Abbey, but at prices so extravagant as to be almost prohibitory. There was one exception. In an out-of-the-way nook, accessible to the priests in ordinary (of whom Mr. Barham was one) and some few others, a stall was placed, presided over by a very civil attendant, who handed about plates of capital cold beef, *etc.*, on terms which, all things considered, were surprisingly moderate. The man's stock, which was not a large one, was in consequence soon disposed of. On mention being made, in the hearing of one of the Abbey magnates, of this honourable exception to the general extortion and of the lowness of the purveyor's charges, 'Charge!' said the reverend gentleman, 'why, what did he charge?' 'Oh,' said one of the grateful customers, 'he gave us an excellent luncheon at five shillings a head.' 'Why,' exclaimed the other, 'that was the luncheon hospitably provided by the Dean and Chapter for their brethren of St. James' and Whitehall, *gratis!*'

As a *pendant* to the foregoing, I shall venture to insert Mr. Simpkinson's lucubrations on a subject to him, as a *Savant* of the first class, scarcely less interesting. The aerial voyage to which it alludes took place about a year and a half previously to the august event already recorded, and the excitement manifested in the learned Antiquary's effusion may give some faint idea of that which prevailed generally among the Sons of Science at that memorable epoch.

THE 'MONSTRE' BALLOON

OH! the balloon, the great balloon!
It left Vauxhall one Monday at noon,[1]
And every one said we should hear of it soon
With news from Aleppo or Scanderoon.
But very soon after folks changed their tune:
'The netting had burst—the silk—the shalloon;—
It had met with a trade-wind—a deuced monsoon—
It was blown out to sea—it was blown to the moon—
They ought to have put off their journey till June;
Sure none but a donkey, a goose, or baboon
Would go up in November in any balloon!'

[1] Mr. Hollond, member for Hastings, and his friend, Mr. Monck Mason, some time lessee of Her Majesty's Theatre, aeronautical enthusiasts both (the former gentleman, by the way, is said to have a house full of pictures, with a balloon in every one of them), determined to attempt to cross the Channel in their favourite vehicle. Arrangements were made with the veteran Green, and on the 7th of November 1836 the 'monstre' balloon started at about half-past one from Vauxhall. At four the party passed over Canterbury, and, leaving England one mile east of Dover about five o'clock, found themselves within an hour hovering over the coast of France. Midnight proved intensely dark, the earth being at the same time shut out by an unbroken and dense mass of cloud. On the following morning, Tuesday, at four o'clock, the clouds having dispersed, extensive plains of mist, having the appearance of water, were seen resting on the earth below, while the rustling of the forest leaves produced a sound exactly like the waves of the sea. Ten minutes after five they were at their greatest altitude, and in about an hour the sun rose in a splendour that was beyond everything magnificent. At a quarter past six the balloon landed in perfect safety at a village called Weilburg, in Nassau (whence the balloon was afterwards named), having traversed a space equal to about 480 English miles in seventeen hours.

Then they talked about Green—'Oh! where's Mister Green?
And where's Mister Hollond who hired the machine?
And where is Monck Mason, the man that has been
Up so often before—twelve times or thirteen—
And who writes such nice letters describing the scene?
And where's the cold fowl, and the ham, and poteen?
The pressed beef, with the fat cut off—nothing but lean,
And the portable soup in the patent tureen?
Have they got to Grand Cairo or reached Aberdeen?
Or Jerusalem—Hamburg—or Ballyporeen?
No! they have not been seen! Oh! they haven't been seen!'

Stay!—here's Mister Gye—Mr. Frederick Gye—
'At Paris,' says he; 'I've been up very high,
A couple of hundred of toises, or nigh,
A cockstride the Tuileries' pantiles, to spy,
With Dollond's best telescope stuck at my eye,
And my umbrella under my arm like Paul Pry,
But I could see nothing at all but the sky;
So I thought with myself 'twas of no use to try
Any longer, and, feeling remarkably dry
From sitting all day stuck up there, like a Guy,
I came down again, and—you see—here am I!'

But here's Mr. Hughes!—What says young Mr. Hughes?—
'Why, I'm sorry to say we've not got any news
Since the letter they threw down in one of their shoes,
Which gave the mayor's nose such a deuce of a bruise,
As he popped up his eye-glass to look at their cruise
Over Dover; and which the folks flocked to peruse
At Squier's bazaar, the same evening, in crews—
Politicians, news-mongers, town-council and blues,

Turks, Heretics, Infidels, Jumpers and Jews,—
Scorning Bachelor's papers and Warren's reviews ;
But the wind was then blowing towards Helvoetsluys,
And my father and I are in terrible stews,
For so large a balloon is a sad thing to lose ! '—

Here's news come at last !—Here's news come at last !—
A vessel's come in, which has sailed very fast ;
And a gentleman serving before the mast—
Mister Nokes—has declared that 'the party has past
Safe across to the Hague, where their grapnel they cast,
As a fat burgomaster was staring aghast
To see such a monster come borne on the blast,
And it caught in his waistband, and there it stuck fast.'
Oh ! fie, Mister Nokes !—for shame, Mr. Nokes !
To be poking your fun at us plain-dealing folks :—
Sir, this isn't a time to be cracking your jokes,
And such jesting your malice but scurvily cloaks ;
Such a trumpery tale every one of us smokes,
And we know very well your whole story's a hoax !—

'Oh ! what shall we do ?—Oh ! where will it end ?
Can nobody go ?—Can nobody send
To Calais—or Bergen-op-zoom—or Ostend ?
Can't you go there yourself ?—Can't you write to a friend,
For news upon which we may safely depend ? '

Huzza ! huzza ! one and eight-pence to pay
For a letter from Hamborough, just come, to say
They descended at Weilburg, about break of day ;
And they've lent them the palace there, during their stay ;
And the town is becoming uncommonly gay ;
And they're feasting the party, and soaking their clay
With Johannisberg, Rudesheim, Moselle and Tokay !

And the Landgraves, and Margraves, and Counts beg and pray
That they won't think, as yet, about going away.
Notwithstanding, they don't mean to make much delay,
But pack up the balloon in a waggon or dray,
And pop themselves into a German '*po-shay*,'
And get on to Paris by Lisle and Tournay ;
Where, they boldly declare, any wager they'll lay,
If the gas people there do not ask them to pay
Such a sum as must force them at once to say 'Nay,'
They'll inflate the balloon in the Champs-Elysées,
And be back again here the beginning of May.—

Dear me ! what a treat for a juvenile *fête !*
What thousands will flock their arrival to greet !
There'll be hardly a soul to be seen in the street ;
For at Vauxhall the whole population will meet,
And you'll scarcely get standing-room, much less a seat,
For this all preceding attraction must beat :

Since they will unfold, what we want to be told,
How they coughed,—how they sneezed,—how they shivered with cold,—
How they tippled the 'cordial,' as racy and old
As Hodges, or Deady, or Smith ever sold,
And how they all then felt remarkably bold :
How they thought the boiled beef worth its own weight in gold,
And how Mr. Green was beginning to scold
Because Mr. Mason would try to lay hold
Of the moon, and had very near overboard rolled !

And there they'll be seen—they'll be all to be seen !
The great-coats, the coffee-pot, mugs and tureen !
With the tight-rope, and fire-works, and dancing between,

If the weather should only prove fair and serene.
And there, on a beautiful transparent screen,
In the middle you'll see a large picture of Green,

Mr. Hollond on one side, who hired the machine,
Mr. Mason on t'other, describing the scene,
And Fame, on one leg, in the air, like a queen,
With three wreaths and a trumpet, will over them lean ;

While Envy, in serpents and black bombazin,
Looks on from below with an air of chagrin!

Then they'll play up a tune in the Royal Saloon,
And the people will dance by the light of the moon,
And keep up the ball till the next day at noon;
And the peer and the peasant, the lord and the loon,
The haughty grandee and the low picaroon,
The six-foot life-guardsman and little gossoon,
Will all join in three cheers for the 'Monstre' Balloon.

It is much to be regretted that I have not as yet been able to discover more than a single specimen of my friend 'Suckle-thumbkin's' Muse. The event it alludes to, probably the *euthanasia* of the late Mr. Greenacre, will scarcely have yet faded from the recollection of an admiring public. Although, with the usual diffidence of a man of fashion, Augustus has 'sunk' the fact of his own presence on that interesting occasion, I have every reason to believe that, in describing the party at the *auberge* hereafter mentioned, he might have said, with a brother Exquisite, '*Quorum pars magna fui.*'

[The following anecdote is founded, if not on fact, on what was certainly accepted as fact at the clubs. The *on dit* went that a noble marquis, long since deceased, together with a few kindred spirits, hired a room in the Old Bailey for the purpose of witnessing the execution of Greenacre, the murderer. The night passed away pleasantly enough, but long before the fatal hour of eight the whole party were fast asleep, nor did they awake till the body was cut down.]

HON. MR. SUCKLETHUMBKIN'S STORY

THE EXECUTION

A SPORTING ANECDOTE

MY Lord Tomnoddy got up one day;
It was half after two,
He had nothing to do,
So his Lordship rang for his cabriolet.

Tiger Tim
Was clean of limb,
His boots were polished, his jacket was trim!
With a very smart tie in his smart cravat,
And a smart cockade on the top of his hat,
Tallest of boys, or shortest of men,
He stood in his stockings just four foot ten!
And he asked, as he held the door on the swing,
'Pray did your Lordship please to ring?'

My Lord Tomnoddy he raised his head,
And thus to Tiger Tim he said,—
'Malibran's dead,
Duvernay's fled,
Taglioni has not yet arrived in her stead;
Tiger Tim, come tell me true,
What may a Nobleman find to do?'—

Tim looked up and Tim looked down,
He paused and he put on a thoughtful frown,
And he held up his hat, and he peeped in the crown ;
He bit his lip and he scratched his head,
He let go the handle, and thus he said,
As the door released, behind him banged ;
'An't please you, my Lord, there's a man to be hanged.'

My Lord Tomnoddy jumped up at the news :—
'Run to M'Fuze,
And Lieutenant Tregooze,
And run to Sir Carnaby Jenks, of the Blues.
Rope-dancers a score
I've seen before—
Madame Sacchi, Antonio, and Master Black-more ;
But to see a man swing
At the end of a string,
With his neck in a noose, will be quite a new thing!'

My Lord Tomnoddy stept into his cab—
Dark rifle green, with a lining of drab ;
Through street and through square
His high-trotting mare,
Like one of Ducrow's, goes pawing the air.
Adown Piccadilly and Waterloo Place
Went the high-trotting mare at a very quick pace.
She produced some alarm,
But did no great harm,
Save frightening a nurse with a child on her arm ;
Spattering with clay
Two urchins at play ;
Knocking down—very much to the sweeper's dismay—
An old woman who wouldn't get out of the way ;
And upsetting a stall
Near Exeter Hall,

Which made all the pious Church-Mission folks squall.
But eastward afar,
Through Temple Bar,
My Lord Tomnoddy directs his car.
Never heeding their squalls,
Or their calls, or their bawls,
He passes by Waithman's Emporium for shawls,
And, merely just catching a glimpse of St. Paul's,
Turns down the Old Bailey,
Where, in front of the gaol, he
Pulls up at the door of the gin-shop, and gaily
Cries, 'What must I fork out to-night, my trump,
For the whole first-floor of the Magpie and Stump?'

. . . . . .

The clock strikes twelve—it is dark midnight—
Yet the Magpie and Stump is one blaze of light.
The parties are met;
The tables are set;
There is 'punch,' 'cold *without*,' 'hot *with*,' 'heavy wet,'
Ale-glasses and jugs,
And rummers and mugs,
And sand on the floor, without carpets or rugs,
Cold fowl and cigars,
Pickled onions in jars,
Welsh rabbits and kidneys—rare work for the jaws!
And very large lobsters, with very large claws;
And there is M'Fuze,
And Lieutenant Tregooze,
And there is Sir Carnaby Jenks, of the Blues,—
All come to see a man 'die in his shoes!'

The clock strikes One!
Supper is done,
And Sir Carnaby Jenks is full of his fun,

Singing 'Jolly companions every one!'
My Lord Tomnoddy
Is drinking gin-toddy,
And laughing at ev'ry thing, and ev'ry body.—
The clock strikes Two! and the clock strikes Three!
—'Who so merry, so merry as we?'
Save Captain M'Fuze,
Who is taking a snooze,
While Sir Carnaby Jenks is busy at work,
Blacking his nose with a piece of burnt cork.

The clock strikes Four!—
Round the debtors' door
Are gathered a couple of thousand or more:
As many await
At the press-yard gate,
Till slowly its folding-doors open, and straight
The mob divides, and between their ranks
A waggon comes loaded with posts and with planks.

The clock strikes Five!
The Sheriffs arrive,
And the crowd is so great that the street seems alive;
But Sir Carnaby Jenks
Blinks and winks;
A candle burns down in the socket and stinks;
Lieutenant Tregooze
Is dreaming of Jews,
And acceptances all the bill-brokers refuse;
My Lord Tomnoddy
Has drunk all his toddy;
And just as the dawn is beginning to peep,
The whole of the party are fast asleep.

Sweetly, oh! sweetly, the morning breaks,
With roseate streaks,
Like the first faint blush on a maiden's cheeks;

Seemed as that mild and clear blue sky
Smiled upon all things far and nigh,
On all—save the wretch condemned to die!

Alack! that ever so fair a Sun
As that which its course has now begun,
Should rise on such scene of misery!—
Should gild with rays so light and free
That dismal, dark-frowning Gallows-tree!

And hark!—a sound comes, big with fate;
The clock from St. Sepulchre's tower strikes—Eight!—
List to that low funereal bell:
It is tolling, alas! a living man's knell!
And see!—from forth that opening door
They come.—HE steps that threshold o'er
Who never shall tread upon threshold more!
God! 'tis a fearsome thing to see
That pale, wan man's mute agony,—
The glare of that wild, despairing eye,
Now bent on the crowd, now turned to the sky
As though 'twere scanning, in doubt and in fear,
The path of the Spirit's unknown career;
Those pinioned arms, those hands that ne'er
Shall be lifted again,—not even in prayer;
That heaving chest!—Enough—'tis done!
The bolt has fallen!—the spirit is gone—
For weal or for woe is known but to One!
Oh! 'twas a fearsome sight!—Ah me!
A deed to shudder at,—not to see.

Again that clock! 'tis time, 'tis time!
The hour is past:—with its earliest chime
The cord is severed, the lifeless clay
By 'dungeon villains' is borne away:
Nine!—'twas the last concluding stroke!
And then—my Lord Tomnoddy awoke!
And Tregooze and Sir Carnaby Jenks arose,
And Captain M'Fuze, with the black on his nose:

And they stared at each other, as much as to say,
'Hollo! Hollo!
Here's a rum Go!
Why, Captain!—my Lord!—Here's the devil to pay!
The fellow's been cut down and taken away!—
What's to be done?
We've missed all the fun!
Why, they'll laugh at and quiz us all over the town,
We are all of us done so uncommonly brown!'

What *was* to be done?—'Twas perfectly plain
That they could not well hang the man over again:
What *was* to be done?—The man was dead!
Nought *could* be done—nought could be said;
So—my Lord Tomnoddy went home to bed!

END OF VOL. I

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